















# VIRGIL

IN

ENGLISH RHYTHM.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE BRITISH POETS, FROM  
CHAUCER TO COWPER.

BY THE

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A MANUAL FOR MASTER AND SCHOLAR.

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"Hic illa ducis Melibœi  
Parva Philoctetæ subnixa Petelia muro."—ÆN. III., 401, 2.

"Sweet Poetry's  
A flow'r, where men, like bees and spiders, may  
Bear poison, or else sweets and wax, away:  
Be venom-drawing spiders they that will,  
I'll be the bee, and suck the honey still."

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *Four Plays in One*.

SECOND EDITION,  
RE-WRITTEN AND ENLARGED.

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LONDON:

BELL AND DALDY, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1871.

PA 6807  
A 155  
1871

LONDON:

PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET  
AND CHARING CROSS.

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W. L. Shoemaker

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## PREFATORY REMARKS.

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It would scarcely seem to need any proof that, when the work of a Poet is to be translated from one language into another, the poetic character should still be observed ; nor is it less obvious that, if the object of the undertaking is the benefit of the youthful scholar, the strictest regard should be had to accuracy in the process. Further, it would appear to be quite indispensable that, whatever may be the design of the operation, easy numbers in the original should be represented by harmonious arrangement in the version.

How far any free Translation can be of real service in the case of the more advanced student, is a question with which the Author of the following attempt has no present concern, as he designs his book for the advantage of those to whom such freedom would, in his opinion, be a positive injury ; for his object has been to afford assistance to the classical Teacher in the instruction of his young disciples, and to these latter all such laxness would surely be a serious evil. It is for this reason that, in producing VIRGIL in a new English dress for their benefit, he has endeavored to combine the three great requisites already alluded to—rigid exactness, poetic diction, and rhythmical flow.

In carrying out this design, the Author has thought it necessary to submit to certain restrictions, from which had he relieved himself, his work would have lost in usefulness, though he would have gained by increased facility in the execution of it. For instance, among other reasons, with a view to facilitate the process of construing, the Latin words have been rendered according to the order in which they appear in the original, so far at least as seemed con-



sistent with a necessary regard to the English idiom, and the reasonable requirements of the rhythm. Then, again, no single word in the Latin has ever been consciously passed over without the supply of its English equivalent. Further, it has often happened that a passage might have been rendered much more effective by the employment of words different from those which have been used; yet, notwithstanding the temptation to introduce them, they have been rejected, simply because fidelity to the Latin demanded others.

Were it not, indeed, for such ties as these, the present work, instead of being a close Translation for the schoolboy, might with much less of trouble have been turned into a Poem for the general reader. Still, though it is not intended for the latter class, it is only fair to observe that any one who desires to see in English what VIRGIL says in his own tongue, will probably find him presented here in as agreeable a form as that of any prose version, which should aim at equal faithfulness, and be fettered by the same restrictions.

The Translation is accompanied by copious extracts from the British Poets from an early date down to the beginning of the present century. This has been done, not only to meet the tastes of those for whom parallelisms have a great attraction, but also to impart to the young student a love for English poetry itself, by introducing him to its greatest masters, whose remains are conspicuous for their genius, beauty, and power.

YORK, *June* 1. 1871.

# THE ECLOGUES.

## ECLOGUE I. TITYRUS.

MELIBŒUS. TITYRUS.

*Melibœus.* Thou, Tityrus, reclining underneath  
A canopy of widely-spreading beech,  
Thy woodland song upon the slender pipe  
Dost practise ; we our patrimony's bourns,  
And charming fields, are leaving ; native  
land  
We fly : thou, Tit'rus, easy in the shade,  
Dost teach the woods with Amaryll the fair  
To ring.

*Tityrus.* O, Melibœus, 'tis a god  
These restful hours for us hath gained.  
For he

Shall ever be a god to me : his altar oft 10  
A tender lambkin from our folds shall steep.  
He hath allowed my kine to rove at large—  
As thou perceivest—and myself to play  
What [airs] I list upon my rural reed.

*Mel.* In sooth I envy not ; I marvel  
more :

*Line 3-5.* The complaint of Melibœus somewhat  
resembles that of Colin in Spenser's *Shepherd's  
Calendar*, June 13-16 :

"Thy lovely layes here maist thou freely boste ;  
But I, unhappie man ! whom cruell Fate  
And angrie gods pursue from coste to coste,  
Can no where finde to shroude my luckless  
pate."

Elsewhere Colin follows the example of Tityrus,  
but surpasses his prototype ; *Colin Clout*, 636 :

"The speaking woods, and murmuring waters fall,  
Her name I'll teach in known termes to frame ;  
And eke my lambs, when for their dams they call,  
I'll teach to call for Cynthia by name."

Shakespeare, with great beauty :

"Holla your name to the reverberate hills,  
And make the babbling gossip of the air  
Cry out, 'Olivia !'" *Twelfth Night*, i. 5.

Elsewhere, somewhat differently :

"Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud ;  
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,  
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,  
With repetition of my Romeo's name."

*Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 2.

7. J. Fletcher has "Amaryll" for "Amaryllis,"  
where the metre required it ; e. g., *The Faithful  
Shepherdess*, v. 3.

Through the whole country round to such  
extent

Confusion reigns. Lo ! I [these] female  
goats

Myself am driving onward, sick at heart ;  
This, too, with effort, Tityrus, I lead.

For here, among the clustered hazel-shrubs,  
Twins having yeaned but now, my hope of  
flock, 21

Alas ! she left them on the naked flint.

Oft this mischance to us—had not my wit  
Been stupid—I remember that the oaks,

Blasted from heav'n, foretold ; [this] oft  
foretold

The luckless crow from out the hollow holm.

But ne'ertheless, that deity of thine

Who may he be, impart, O Tityrus,

To us.

*Tit.* The city which they title "Rome,"  
O Melibœus, I, a simpleton, 30

Deemed like to this of ours, whither oft  
We shepherds are accustomed down to drive  
The ewes' soft offspring. So I knew that  
whelps

Were like to dogs, so kiddings to their dams ;  
So with the petty to compare the great

Was I accustomed. But as high hath this  
'Mong other cities lifted up her head,

24. "As when Heaven's fire  
Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines ;  
With sing'd top their stately growth, though bare,  
Stands on the blasted heath." Milton, *P. L.* i.

"My piteous plight in yonder naked tree,  
Which bears the thunder-scar, too plain I see ;  
Quite destitute it stands of shelter kind,  
The mark of storms, and sport of every wind."

A. Phillips, *Past.* 2.

26. "For did you ever hear the dusky raven  
Chide blackness?"

John Webster, *Vittoria Corombona*, v. 1.

36. "Look down, Drusilla, on these lofty towers,  
These spacious streets, where every private house  
Appears a palace to receive a king ;

The site, the wealth, the beauty of the place,  
Will soon inform thee 'tis imperious Rome :  
Rome, the great mistress of the conquered world."

J. Fletcher, *The Prophetess*, ii. 3.

As cypresses are wont among the lithe  
Wayfaring bushes.

*Mel.* Pray, what proved to thee  
So grave a reason for thy seeing Rome? 40

*Tit.* 'Twas Freedom, which, [though]  
late, yet cast a look

Upon an idle man, when once his beard  
More silv'ry to the shaver 'gan to fall.  
Yet did she look, and after length of time  
She came, since us doth Amaryllis own,  
[Us] Galatee hath left. For—seeing I  
Will it avow—so long as Galatee  
Enthralled us, there was neither hope  
Of freedom, nor for perquisite concern.  
Though many a victim issued from my folds,  
And for the thankless city oily cheese 51  
Was pressed, ne'er laden with a coin for me,  
Did [this] my right hand to my home return.

43. *Tendenti*, the "barber," should the reader prefer it: but it may be supposed that a slave would shave his own beard when cash was scarce. A barber would find some difficulty in giving such a spendthrift as Tityrus any credit.

45. Tityrus seems to have been somewhat in the condition of Cowley, if we may judge from his ballad of infinite playfulness, the *Chronicle*; e. g.:

"Mary then, and gentle Anne,  
Both to reign at once began:  
Alternately they sway'd;  
And sometimes Mary was the fair,  
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,  
And sometimes both I obeyed."

46. Perhaps it was his own fault, like Thenot's in Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*, iv. 5:

"Oh, hapless love, which, being answered, ends!  
And, as a little infant cries and bends  
His tender brows, when, rolling of his eye,  
He hath espied something that glisters nigh,  
Which he would have; yet, give it him, away  
He throws it straight, and cries afresh to play  
With something else: such my affection, set  
On that which I should loathe if I could get."

Perhaps it was Galatea's:

"Go, false one! now I see the cheat:  
Your love was all a counterfeit,  
And I was galled to think that you,  
Or any she, could long be true.  
How could you once so kind appear,  
To kiss, to sigh, to shed a tear,  
To cherish and caress me so,  
And now not let, but bid, me go?"  
Charles Cotton, *Sonnet*.

48. "For such a foole I doe him firmly hold,  
That loves his fetters, though they were of gold."  
Spenser, *F. Q.*, iii. 9, 8.

51. Tityrus would probably have been dissatisfied with Cicero:

"Should Rome, for whom you've done the happy service,  
Turn most ingrate, yet were your virtue paid  
In conscience of the fact: so much good deeds  
Reward themselves!"

Ben Jonson, *Catiline*, iii. 2.

52. The cause of Tityrus coming home with empty purse was the same that enriched Autolycus, at the Clown's expense, in Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*, iv. 3:

*Mel.* I used to marvel, Amaryllis, why,  
In sorrow, on the gods thou wouldst call;  
For whom thou would'st allow the fruits to hang

Upon their native tree: 'twas Tityrus  
Was absent hence. The very pines on thee,

O Tityrus, on thee the very springs,  
These very copses called.

*Tit.* What could I do? 60  
I neither from my bondage could escape,  
Nor elsewhere come to know such kindly gods.

Here I that youth, O Melibœus, saw,  
T' whom yearly twice six days our altars smoke;

'Twas here to me, his suppliant, he first  
Vouchsafed the answer, "Feed, as hitherto,  
Your oxen, O my swains, break in your bulls."

*Mel.* O blest old man, then thine thy fields shall bide!

Yea, large enough for thee, though naked stone

May [cover] all, and fen with oozy rush 70  
The pastures overlay. No wontless food  
Shall harm the breeding females great with young,

Nor scathful contact with a neighbor flock  
Shall damage them. O blest old man, thou here,

Amid familiar streams and hallowed springs,  
Shalt snatch the shady cool. On hither side,

The hedge, which at th' adjoining boundary  
Hath aye its willow-blossom made a feast  
By bees of Hybla, oft shall thee entice

"If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves."

67. "You virgins, that did late despair  
To keep your wealth from cruel men,  
Tie up in silk your careless hair,  
Soft peace is come again.

Now lovers' eyes may gently shoot  
A flame that will not kill;  
The drum was angry, but the lute  
Shall whisper what you will.

Sing Io, Io! for his sake,  
Who hath restored your drooping heads;  
With choice of sweetest flowers, make  
A garden where he treads:

Whilst we whole groves of laurel bring,  
A petty triumph to his brow,  
Who is the master of our spring,  
And all the bloom we owe."

Shirley, *The Imposture*, i. 2.

76. Or—"Shalt shady cool enjoy."  
See *Ecl.* ii. l. 12.

79. "There flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound  
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites  
To studious musing." Milton, *P. R.* b. iv.

By gentle murmuring to drop to sleep. 80  
On th' other side, beneath the lofty rock,  
The pruner shall be warbling to the gales;  
Nor yet, meanwhile, hoarse culvers, thy  
delight,

Nor turtle, cease from tow'ring elm to coo.  
10 *it.* Then sooner nimble harts shall feed  
in air,

And seas leave fishes bare upon the strand;  
Sooner,—both countries' frontiers traversed  
o'er,—

Or Parthian exile shall the Arar drink,  
Or Germany the Tigris, than *his* looks  
Can from my bosom fade away.

*Mel.* But we, 90  
Some hence shall pass to Afric's thirsty sons;  
At Scythia others of us shall arrive,

84. "Making that murm'ring noise that cooing  
doves

Use in the soft expression of their loves."  
*Dryden, The Indian Queen, iii. i.*

"No more shall meads be decked with flowers,  
Nor sweetness dwell in rosy bowers;  
Nor greenest buds on branches spring,  
Nor warbling birds delight to sing;  
Nor April violets paint the grove,  
Ere I forget my Celia's love."

*Carew, The Protestation.*

Shakespeare uses the powerful aid of impossi-  
bilities for a different purpose; *Merchant of*  
*Venice, iv. 1:*

"You may as well go stand upon the beach,  
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;  
You may as well use question with the wolf,  
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;  
You may as well forbid the mountain pines  
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,  
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven,  
As seek to soften that, his Jewish heart."

And again, in *Coriolanus, v. 3:*

"Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach  
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds  
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun,  
Murdering impossibility, to make  
What cannot be, slight work."

91. "But poorer now than poverty itself;"

"Now, like a sea-tost navy in a storm,  
Must we be severed unto divers shores?"

*Webster, The Weakest goeth to the Wall, ii. 3.*

"Thou hast forced  
My heart to sigh, my hands to beat my breast,  
My feet to travel, and my eyes to weep." *iii. 1.*

Goldsmith feelingly alludes to the miseries of  
exile:

"Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,  
The smiling, long-frequented village fall?  
Behold the dutious son, the sire decay'd,  
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,  
Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,  
To traverse climes beyond the western main;  
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,  
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound"

*Traveller.*

Again in the *Deserted Village:*

"Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,  
Where half the convex world intrudes between,  
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,  
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe."

And Crete's swift Axus; at the Britons, too,  
Cut off completely by the whole of earth.  
Lo! shall I ever, [though] a long time hence,  
My native bourns, and humble cabin's roof,  
Upplid with turf, some beards of corn—  
my realm—

Hereafter viewing, be in wonder held?  
Shall these fresh-broken lands, so finely  
tilled,

A godless soldier hold? a foreigner 100  
These crops of corn? Behold! to what a  
pass

Disunion us poor citizens hath brought!  
Behold! for whom we've sown the fields!  
Graft now

Thy pear-trees, Melibœus, range arow  
Thy vines. Away! my goats, once happy  
flock,

Away! You nevermore shall I, [while]  
stretched

Within the verdant grot, see hanging far

Adown the braky cliff; no carols I

Shall sing; with me to feed you, O my  
goats,

No [more] upon the cytisus in bloom, 110  
And bitter sprays of willow, shall you  
browse.

*Tit.* Yet here this night hadst thou along  
with me

"Far different these from every former scene,—  
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,  
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,  
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love."

94. So Ambrose Philips, with a pleasing variety;  
*Past. 2:*

"Sweet are thy banks! Oh, when shall I once more  
With ravish'd eyes review thine amell'd shore?  
When in the crystal of thy waters scan  
Each feature faded, and my colour wan?  
When shall I see my hut, the small abode  
Myself did raise, and cover o'er with sod?  
Small though it be, a mean and humble cell,  
Yet is there room for peace and me to dwell."

100. "His stubborn hands my net hath broken  
quite;

My fish, the guerdon of my toil and pain,  
He causeless seized, and, with ungrateful spite,  
Bestowed upon a less deserving swain:  
The cost and labour mine, his all the gain."

*P. Fletcher, The Loyal Subject, ii. 7.*

"So many new-born flies his light gave life to,  
Buzz in his beams, flesh-flies and butterflies,  
Hornets, and humming scarabs, that not one  
honey-bee,  
That's loaden with true labour, and brings home  
Increase and credit, can 'scape rifling;  
And what she sucks for sweet, they turn to bit-  
terness." *J. Fletcher, The Loyal Subject, ii. 5.*

112. So Spenser's *Shepheards Calender*, Sep-  
tember, 254:

"But if to my cotage thou wilt resort,  
So as I can I will thee comfort;  
There mayst thou ligge in a vetchy bed,  
Till fairer Fortune shew forth his head."



Been able on the leaf of green to rest.  
With us are mellow apples, chestnuts soft,  
And store of curded milk ; and now afar  
The roof-tops of the rural houses smoke,

113. The young student may be referred to *Ec.* ix. 50, where he will see that *poma* is used of pears.

116. Milton treats the idea in the closing line differently :

"And now the sun had stretched out all the hills."  
*Lyidas.*

And longer fall from lofty mounts the shades.

Collins, with a further variety ; *Ec.* iii. :

"While evening dews enrich the glittering glade,  
And the tall forests cast a longer shade."

Dryden applies the idea figuratively to the declining age of David, king of Israel :

"Behold him setting in the western skies,  
The shadows lengthening as the vapours rise."  
*Absalom and Achitophel*, 268, 9.

## ECLOGUE II. ALEXIS.

THE shepherd Corydon with fervor loved  
The fair Alexis, darling of his lord ;  
Nor had he aught to hope : only among  
The clustered beeches, shade-abounding  
crests,

He used unceasingly to come : he there  
Would these unstudied [verses], all alone,  
To mounts and forests fling with idle zeal.

O barbarous Alexis, reckest thou  
Naught of my lays ? no pity hast for me ?  
Thou in the end wilt goad me on to die. 10  
Now e'en the cattle snatch the shades and cool ;

Now e'en the thorny brakes green lizards  
shroud ;

And Thestylis for reapers, faint with raging  
heat,

Together bruises garlic and wild thyme,  
Herbs strong of odor : but along with me,

*Line 6, 7.* "Give sorrow words : the grief, that  
does not speak,  
Whispers the o'er fraught heart, and bids it break."

*Macbeth*, iv. 3.

"Unkindness, do thy office ! poor heart, break !  
Those are the killing griefs, which dare not  
speak." Webster, *Vittoria Corombona*, ii. 1.

9. "Mercy hangs upon your brow, like a precious  
jewel,

O let not then,  
Most lovely maid, best to be loved of men,  
Marble lie upon your heart, that will make you  
cruel !

Pity, pity, pity !

Pity, pity, pity !

That word begins that ends a true-love ditty."

T. Middleton, *Blurt*, iii. 1.

13. Milton makes *his* Thestylis assist the reapers  
in a different way, assigning the culinary depart-  
ment to Phillis :

"Hard by, a cottage-chimney smokes,  
From betwixt two aged oaks,  
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,  
Are at their savoury dinner set  
Of herbs and other country messes,  
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses ;  
And then in haste her bower she leaves,  
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves."

*L'Allegro.*

Thy footsteps while I trace, ring out the trees  
With hoarse cicadas 'neath a blazing sun.  
Was it not better brook the rueful wrath  
Of Amaryllis, and her haughty scorn ?

Not [better brook] Menalcas ? e'en though  
he 20

Were swarthy, e'en though thou wert fair.  
O lovely boy, trust not too much thy hue :  
White privets drop, dark martagons are  
culled.

By thee am I disdained ; nor who I am  
Dost thou, Alexis, ask ; how rich in flock,  
How full to overflow in snowy milk.

A thousand lambs of mine upon the mounts  
Of Sic'ly wander ; new milk fails me not  
In summer-tide, nor in the [wintry] cold.  
I chant [the lays] which used—if e'er his  
droves 30

He called—Amphion, of Dircean [birth],  
On Attic Aracynth. Nor am I so  
Uncomely. Late I viewed me on the shore,

21. "Why, sir ? black  
(For 'tis the colour that offends your eyesight),  
Is not within my reading, any blemish :  
Sables are no disgrace in heraldry."

Shirley, *Lady of Pleasure*, ii. 1.

27. "Two thousand sheep have I as white as milk,  
Though not so sweet as is thy lovely face ;  
The pasture rich, the wool as soft as silk :  
All this I give, let me possess thy grace."

Sir Philip Sidney, *The Lady of May*.

"An hundred udders for the pail I have,  
That give me milk and curds, that make me cheese  
To cloy the markets ; twenty swarm of bees,  
Whilk all the summer hum about the hive,  
And bring me wax and honey in 'bilive."

B. Jonson, *Sad Shepherd*, ii. 1.

33. This may call to mind the language of Eve :  
"And laid me down . . . to look into the clear  
Smooth lake, that to me seemed another sky.  
As I bent down to look, just opposite  
A shape within the watery gleam appeared,  
Bending to look on me : I started back,  
It started back ; but pleased, I soon returned."

Milton, *P. L.*, iv.

\* "*Bilive*," with life, quickly.



When quiet through the breezes stood the sea :

I should not Daphnis fear, thyself the judge,  
Since never doth reflection's form beguile.  
Oh ! could it but thy pleasure be with me  
The paltry farms, and unobtrusive cots,  
To haunt, and pierce the harts, and drive  
in group

The flock of kidlings to the mallow green !  
With me together in the forests thou 41  
Shalt copy Pan in singing. Pan first taught  
To brace together divers reeds with wax ;  
Pan guards the sheep and keepers of the  
sheep.

Nor let it irk thee with a reed to chafe  
Thy tiny lip : that he these very [strains]  
Might master, what did not Amyntas do ?  
I have, with seven unequal hemlock-reeds  
Close set, a pipe, which for a gift to me  
Damoetas whilom gave, and, dying, said, 50  
"Thee now doth this its second master  
own."

Damoetas spoke ; the fool Amyntas grudged.  
Moreo'er, two roes, discovered by myself  
In no safe glen, their coats e'en still be-  
sprent

With white, a ewe's twain udders daily  
drain :

Which I for thee reserve. This long time  
past,

33. Carew gives another turn to the idea :

"Stand still, you floods ! do not deface  
That image which you bear :  
So votaries, from every place,  
To you shall altars rear.

No winds but lovers' sighs blow here,  
To trouble these glad streams,  
On which no star from any sphere  
Did ever dart such beams.

To crystal, then, in haste congeal,  
Lest you should lose your bliss ;  
And to my cruel fair reveal  
How cold, how hard she is."

*Sight of a Gentlewoman's face in the Water.*

"And fair my flock, nor yet uncomely I,  
If liquid fountains flatter not :—and why  
Should liquid fountains flatter us, yet show  
The bordering flowers less beauteous than they  
grow ?" A. Philips, *Past.* i.

38. See C. Cotton's "*Invitation to Phillis*." Also  
Note on *Æn.* vi. l. 248.

"I must have you  
To my country villa : rise before the sun,  
Then make a breakfast of the morning dew,  
Served up by Nature on some grassy hill :  
You'll find it nectar."

Philip Massinger, *The Guardian*, i. i.

44. "Sing his praises, that doth keep

Our flocks from harm,

Pan, the father of our sheep ;

And arm in arm

Tread we softly in a round,

Whilst the hollow neighbouring ground

Fills the music with her sound."

J. Fletcher, *Faithful Shepherdess*, i. 2.

That she might carry them away from me,  
Hath Thestylis been craving, and her end  
will gain,

Since paltry are my presents in thine eyes.  
Come hither, O thou beauteous boy ! For  
thee 60

Their lilies, lo ! in baskets full, the Nymphs  
Are carrying ; for thee a Naiad fair,  
Her sallow gillyflowers and the heads  
Of poppies gath'ring, doth narcissus add,  
And blossom of the sweetly-smelling dill :  
Then, interlacing them with widow-waile,  
And other fragrant plants, soft martagons  
Betrim with yellowing caltha. I myself  
Will cull thee quinces hoar with velvet  
down,

And chestnuts, which my Amaryllis loved.  
I waxy plums will add : to this fruit, too,  
Shall dignity be [deigned] : and you, O  
bays, 72

I'll cull, and thee, O myrtle-plant, the next,  
Since ye, so placed, your musky perfumes  
blend.

A boor thou art, O Corydon, nor reck's  
Alexis of thy gifts ; nor, if in gifts  
Should'st thou vie with him, would Iollas  
yield.

Alas ! alas ! what is it I have willed  
For my unhappy self ? Upon my flowers  
The southern blast, and on my crystal  
springs 80.

58. "And she will do so," is very tame.

61. So "Sensuality" in Nabbes' *Microcosmus*, iv.

"Gather all the flowers  
Tempe is painted with, and strew his way.  
Translate my bower to Turia's rosy banks ;  
There, with a chorus of sweet nightingales,  
Make it perpetual spring."

Similarly Venus engages to Paris :

"The laurel and the myrtle shall compose  
Thy arbours, interwoven with the rose,  
And honey-dropping woodbine ; on the ground  
The flowers ambitiously shall crowd themselves  
Into love-knots and coronets, to entangle  
Thy feet, that they may kiss them as they tread,  
And keep them prisoners in their amorous stalks."  
Shirley, *Triumph of Beauty*.

69. "I prythee let me bring thee where crabs  
grow ;

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts ;  
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how  
To snare the nimble marmoset : I'll bring thee  
To clustering filberds, and sometimes I'll get  
thee  
Young scamels from the rock : wilt thou go with  
me ?" Shakespeare, *Tempest*, ii. 2.

75 Spenser imitates Virgil here : *Shepherd's  
Calender*, January, 55 :

"It is not Hobbinol wherefore I plaine,  
Albee my love hee seeke with dayly suit ;  
His clownish gifts and curties I disdain,  
His kids, his cracknelles, and his early fruit."

80. "I am no prophet, nor do wish to see  
Upon your spring another wind, than what

Wild boars have I, [to reason] lost, let in.  
Whom art thou flying, ah! thou witless  
one?

Even the gods have tenanted the woods,  
And Dardan Paris. Pallas by herself  
Let haunt the fortresses, which she hath  
built;

Us above all things let the woods delight.  
The grisly lioness pursues the wolf;  
The wolf himself the goat; the cytusus  
In blossom doth the wanton goat pursue;  
Thee, O Alexis, Corydon: draws each  
His proper fancy. See, the ploughs up-  
raised

The bullocks by the yoke are bearing home;  
The sun, too, doubles, as he draws away,  
The lengthening shades: me, ne'ertheless,  
is love

Consuming; for what bound can there be set

The wings of pregnant western gales do enrich  
The air withal, which, gliding as you walk,  
May kiss the teeming flowers, and with soft breath  
Open the buds, to welcome their preserver."

Shirley, *The Imposture*, iii. 3.

90. "And every humour hath its adjunct pleasure,  
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest."

Shakespeare, *Sonnet* 91.

The force of *ipse*, in verse 63 of the original,  
would be best brought out by "in turn."

To love? Ah! Corydon, [ah!] Corydon,  
What frenzy thee hath seized! Half-  
pruned for thee

Thy vine is [lying] on the leafy elm.

Why rather dost thou not some [share], at  
least,

Of what thy service needs, prepare thee to  
weave off 100

Of withes and pliant rush? If this doth  
thee

Disdain, another Alexis thou shalt find.

100. How clearly the poet saw that useful em-  
ployment was a cure for irregular desires!

"Wherefore if thou, I say,

Dost covet to avoid

That Bedlam Boy's deceitful bow,

That others hath annoyed:

Eschew the idle life!

Flee! flee from doing naught:

For never was there idle brain

But bred an idle thought."

Turberville, *The Lover to Cupid*.

Philosophy, religious solitude

And labour wait on temperance. In these

Desire is bounded; they instruct the mind's

And body's actions. 'Tis lascivious ease,

That gives the first beginning to all ills.

The thoughts being busied on good objects, sin

Can never find a way to enter in."

Nabbes, *Microcosmus*, iv.

## ECLOGUE III. PALÆMON.

MENALCAS. DAMÆTAS. PALÆMON.

*Menalcas.* Inform me, O Damœtas! whose  
the flock?

Is't that of Melibœus?

*Damœtas.* It is not,  
But Ægon's; Ægon lately it consigned  
To me.

*Men.* O sheep, ye ever luckless flock!  
While he himself Nœra fonds, and dreads  
Lest she should me prefer to him, his ewes  
This caitiff keeper milketh twice an hour,  
And from the flock the sap is filched away,  
And from the lambs the milk.

*Dam.* Still bear in mind

*Line 7.* It is very doubtful that *alienus* means  
"hiring;" for Damœtas may have been in too  
comfortable a position to accept of formal pay. He  
paid himself, however, unless Menalcas was un-  
truthful,—which he may very well have been, and  
his companion with him. The character of each  
depends on the testimony of the other; and all that  
is certain is, that they had both very abusive  
tongues. The probability is, that Damœtas was a  
thief, at all events; and so he need not have sought  
a remuneration for his trouble in honest cash. Vide  
v. 16 of the Latin text.

That these [misdoings] should with more  
reserve 10

Be charged on those who're men. We  
know both who

'Twas . . . thee,—the he-goats eyeing it  
askance,—

And in what holy grot;—but laughed the  
easy Nymphs.

*Men.* 'Twas then, I fancy, when they me  
espied

With scathful bill-hook hacking Mycon's  
grove,

And infant vines.

*Dam.* Or here by th' aged beech,  
When you the bow and shafts of Daphnis  
broke;

Which when, O curst Menalcas, you be-  
held

Bestowed upon the lad, you were not only  
vexed,

15. *Mald* may either be referred to *false*, as in  
the translation; or to Damœtas, when it should be  
rendered "spiteful."

But, if you had not somehow done him  
harm, 20

You would have died.

*Men.* What *can* flock-owners do,  
When venture knaves the like? Did I not  
see

You, villain, Damon's he-goat catch by  
craft,

Lycisca in full bark? And when I cried,  
"Now whither doth yon fellow hie him  
off?"

O Tityrus, collect thy flock,"—you skulked  
Behind the rush-plats.

*Dam.* Should he not, when beat  
In playing, give the he-goat up to me,  
Which my reed-pipe had by its warblings  
won?

Should you not know it, that he-goat was  
mine; 30

And Damon did himself acknowledge it  
To me, but said he could not give it up.

*Men.* In playing *you* beat *him*? Or hath  
a pipe,

With wax cemented, e'er belonged to *you*?  
Were you not in the crossways, dunder-  
head,

Customed to murder some unhappy tune  
Upon your squeaking straw?

*Dam.* Do you, then, wish  
We should between us try what each can do  
By turns? I this young cow (lest you per-  
chance

Decline, twice comes she to the pail, twin  
calves 40

She suckles at her udder;) stake: do you

20. Anthon, in referring *nocuissus* to the bow and  
arrows, seems to be singular.

21. "You are a rascal! he that dares be false  
To a master, though unjust, will ne'er be true  
To any other."

P. Massinger, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, v. 1.

25. "Soft! Whither away so fast?  
A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?"

Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 3.

26. "Contemned of all! and kicked too! Now I  
find it:

My valour's fled, too, with mine honesty;  
For since I would be knave I must be coward,"

Beaumont and Fletcher, *The False One*, iii. 2.

36. "*Graculo*. Our most humble suit is,  
We may not twice be executed.

*Timoleon*. Twice! How meanest thou?

*Grac*. At the gallows first, and after in a ballad  
Sung to some villainous tune."

Massinger, *Bondman*, v. 3.

"You shall scrape, and I will sing  
A scurvy ditty to a scurvy tune."

*Duke of Milan*, ii. 1.

See Milton's *Lycidas*:

"And when they list, their lean and flashy songs  
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw."

Say with what bet you will with me com-  
pete.

*Men.* Aught from the herd I could not  
dare to stake

With you: for I a father have at home,  
A harsh step-dame I have: and twice a day  
They reckon over, *both* of them the flock,  
And *one* the kids. But that which you,  
e'en you,

Yourself, by far more costly will admit—  
Seeing it is your fancy to be mad—

My beechen cups I'll pledge, the graven-  
work 50

Of heav'n-inspired Alcimedon, whereon,  
Embossed upon them with an easy tool,  
A limber vine attires the berry tufts,  
Profusely scattered by the ivy wan.

44. Spenser has imitated this passage; *Sh. Cal.*,  
March, 40:

"For, alas! at home I have a syre,  
A stepdame eke, as hote as fyre,  
That dewly adayes counts mine."

So the unfortunate Imogen complains of

"A father cruel, and a stepdame false,"  
Shakespeare, *Cymbeline*, i. 7.

"A father? No!

In kinde a father, not in kindnesse."

Thomas Sackville, *Ferrex and Porrex*, i. 1.

46. "His corn and cattle served the neighbour  
towns

With plentiful provision, yet his thrift  
Could miss one beast among the herd."

J. Fletcher, *The Noble Gentleman*, ii. 1.

52. On a comparison of v. 38 of the Latin with  
*Ec. v. 42*, it seems doubtful that Salmasius and La  
Certa are right in taking *torno* to mean a "lathe,"  
and *superaddita*, "superadded." This latter word  
there plainly means "inscribed;" and so here it  
appears to have the force of "embossed over."

53. So Spenser, in his 8th *Æglogue*, which is  
amœbean, in imitation of his predecessors, Theo-  
critus and Virgil:

"And over them spred a goodly wilde vine,  
Entrailed with a wanton yvy twine."

*Sh. Cal.*, Aug. 29.

And again, he ornaments the porch of the Castle  
of Temperance with the ivy and vine; *Jaquie*  
*Queene*, ii. 9, 24:

"Of heven stone the porch was fayrely wrought,  
Stone more of vauel, and more smooth and fine,  
Then iett or marble far from Ireland brought:  
Over the which was cast a wandring vine,  
Enchaced with a wanton yvie twine."

The same image of trailing ivy is reproduced in  
an exquisite passage in the description of a fountain  
in the "Bower of Bliss;" *F. Q.*, ii. 12, 61:

"And over all of purest gold was spred

A traylor of yvie in his native hew;

For the rich metall was so coloured,

That wight, who did not well avis'd it vew,

Would surely deeme it to bee yvie tref:

Low his lascivious armes adown did creepe,

That themselves dipping in the silver dew

Their fleecy flowres they fearfully did steepe,  
Which drops of christall seemd for wantones to  
weep."



[Stand] in the midst two figures—Conon,  
and—

Who was the other one, that with his  
wand

Mapped out for earth the universal sphere;  
The seasons which the sickleman, those  
which

The stooping ploughman should observe?  
My lips

I have not hitherto to them approached, 60  
But keep them up in store.

*Dam.* For us as well  
The same Alcimedon two cups hath made,  
And with the soft acanthus wreathed  
around

Their handles, and an Orpheus in the midst  
Hath set, and forests following him. My  
lips

I have not hitherto to them approached,  
But keep them up in store. If you give  
heed

To my young cow, there is no ground for  
you

To praise your cups.

*Men.* You never shall escape  
This day; I'll come where'er you've called.  
Let but—

56. As Virgil did not want to make Menalcas too  
learned, so Spenser makes Thomalin (*Sh. Cal.*,  
July, 161), after mentioning Moses, forget Aaron's  
name:

"This had a brother (his name I knew)," &c.

Gay is more true to pastoral life than any of his  
predecessors: his swains have not even heard of  
philosophers. See the *Shepherd's Week*, Monday,  
20-30.

64. Shakespeare's song in *Henry the Eighth* will  
readily occur to the reader; iii. 1:

"Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
And the mountain-tops that freeze,  
Bend themselves when he did sing:  
To his music plants and flowers  
Ever sprung; as sun and showers,  
There had been a lasting spring.

"Every thing that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads, and then lay by:  
In sweet music is such art—  
Killing care and grief of heart  
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die."

Dryden puts the immortal Purcell before Orpheus:

"We beg not hell our Orpheus to restore;  
Had he been there,  
Their sovereign's fear  
Had sent him back before.  
The power of harmony too well they knew:  
He long ere this had tuned their jarring sphere,  
And left no hell below."

*Elegy on the Death of Mr. Purcell.*

"Music has charms to soothe a savage breast,  
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.  
I've read that things inanimate have moved,  
And, as with living souls, have been informed  
By magic numbers and persuasive sound."

Congreve, *The Mourning Bride*, I. i. 1-5.

Hear these, or let Palæmon, who, behold,  
Is coming. I shall manage that henceforth  
You do not challenge any man at song.

*Dam.* Come, then, if aught thou hast;  
in me delay

There shall be none, nor any man I fly;  
Only, Palæmon neighbor, these store up  
Within thy deepest thoughts—the matter is  
No trifle.

*Palæmon.* Sing ye on, since we our seats  
Have ta'en together on the velvet turf; 79  
And now teems every field, now every tree,  
Now leaf the woods, now fairest is the year.  
Begin, Damoetas; thou shalt follow then,  
Menalcas: in alternate strains ye'll sing:  
Camenian [maidens] love alternate strains.

*Dam.* From Jove, ye muses, is my  
spring [of song];

Of Jove are all things full; he tends the  
lands;

For him my lays an interest possess.

*Men.* And me doth Phœbus love; his  
rightful gifts

For Phœbus are for ever [found] with me—  
His bays, and sweetly-blushing martagon. 90

*Dam.* Me with an apple Galatæa pelts—  
The wanton maid—and towards the willow  
trees

She hies, and longs that she may first be  
seen.

*Men.* Aye, but to me presents himself  
unasked

My flame Amyntas, so that Delia is  
No longer more familiar to our dogs.

*Dam.* For my own Venus presents are  
procured;

For I myself marked out the spot, whereon  
The airy culvers have amassed [their nest].

*Men.* That which I could, ten golden  
apples culled, 100

72. "I loathe to brawl with such a blast as thou,  
Who art nought but a valiant voice; but if  
Thou shalt provoke me further, men shall say,  
'Thou wert,' and not lament it."  
Baumont and Fletcher, *Philaster*, i. 2.

73. *Lacessas* (v. 51) would seem to mean "chal-  
lenge," and not "provoke," for the reasons which  
are given by Dr. Trapp.

78. Palæmon might have replied:

"Why, look you, sir! I can be as calm as silence  
All the while music plays. Strike on, sweet friend,  
As mild and merry as the heart of innocence."  
T. Middleton, *The Mayor of Queenborough*, iii. 1.

93. "He kissed her, and breathed life into her lips,  
Wherewith, as one displeased, away she trips;  
Yet, as she went, full often looked behind."  
C. Marlowe, *Hero and Leander*, Sestiad iii. 3-6.

"A brisk Arabian girl came tripping by;  
Passing she cast at him a side-long glance,  
And looked behind in hopes to be pursued."

J. Dryden, *Don Sebastian*, iv. 1.

From off a wild-wood tree, I to my boy  
Have sent; to-morrow other [ten] I'll send.

*Dam.* Oh! times how many, and what  
[honied words],

To us hath Galatæa said! Some part,  
O breezes, waft ye to the ears of gods.

*Men.* What boots it that, Amyntas, thou  
dost not

Disdain me in thy very soul, if whilst  
The boars thou huntest, I watch o'er  
the nets?

*Dam.* Send Phyllis to me; 'tis my  
natal-day,

Iollas: when I for the crops shall make  
An off'ring with a heifer, come thyself.

*Men.* I Phyllis love 'fore other maids;  
for she 112

At my departure wept, and long she cried,  
"Handsome Iollas, fare thee well, fare-  
well."

*Dam.* The wolf is ruefulness to folds,  
To ripened fruit are showers, to the trees  
Are storms, to us is Amaryllys' wrath.

*Men.* To seeded crops is moisture a  
delight,

To weaned kids the arbut, willow lithe  
To teeming flock, Amyntas is alone to me.

*Dam.* Our Muse doth Pollio affect,  
although 121

It is agrestic: O Pierian dames,  
Do ye a heifer for your reader feed.

*Men.* Yea, Pollio doth e'en himself com-  
pose

101. "Here be grapes, whose lusty blood  
Is the learned poet's good;  
Sweeter yet did never crown  
The head of Bacchus; nuts more brown  
Than the squirrel's teeth that crack them:  
Deign, O fairest fair, to take them.  
For these black-eyed Dryope  
Hath oftentimes commanded me  
With my clasped knee to climb."

J. Fletcher, *Faithful Shepherdess*, i. 1.

A Philips gracefully expands the idea: *Past.* 1:  
"How would I wander every day to find  
The choice of wildings, blushing through the  
rind!

For glossy plums how lightsome climb the tree!  
How risk the vengeance of the thrifty bee!"

103. "His lip is softer, sweeter than the rose;  
His mouth, and tongue, with dropping honey  
flows." Ben Johnson, *Sad Shepherd*, ii. 2.

"Oh! Charm me with the music of thy tongue!  
I'm ne'er so blest, as when I hear thy vows,  
And listen to the language of thy heart."

Otway, *The Orphan*, ii. end.

108. "We prune the orchards, and you cranch the  
fruit."

Massinger, *The Emperor of the East*, iv. 2.

113. "When I was absent then her galled eyes  
Would have shed April showers, and outwep  
The clouds in that same o'er-passionate mood,  
When they drowned all the world."

Marston, *Insatiate Countess*, ii. 2.

Rare poems: feed a bull that with his horn  
Now butts, and tosses with his hoof the  
sand.

*Dam.* Who loves thee, Pollio, may he  
come where'er

He joys that thou art too! May honies  
stream

For him, and prickly brier spikenard  
yield!

*Men.* Who Bavius hateth not—that he  
may love 130

Thy verses, Mævius! and may he, the  
same,

Put foxes in the yoke, and milk he-goats!

*Dam.* Ye, who cull flow'rs, and straw-  
berries, that grow

Along the ground, O swains, escape ye  
hence;

A chilly snake is lurking in the grass.

*Men.* O sheep, forbear ye to advance too  
far;

There's no safe trusting to the bank; the  
ram

Himself his fleece is drying even still.

*Dam.* O Tit'rus, from the river force  
thou back

Thy browsing she-goats; when there shall  
be time, 140

Myself will in spring-water wash them all.

*Men.* Drive on the sheep, ye striplings:  
if the heat

Shall have forestalled the milk, as lately, we  
In vain shall squeeze their udders in our  
hands.

*Dam.* Alas! alas! how meagre is my  
bull

Amid the fatt'ning vetch! The selfsame  
love

Is bane to flock and master of the flock.

*Men.* In these, sure, love is not at all  
the cause:

Scarce hold they by the bones together: I  
Know not what eye doth witch my tender  
lambs. 150

126. "Roscommon writes: to that auspicious hand,  
Muse, feed the bull that spurns the yellow sand."  
Dryden, *Ep. to Lord Roscommon*, 66, 7.

137. This form of expression is used by Shake-  
speare:

"For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish lowt."  
*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iv. 4.

150. Or, perhaps, viewing *nescio quis* as an  
idiom:

They scarcely hold together by the bones:  
Some eye or other witches my soft lambs.

"Yet pity me, Leneothoe, cure the wound  
Thine eyes have made; pity a begging king;  
Uncharm the charms of thy bewitching face,  
Or thou wilt leave me dead."

T. May, *The Heir*, iv.



*Dam.* Inform me in what lands—and  
thou shalt be  
My great Apollo—may the range of heaven  
Expand itself no further than three ells.

*Men.* Inform me in what lands may  
flowers grow,  
O'erwritten with the names of kings, and  
thou

Possess my Phillis to thyself alone.

*Pal.* It is not in my power to adjust  
Disputes between you of such high concern :

Both you are worthy of the cow, and he ;  
And whosoe'er may either dread the sweets,

“ My venom eyes  
Strike innocency dead at such a distance.”  
Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Coxcomb*, v. 2.  
“ His eyes shoot poison at me ; ha ! he has  
Bewitched me, sure.”

Shirley, *The Brothers*, iv. 1.  
“ You leer upon me, do you ? There's an eye  
Wounds like a leaden sword.”  
Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2.  
155. To this Milton seems to allude in *Lycidas*,  
where he speaks of Cam “footing slow,” with

“ his bonnet-sedge,  
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge  
Like to that sanguine flower, inscribed with woe.”  
And Young more directly, *Night* iii. 271, 2 :

“ As poets feign'd from Ajax' streaming blood  
Arose, with grief inscribed, a mournful flower.”  
160, 161. Or, if this be considered too free a  
version, the passage may be more literally rendered  
thus :

And whosoe'er may either dread sweet loves,  
Or may the bitter prove.

But what these lines have to do with the matter  
in dispute nobody apparently can tell. According  
to the received text, they seem to furnish simple  
nonsense, from which no unauthorised supply of  
imaginary ellipses appears to relieve them. Heyne  
would cut the matter very short by evicting them at  
once, though all the manuscripts agree in conferring  
a legal title on these very troublesome tenants.  
Anthon alters the text without improving the sense.

The emendation proposed by Wagner is extremely  
slight, and hardly unwarrantable. He  
prefixes an “H,” before the first “aut ;” and so  
the passage assumes this form :

“ Et quisquis amores  
Haut metuet dulces, aut experietur amarus ;”  
which, paraphrased, yields the following meaning :

And (this appears from the experience of you  
both, that) whosoever is not afraid of love, (and  
therefore admits it into his heart,) will find it (one  
or other of two very opposite things, either) sweet  
or (else) bitter. (He clearly runs a great risk, and  
therefore perhaps he had better have nothing to do  
with it.)

Yet does not this come in very awkwardly, as  
part of a solemn judgment upon the relative merits

Or prove the gall, of love. Now shut ye  
up 161  
The rills, my swains ; the meads have  
drunk enough.

of two aspirants for poetic fame, who, however  
coarse, or worse than coarse, either or both may  
have been, were plainly very accomplished com-  
posers ? But even if it were not awkward, surely it  
is commonplace and weak. After such a trial of  
extreme skill, it was unsatisfactory enough to be  
told that the issue of it was a drawn battle ; but to  
receive the further announcement, that love was  
either honey or gall, must have seemed to them  
very like trifling with their disappointment.

Perhaps the explanation of Ruæus is as good as  
any : “Whoever is able to express, in the masterly  
way that you have done, the various effects of  
love.”

Spenser makes Sir Scudamore agree with Palze-  
mon's premises, though not in the implied advice  
which the above interpretation attributes to him :  
*Faerie Queene*, iv. 10, 1 :

“ True he it sayd, whatever man it sayd,  
That love with gall and hony doth abound ;  
But if the one be with the other wayd,  
For every dram of hony, therein found,  
A pound of gall doth over it redound :  
That I too true by triall have approved ;  
For since the day that first with deadly wound  
My heart was launcht, and learned to have loved,  
I never ioyed howre, but still with care was moved.”

Shakespeare, too, introduces Venus predicting  
this heavy curse upon Love for the death of her  
lover :

“ Since thou art dead, lo ! here I prophesy,  
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend ;  
It shall be waited on by jealousy,  
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end.  
Ne'er settled equally, but high and low ;  
That all love's pleasure shall not match her woe.”  
*Venus and Adonis*.

“ Love is sweet :  
Wherein sweet ?  
In fading pleasures that do pain ;  
Beauty sweet :  
Is that sweet,  
That yieldeth sorrow for a gain ?  
If Love's sweet,  
Herein sweet  
That minutes' joys are monthly woes :  
’Tis not sweet,  
That is sweet  
Nowhere but where repentance grows.”  
Robert Greene, *Menaphon's Song*.

“ Love is my bliss, and love is now my bale.”  
R. Greene, *Friar Bacon*.

“ An undigested heap of mixed extremes,  
Whose pangs are wakings, and whose pleasures  
dreams.”

Beaumont and Fletcher, *Triumph of Love*, i.

“ Such is the posie Love composes ;  
A stinging nettle, mixt with roses.”  
Browne, *Brit. Past.* b. i. song 3.

## ECLOGUE IV. POLLIO.

SICILIAN muses, somewhat grander strains  
Sing we ! Not all do vineyards charm  
And lowly tam'risks : if we sing the woods,  
May woods deserving of a Consul prove !

The latest era of Cumæan song  
Hath now arrived ; afresh the mighty  
round

Of ages is begun. And now returns the  
Virgin,

Returns the dynasty of Saturn. Now  
A new succession is from heav'n on high  
Let fall. Do thou but at his birth the boy,  
'Neath whom the [race] of iron first shall  
cease, II

And rise throughout the world the race of  
gold,

Lucina chaste, befriend : now thine Apollo  
reigns.

And thou, too, Pollio, the consul thou—  
This glorious age shall enter [on its course]  
And mighty months begin to roll. With  
thee

Our chief, if any traces of our guilt  
Continue, cancelled they shall free the  
lands

From endless terror. He shall share the  
life

Of gods, and heroes with divinities 20

*Lines 6, 7.* Derrick tells us that a new star was  
said to have been seen in the open day about the  
time of Charles the Second's birth. To this Dryden  
thus alludes :

"Or one, that bright companion of the sun,  
Whose glorious aspect seal'd our new-born  
king ;

And now, a round of greater years begun,  
New influence from his walks of light did  
bring." *Annus Mirabilis*, st. xviii.

8. "That was the righteous Virgin, which of old  
Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound ;  
But after Wrong was lov'd, and Justice solde,  
She left th' unrighteous world, and was to heaven  
extold."

*Spenser, F. Q. vii. 7, 37.*  
12. "And with iron sceptre rule  
Us here, as with his golden those in heaven."

*Milton, P. L. ii.*

13. So Pericles : Shakespeare, *Pericles*, iii. 1 :

"Lucina, O  
Divinest patroness and midwife, gentle  
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity  
Aboard our dancing boat : make swift the pangs  
Of my queen's travails !"

15. Strictly, "this pride of time ;" for to make  
the expression refer to *puer* makes verse 12 come in  
very awkwardly.

16. "Henceforth a series of new time began,  
The mighty years in long procession ran."  
*Dryden, Abs. and Achil.* 1028, 29.

See intermingled, and himself be seen of  
them ;

And with ancestral virtues shall he rule  
A world at peace. But unto thee, O boy,  
Her earliest tiny gifts with tillage none,  
Her gadding ivies at each step, with bac-  
caris,

Shall earth unbosom, and Egyptian beans,  
With the acacia smiling interspersed.

The she-goats of themselves shall carry  
home

Their udders swoln with milk ; nor shall  
the herds

Huge lions fear. The cradle's self for thee  
Shall pour forth charming flowers, and the  
snake 31

Shall die, and guileful plant of bane shall  
die ;

At large Assyrian spikenard grow. But  
soon

As th' heroes' praises, and a father's deeds,

26. Spenser makes the earth equally obsequious  
to Dame Nature :

"But th' Earth herself of her owne motion,  
Out of her fruitful bosom made to growe  
Most dainty trees, that, shooting up anon,  
Did seem to bow their bloss'ming heads full lowe  
For homage unto her, and like a throne did shew.  
And all the Earth far underneath her feete  
Was dight with flowers, that voluntary grew  
Out of the ground, and sent forth odours sweet ;  
Tenne thousand more of sundry sent and hew,  
That might delight the smell, or please the view,  
The which the nymphes from all the brooks  
thereby

Had gathered, they at her footstoolle threw ;  
That richer seem'd than any tapestry  
That princes bowres adorne with painted imagery."

*Faerie Queene*, vii. 7, 8, 10.

28. Such a primeval state as Milton finely de-  
scribes : *P. L.* iv. :

"About them frisking play'd  
All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all  
chase

In wood or wilderness, forest or den.

Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw

Dandled the kid ; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,

Gamboll'd before them ; the unwieldy elephant,

To make them mirth, used all his might, and

wreathed

His lithe proboscis ; close the serpent sly,

Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine

His braided train, and of his fatal guile

Gave proof unheeded."

34. Now is he apt for knowledge : therefore know

It is a more direct and even way,

To train to virtue those of princely blood

By examples than by precepts : if by examples

Whom should he rather strive to imitate

Than his own father?"

*Webster, Vittoria Corombona*, ii.

Thou shalt be able now to read, and learn  
What be their worth, the plain shall by  
degrees

With downy ear wax yellow, and the bunch  
Shall dangle blushing from untutored thorns,  
And churlish oaks their dewy honies still.

Yet some few footsteps of the ancient  
crime

Shall steal behind, to bid [men] Thetis  
tempt

In ships, and girdle round with walls the  
towns,

And cleave-in furrows into earth. Another  
Tiphys then

Shall be, another Argo, too, to waft  
Choice heroes; there shall e'en be other  
wars;

Aye, and again to Troy a great Achilles  
Shall be despatched. Thereafter, when  
shall now

Established age have fashioned thee a  
man,

Yea, of himself shall from the main with-  
draw

The voyager, nor naval pine its wares 50  
Shall barter: every produce every land  
Shall yield. The ground shall not the

harrows brook,  
Nor shall the vine the pruning-knife. Now,

too,  
The stalwart ploughman shall from off his  
bulls

Their yokes unloosen. Neither shall the  
wool

Learn motley hues to feign; but of himself  
The ram shall in the meadows change his  
fleece

With now sweet-blushing purple dye, with  
now

The weed of saffron; of its own accord,

37. Or: "waving ear."

39. Query? "the dewes of honey."

"The earth unploughed shall yield her crop,  
Pure honey from the oak shall drop,  
The fountain shall run milk;  
The thistle shall the lily bear,  
And every bramble roses wear,  
And every worm make silk."  
Ben Jonson, *The Golden Age Restored*.

56. Or perhaps *mentiri* might be rendered "to  
forge," as Spenser says of Duessa:

"So could she forge all colours save the trew."

Vermilion, as they graze, shall drape the  
lambs. 60

"Through ages such as these, career ye  
on!"

The Destinies have to their spindles said,  
In union with the steadfast will of Fates.

Advance on thy grand dignities—the time  
Will presently arrive,—O darling child

Of gods, the mighty foster-son of Jove!  
Behold with spherick mass a nodding

world,  
E'en lands, and ocean-paths, and sky

sublime!  
Behold how at the age, decreed to come,

All things rejoice! Oh! that to me might  
last 70

The latest stage of such a lengthful life,  
And inspiration, far as it shall prove

Sufficient thy achievements to proclaim!  
No, nor shall Thracian Orpheus me surpass

In songs, nor Linus; though a mother  
that—

And *this* a father aid—Calliope  
Orpheus, the fair Apollo Linus. E'en if

Pan,  
Arcadia umpire, should with me compete,

E'en Pan, Arcadia umpire, would avow  
Himself surpassed. Begin, O infant boy, 80

To recognise thy mother with a smile;  
Ten months have brought thy mother long-

some qualms.  
Begin, O infant boy: [that babe,] on whom

His parents have not smiled, nor god of  
board,

Nor goddess hath deemed worthy of her  
bed.

60. Or: "Shall scarlet, as they feed, array the  
lambs."

63. Spenser finely describes the offices of the  
Parcæ: *Faerie Queene*, iv. 2, 48:

"There she them found all sitting round about  
The direfull Distaffe standing in the mid,  
And with unwearied fingers drawing out  
The lines of life, from living knowledge hid.  
Sad Clotho held the rocke, the whiles the thrid  
By griesly Lachesis was spun with paine,  
That cruel Atropos eftsoones undid,  
With cursed knife cutting the twist in twain:  
Most wretched men, whose dayes depend on thrids  
so vaine!"

70. So Eve dreams that Adam says to her:

"Heaven wakes with all his eyes,  
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire?  
In whose sight all things joy."

Milton, *P. L. v.*

## ECLOGUE V. DAPHNIS.

MENALCAS. MOPSUS.

*Menalcas.* Why not, O Mopsus, seeing we have met,  
Both skilful,—thou in breathing into slender reeds,

In singing verses I,—here seat us down  
Among the elms, with hazels interspersed?

*Mopsus.* The elder thou : to thee 'tis fair that I

Give way, Menalcas, whether underneath  
The fitful shades — the zephyrs fanning them—

Or rather 'neath the grot we go. Behold,  
How hath the wild-wood vine the grot o'erspread

With scattered bunches!

*Men.* In our mounds with thee 10  
Amyntas only vies.

*Mop.* What if the same  
Should strive in singing Phœbus to surpass?

*Line 3.* It is evident from this whole Eclogue, and especially from comparing vv. 51, 55 of Ecl. III., that *dicere versus* means to sing songs, not to rehearse or indite them.

See also Ecl. IX., and compare v. 35 with v. 36.

7. "My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,  
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?  
The birds chaunt melody on every bush;  
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun:  
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,  
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:  
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit."

Shakespeare, *Tit. And.* ii. 3.

"How sweet these solitary places are! how wantonly

The wind blows through the leaves, and courts  
and plays with 'em!

Will you sit down and sleep? The heat invites you.

Hark, how yond purling stream dances and murmurs!

The birds sing softly too: pray, take some rest, sir."

J. Fletcher, *The Pilgrim*, v. 4.

9. "So fashioned a porch with rare device,  
Arch'd over head with an embracing vine,  
Whose bunches hanging downe seemd to entice  
All passers by to taste their luscious wine."

Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 12, 54.

Another side, umbrageous grots and caves  
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine  
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps  
Luxuriant."

Milton, *P. L.* iv.

"Deep in the gloomy glade a grotto bends,  
Wide through the craggy rock an arch extends;  
The rugged stone is clothed with mantling vines,  
And round the cave the creeping woodbine  
twines."

Gay, *The Fan*, i. 99-102.

12. *Certat* seems to have better authority than *certet*, and is certainly a more graphic reading.

*Men.* Do thou begin, O Mopsus, first, if thou

Or any flames of Phyllis, or the lauds  
Of Alcon hast, or Codrus' brawls: begin;  
The kids, while feeding, Tityrus will watch.

*Mop.* Nay rather I those verses, which  
of late

Upon a beech's verdant bark I scored,  
And sang and marked them down by turns,  
will try:

Do thou bid then Amyntas to compete. 20

*Men.* As much as doth the supple willow  
yield

To olive wan, as much as lowly nard

To beds of crimson roses, in our mind

So much Amyntas yieldeth unto thee.

*Mop.* But cease thou more, O swain;  
we've reached the grot.

Quenched by fell death, the Nymphs did  
Daphnis weep.

15, 16. So Spenser, *Sh. Cal.* May, 172:

"Now, Piers, of fellowship, tell us that saying:  
For the lad can keep both our flocks from  
straying."

A. Philips varies the idea: *Past.* 4:

"And since our ewes have grazed, what harm if  
they

Lie round and listen, while the lambkins play?"

20. "Shall the queen of the inhabitants of the air,  
The eagle, that bears thunder on her wings,  
In her angry mood destroy her hopeful young,  
For suffering a wren to perch too near them?  
Such is our disproportion."

P. Massinger, *The Great Duke of Florence*, iv. 2.

26. See Milton's *Lycidas*:

"But oh! the heavy change, now thou art gone,  
Now thou art gone, and never must return!  
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,  
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,  
And all their echoes mourn:  
The willows and the hazel-copses green  
Shall now no more be seen  
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays."

The same miseries Spenser makes the consequence of Colin Clout's absence. Hobbinal tells him: *Colin Clout*, xxii:

"Whilst thou wast hence, all dead in dole did lie:  
The woods were heard to waille full many a  
sythe,

And all their birds with silence to complaine:  
The fields with faded flowers did seem to mourne,  
And all their flocks from feeding to refrain:  
The running waters wept for thy returne,  
And all their fish with languour did lament."

26-29. So Alexander on the death of Clytus:

"Here I will lie  
Close to his bleeding side, thus kissing him;



Ye [stood] the witnesses, O hazel-shrubs  
And rivers, for the Nymphs, when, clasping  
round

The pitiable body of her son,  
The mother cruel calls both gods and stars.  
None in those days their pastured oxen  
drove, 31

O Daphnis, to the chilly streams; no quad-  
ruped  
Or slipped the brook, or touched a blade of  
grass.

O Daphnis, that e'en Afric lions wailed  
Thy death, both mountains wild and forests  
tell.

Yea, Daphnis to the chariot taught to yoke  
Armenian tigresses; 'twas Daphnis [taught]  
Processionals of Bacchus t'introduce,  
And wreath with velvet leaves the limber  
spears.

As is the vine the grace to trees, as grapes  
To vines, as bulls to herds, as standing  
corn 41

To teemful fields—all grace art thou to  
thine.

When once the Weirds reft thee away, the  
fields

E'en Pales, and Apollo e'en, forsook.  
Upon the furrows, whereunto we oft  
Plump grains of barley have consigned,  
there grow

The fruitless darnel and the barren oats;  
For violet soft, for purple daffodil,  
Thistle, and paliure with pointed thorns  
Spring up. Bestrew the ground with leaves,  
draw shades 50

These pale dead lips that have so oft advised me;  
Thus bathing o'er his reverend face with tears:  
Thus clasping his cold body in my arms,  
Till Death, like him, has made me stiff and horrid."  
Lee, *Rival Queens*, iv. end.

A. Philips happily imitates this passage:

"The pious mother comes, with grief oppress'd;  
Ye trees and conscious fountains can attest  
With what sad accents, and what piercing cries,  
She fill'd the grove, and importuned the skies,  
And every star upbraided with his death,  
When, in her widow'd arms, devoid of breath,  
She clasp'd her son." Past. 3.

33. So Spenser says of Dido's death: *Sh. Cal.*  
Nov. 133:

"The feeble flocks in field refuse their former  
foode,  
And hang their heades as they would learne to  
weepe."

39. Velvet, or, "waving," "pliant."

50. That is, plant flowers to grace the ground,  
and trees to shade the founts.

"This rosemary is withered; pray get fresh!  
I would have these herbs grow up in his grave,  
When I am dead and rotten. Reach the bays;  
I'll tie a garland here about his head:  
'Twill keep my boy from lightning."

Webster, *Vittoria Corombona*, v. 1.

Upon the springs, O shepherds: such be-  
hests

Daphnis enjoins to be for him observed.  
Do ye both form a tomb, and on the tomb  
The lay inscribe: "I, Daphnis, in the  
woods,

Hence even to the constellations famed,  
Of a fair flock the guard, more fair myself."

*Men.* Thy song is such to us, O heav'nly  
bard,

As slumber to the weary on the grass;

54. Instead of an inscription on Albino's tomb,  
Philips introduces Angelot praying:

"Oh! peaceful may thy gentle spirit rest!  
The flowery turf be light upon thy breast;  
Nor shrieking owl nor bat thy tomb fly round,  
Nor midnight goblins revel o'er the ground."

Past. 3.

"But since that I shal die her slauve,  
Her slauve, and eke her thrall:  
Write you, my frendes, upon my graue  
This chaunce that is befall:  
'Here lieth unhappy Harpalus,  
By cruell loue now slaine;  
Whom Phylida vnjustly thus  
Hath murtherd with disdaine.'"

These are the concluding verses of a beautiful  
composition, probably the earliest Pastoral poem in  
the language. It will be found among "Poems of  
Vncertaine Auctors" in Chalmers' "English Poets,"  
vol. ii.

It is impossible here to withhold Ben Jonson's  
masterly Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke:

"Underneath this sable herse  
Lies the subject of all verse,  
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:  
Death! ere thou hast slain another,  
Learned, and fair, and good as she,  
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

*Underwoods*, xv.

"As soon as I am dead,  
Come all and watch about my hearse;  
Bring each a mournful story and a tear,  
To offer at it when I go to earth:  
With fluttering ivy-clasp my coffin round;  
Write on my brow my fortune; let my bier  
Be borne by virgins, that shall sing by course  
The truth of maids and perjuries of men."

Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Maid's Tragedy*, ii. 1.

57. "For, while I sit with thee, I seem in Heaven  
And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear  
Than fruits of palm-tree, pleasantest to thirst  
And hunger both, from labour at the hour  
Of sweet repast: they satiate, and soon fill,  
Though pleasant; but thy words, with grace  
divine

Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety."  
Milton, *P. L.* viii.

58. *Sopor* strictly means "deep sleep," but the  
Latin poets use it for "sleep" in general. In the  
same lax way, "slumber" is used by English poets  
to represent "sleep," though strictly it means  
"light sleep." Still, though there is so marked a  
difference between *sopor* and "slumber," yet as the  
poet does not seem to use the word here in the  
accurate signification attached to it in *Æn.* iii. 173,  
"slumber" may well be admitted, being far more  
harmonious in this passage than "sleep." The  
same liberty is taken in rendering *Æn.* iv. 522.

V. 45-47 are amplified by Spenser in his exquisite



As in the summer-tide to slake the thirst  
By some delicious water's skipping rill. 60  
Nor is't alone on reeds, but in thy voice,  
Thou rivallest thy master : happy swain !  
Thou now shalt be the second after him.  
Still we will these of ours, howe'er [we  
may],

To thee in turn recite, and Daphnis thine  
Raise to the stars ; we Daphnis to the stars  
Will bear away : us, too, did Daphnis love.

*Mop.* Can aught to us of higher value be  
Than such a favor ? Both the swain him-  
self

Was worthy to be sung, and those thy lays  
Now long since Stimicon hath praised to us.

*Men.* Bright Daphnis marvels at th' un-  
wonted gate 72

Of th' Empyrean, and beneath his feet  
Beholds the clouds and stars. Hence lively  
joy

Absorbs the woods, and other rural scenes,  
And Pan, and shepherds, and the Dryad  
maids.

Nor doth the wolf an ambush for the flock,  
Nor any toils their craft for harts, devise :  
Benignant Daphnis loves repose. The  
mounts

Themselves, unshorn, in gladness to the  
stars 80

Fling forth their voices ; now the very  
cliffs,

description of the "Bower of Bliss:" *Faerie Queene*,  
ii. 5, 30:

"And fast beside there trickled softly downe  
A gentle streame, whose murmuring wave did  
play  
Emongst the pumy stones, and made a sowne,  
To lull him soft asleepe that by it lay :  
The wearie traveller, wandring that way,  
Therein did often quench his thirsty heat,  
And then by it his wearie limbes display,  
(Whiles creeping slomber made him to forget  
His former payne,) and wypt away his toilsom  
sweat."

72. So Spenser of Dido, in *Sh. Cal.* Nov. 175 ;  
see also 195, &c. :

"She raignes a goddess now among the saintes,  
That whilome was the saynt of shepheards light,  
And is enstalled nowe in heavens night."

"Now, free from earth, thy disencumber'd soul  
Mounts up, and leaves behind the clouds and starry  
pole." Dryden, *Abs. and Achit.* 850, 1.

More directly imitated in *Amyntas*, 66-73.

"Damon, behold yon breaking purple cloud ;  
Hear'st thou not hymns and songs divinely loud ?  
There mounts Amyntas ; the young cherubs play  
About their godlike mate, and sing him on his  
way.

He cleaves the liquid air, behold, he flies,  
And every moment gains upon the skies,  
The new-come guest admires the ethereal state,  
The sapphire portal, and the golden gate."

74. Or: "lively," or "active."

The very trees, ring out the lays : "A god,  
A god is he, Menalcas !" O be kind  
And gracious to thine own ! Lo ! altars  
four !

Behold, O Daphnis, twain of them for thee ;  
Twain altars high for Phœbus. Drinking-  
cups,

A couple frothing with new milk, each year,  
And craters twain of unctuous oil, I'll set  
For thee ; and specially with copious wine  
Enlivening the feast—before the hearth, 90  
If it shall winter be ; if harvest [tide],  
Within the shade—the Ariusian wines,  
A novel nectar, from the tankards I

Will pour. To me shall [both] Damætās  
sing,

And Lyctian Ægon ; frisking Satyrs ape  
Alphesibœus. These shall aye be thine,  
Alike what time our yearly off'rings we  
Shall pay the Nymphs, and when we shall  
perform

The circuit of the fields. While mountain-  
brows

The boar [shall love], while fish shall love  
the floods, 100

And while upon the thyme the bees shall  
feed,

While cicads on the dew, [thy] glory aye,  
And thy renown, and praises shall endure.

As unto Bacchus and to Ceres, so to thee  
Their vows each year shall husbandmen  
perform :

Thou also shalt oblige them to their vows.

*Mop.* What [boons] to thee, what boons  
can I return

For such a song ? For neither me delight

82. "If, like a statue,  
Cold and unglorified by art, you call  
Our sense to wonder, where shall we find eyes  
To stand the brightness, when you're turned a  
shrine,

Embellished with the burning light of diamonds,  
And other gifts, that dwell, like stars about you?"  
Shirley, *The Imposture*, ii. 3.

84. *Ara* and *altare* are used of the same altar in  
*Æn.* ii. 514, 515, xii. 171, 174.

107. Milton similarly in *Par. Lost*, viii. 5 :

"What thanks sufficient, or what recompense  
Equal, have I to render to thee, divine  
Historian ?"

108. "Colin, to heare thy rymes and roundelays,  
Which thou were wont on wastefull hilles to sing,  
I more delight then lark in sommer dayes,  
Whose echo made the neighbour groves to ring."

Spenser, *Sh. Cal.* June, 49.

"O happy fair !

Your eyes are lodestars, and your tongue sweet air,  
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,

When wheat is green, and hawthorn buds appear."

Shakespeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, i. 1.

A. Philips happily imitates verses 45-47, 81-84 :

*Past.* 4 :

So much the rising Auster's whip'ring  
sound,  
Nor shores by billow buffeted, nor brooks,  
Which rill adown among the rocky straits.

"Oh, Colinet! how sweet thy grief to hear!  
How does thy verse subdue the listening ear!  
Soft falling as the still, refreshing dew,  
To slake the drought, and herbage to renew;  
Not half so sweet the midnight winds, which  
move  
In drowsy murmurs o'er the waving grove;  
Nor valley brook, that, hid by alders, speeds  
O'er pebbles warbling, and through whispering  
reefs;  
Nor dropping waters, which from rocks distil,  
And welly grots with tinkling echoes fill."

111. "For first she springs out of two marble rocks,  
On which a grove of oaks high-mounted grows,  
That as a girlond seems to deck the locks  
Of some faire bride, brought forth with pompous  
showes

*Men.* We'll first present thee with this  
brittle reed. 112

This taught us, "Corydon with fervor loved  
The fair Alexis;" this the same, "Whose  
flock?"

Is't that of Melibœus?"

*Mop.* But do thou  
Accept this crook, which, though he begged  
me oft,

Antigenes hath never borne away—  
He, too, was worthy then of being loved—  
With even knobs and bronze, Menalcas,  
fair.

Out of her bowre, that many flowers strowes:  
So through the flowry dales she tumbling downe  
Through many woods and shady coverts flows,  
That on each side her silver channell crowne."  
Spenser, *Canto vi. of Mutabilitie.*

118. Or: "Though he."

## ECLOGUE VI. SILENUS.

THE first that in the Syracusan strain  
Deigned to disport, nor blushed to haunt  
the woods,

Was our Thalia. When I would of kings  
And battles sing, the Cynthian twitched  
mine ear,  
And warned: "A shepherd, Tit'rus, it  
becomes

To feed fat sheep, recite a flimsy lay."  
Now I—for thou shalt have full many [a  
bard]

Who may thy praises, Varus, yearn to tell,  
And thy grim wars record—will practise  
o'er

The rural song upon my slender reed. 10  
Unbidden [strains] I do not sing. Yet still,  
If any one, if any one e'en these,

*Line 6.* Does any classical British author apply  
the literal meaning of *deductum*, "thin-spun," to  
compositions of any kind? Milton uses it of life,  
but evidently with reference to the trite idea of life's  
thread. If the metaphor must be abandoned in the  
translation, many words offer themselves for acceptance,  
of which perhaps "homely" is as good as any.

Addison, in speaking of Spenser, whom he had  
not enough of poetic taste to admire, says:

"The long-spun allegories fulsome grow."

Pope employs the word which is used in the  
version:

"Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines."

*Prologue to Satires.*

"His breeding,

It was not spun the finest; but his wealth,  
Able to gild deformity, and make  
Even want of wit a virtue."

Shirley, *The Constant Maid*, i. 1.

By fancy charmed, shall read, O Varus,  
thee

Our tam'risks, thee shall all the woodland  
sing;

Nor any page to Phœbus sweeter is  
Than that which hath the name of Varus  
traced

Upon its front. Proceed, Pierian maids.  
The striplings Chromis and Mnasylos  
spied

Silenus lying in a cave asleep,  
With yestern Bacchus swollen through his  
veins, 20

As ever. Garlands just outside him lay,  
But merely fallen off his head, and hung  
His heavy beaker by its handle worn.

Assailing him—for oft the aged man  
Had, with the expectation of a song,  
Played false with both of them—they feters  
throw

Upon him, from the very garlands [forged].  
As their companion, Ægle joins herself,  
And sudden comes upon them in their fear,  
Ægle, the fairest of the water Nymphs. 30

And now, as up he looks, with mulberries  
Blood-red his forehead and his brows she  
stains.

He, laughing at the trick,—“Why feters  
tie?”

Exclaims: “Release me, lads; it is enough  
That it is seen that you have had the power.

20. “Help, Virtue! these are sponges and not men!  
Bottles! mere vessels!”

Ben Jonson, *Pleasure reconciled to Virtue.*

The songs, which wish ye, hear: the songs  
for you;

For *her* shall be another kind of fee."

At once begins he of his own accord.

Then, sooth, both Fauns and savage beasts  
to rhythm

You might see frolic, then stiff oaks to wave  
Their crests. Nor doth so much in Phœbus  
joy 41

Parnassus' crag, nor Rhodope and Ismarus  
So much at Orpheus marvel. For he sang  
How through the vasty void had been com-  
bined

The seeds alike of lands, and air, and sea,  
And at the same time those of flowing fire;  
How all beginnings from these rudiments,  
And e'en the yielding ball of th' atmosphere  
Together grew; then how the ground began  
To harden, and within the deep apart 50

To shut the ocean up, and by degrees  
To take the shapes of things; and [how] anon  
The lands at glimm'ring of a new-born sun  
Are in amaze, and from a greater height  
From clouds uplifted do the showers fall;  
When forests first begin to spring, and when  
Are straying through the mounts, that know  
them not,

The scattered forms of life. He next relates  
The stones by Pyrrha cast, the Saturn reign,  
And birds of Caucase, and Prometheus'  
rape. 60

To these he adds, how, quitted at the spring,  
The seamen had on Hylas called aloud,  
That all the strand with "Hylas! Hylas!"  
rang.

39. So Piers says of Cuddie: Spenser, *Sh. Cal.*  
Oct. 25:

"Soone as thou gynst to sette thy notes in frame,  
O how the rural routes to thee do cleave!"

"For we will have the wanton Fauns,  
That frisking skip about the lawns,  
The Panisks, and the Sylvens rude,  
Satyrs, and all that multitude,  
To dance their wilder rounds about  
And cleave the air with many a shout  
As they would hunt poor Echo out."

Ben Jonson, *The Penates*.

A different effect of the voice is seen in Shirley:  
"The tongue that's able to rock heaven asleep,  
And make the music of the spheres stand still,  
To listen to the happier airs it makes,  
And mend their tunes by it." *Love Tricks*, iv. 2.

So in Shakespeare, quoted by Gifford:

"And when Love speaks the voice of all the gods  
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony."

46. But whether *liquidus* means here "flowing,"  
or "transparent," or "unmingled," it is not easy to  
say.

63. "Or that same daintie lad, which was so deare  
To great Alcides, that, whenas he dyde,  
He wailed womanlike with many a teare,  
And every wood and every valley wyde  
He filld with Hylas name; the nymphes eke Hylas  
cryde." Spenser, *Færie Queene*, iii. 12, 7.

And, blessed if there never had been herds,  
Pasiphaë he comforts in her love

For the young snowy bull. "Ah! hapless  
dame!

What frenzy thee hath seized! The Proetides  
With their fantastic lowings filled the fields;  
But, nevertheless, not one of them pursued  
So scandalous embracements of the beasts,  
Though for her neck she'd feared the plough,  
and oft 71

Upon her glossy forehead sought for horns.  
Ah! hapless dame! You now on moun-  
tains rove;

He, cushioned on his side of snowy white  
With downy martagon, beneath a dun  
Holm-oak, on yellowing grasses chews the  
cud,

Or courts some female in the mighty herd."  
"Shut, nymphs, Dictæan nymphs, now shut  
The forest-passes, if by any chance  
The truant footsteps of the bull may come  
Across mine eyes. Him, haply, either  
charmed 81

By grass of green, or following the droves,  
Some cows may lure away to Gortyn's  
stalls."

He next the damsel chants, who in amaze  
Beheld the apples of th' Hesperides.

He next the sister-train of Phaeton  
Encircles with the moss of bitter bark,  
And rears them tow'ring alders from the  
ground.

Then sings he how, while straying by the  
streams

Of the Permessus, to Aonian mounts 90  
One of the sisters Gallus led; and how

The choir of Phœbus to the hero all  
In homage rose; how Linus these to him—  
The shepherd of a heav'nly lay, with flowers

75. It may as well be remarked here that in this  
work there is no pretension of determining what is  
meant by the terms which stand for plants. "*Hyacinthus*" is usually rendered "martagon," only  
because the learned and careful Martyn is so posi-  
tive that this is the flower intended; and to call it  
"hyacinth" would be simply to mislead. What-  
ever *hyacinthus* meant, it is certain that it did not  
mean "hyacinth." But, it must be confessed, that  
the "imperial martagon" would not form exactly  
the sort of bed that a sensible bull would be likely  
to choose. In autumn, at least, he might nearly as  
well select a couch of sticks.

85. Spenser thus finely alludes to the story of  
Phaeton:

"As when the fire-mouthed steeds, which drew  
The Sunne's bright wayne to Phaeton's decay,  
Soone as they did the monstrous Scorpion view,  
With ugly crapes crawling in their way,  
The dreadful sight did them so sore affray,  
That their well-known courses they forwent;  
And, leading th' ever burning lampe astray,  
This lower world nigh all to ashes brent,  
And left their scorched path yet in the firmament."  
*F. Q.* v. 8, 40.



And bitter parsley on his tresses crowned—  
Pronounced: "These reeds to thee the  
Muses grant—  
Lo, take them!—which to Ascrea's aged  
[bard  
They granted] erst; wherewith in playing  
he  
Was wont to trail stiff ashes from the  
mounts.  
Thereon by thee the birth of Grynium's  
glade 100  
Be chanted, lest there should be any grove,  
Wherein Apollo more may boast himself."  
Why should I tell how [he] of Scylla [sang,  
Daughter] of Nisus, whom hath rumor  
traced:

95. So Gray makes Nature address Shakespeare:  
"What time, where lucid Avon stray'd  
To him the mighty mother did unveil  
Her awful face: the dauntless child  
Stretch'd forth his little arms and smil'd:  
'This pencil take,' she said, 'whose colours clear  
Richly paint the vernal year.  
Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal Boy!  
This can unlock the gates of Joy;  
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,  
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.'" *Progress of Poesy.*

104. Catrou's and Doering's reading of *aut* before  
*quam* would relieve this passage of much of its  
difficulty: but there is so little manuscript authority

That she, beneath her snowy waist begirt  
With baying monsters, plagued Dulichia's  
ships,  
And in the deepsome gulf, ah! piecemeal  
rent  
The frightened mariners with her sea-dogs?  
Or how he told of Tereus' limbs trans-  
shaped;  
What cates for him, what presents Philomel  
Prepared; with what career the wastes she  
sought, 111  
And with what pinions first, unhappy [bird]!  
She o'er her own abode flew to and fro.  
[The lays], all which, as Phœbus played  
them erst,  
The blest Eurotas heard, and bade his bays  
By aid of memory to learn, he sings:  
The stricken vales return them to the stars;  
Until to gather in the cotes the sheep,  
And count their tale, did Vesper give com-  
mand,  
And issue forth upon unwilling heaven. 120

for it, that, with Heyne, Forbiger, Wagner, and  
Weise, it is better to leave the difficulty as it is,  
than to tamper with the text.

118. "By this the moystie Night approaching fast,  
Her deawy humour 'gan on th' earth to shed,  
That warn'd the shepheards to their home to hast  
Their tender flocks, now being fully fed."  
Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, vi. 9, 13.

## ECLOGUE VII. MELIBŒUS.

### MELIBŒUS. CORYDON. THYRSIS.

*Melibœus.* BY hazard underneath a whisp'r-  
ing holm  
Had Daphnis sat him down, and Corydon  
And Thyrsis had together driv'n their  
flocks  
Into one spot—sheep Thyrsis, Corydon  
His she-goats swollen out with milk:  
Both blooming in their age, Arcadians both,  
And matched in song, and ready at reply.  
Hither from me, while I bescreen from  
cold  
The tender myrtle-shrubs, the goat himself,  
The husband of my flock, had strayed  
away; 10  
And Daphnis I espy. When he sees me  
On th' other hand, he cries: "Quick,  
hither come,  
O Melibœus; safe for thee thy goat  
And kids: and if thou canst delay  
awhile,  
Beneath the shade repose thee! hither of  
themselves

The steers will come along the leas to  
drink.  
Here lines his em'rald banks with tender  
reed  
The Mincius, and from out the holy oak  
The swarms are humming. What was I  
to do?  
I nor Alcippe, nor a Phyllis had, 20  
The lambkins, banished from the milk, to  
pen  
At home; a match, there was, too—Cory-  
don  
With Thyrsis;—[twas] a mighty [match].  
Still I  
Postponed my grave pursuits to their disport.  
They, therefore, in alternate verses both  
Began to strive: the Muses willed that they  
Alternate [verses] should recite. These  
Corydon,  
Those Thyrsis, [each] repeated in his turn.  
*Cor.* Libethran Nymphs, our charm, or  
deign to me

A sonnet, such as ye to Codrus mine;— 30  
To lays of Phœbus he the nearest makes;—  
Or, if we have not all the pow'r, my pipe  
Here tuneless from the holy pine shall hang.

*Thy.* Arcadian shepherds, with the ivy  
deck

Your rising poet, that may Codrus' sides  
Be burst with envy; or, if he have praised  
Beyond his will, with bacchar bind my brow,  
Lest tongue of mischief harm your future  
bard.

*Cor.* This bristly boar's head, Delia,  
[gives] to thee

The little Mycon, and the branching horns  
Of long-lived hart. If lasting this should  
prove, 41

Of polished marble thou full-length shalt  
stand,

With scarlet buskin booted on thy legs.

*Thy.* A bowl of milk, Priapus, and these  
cakes,

Each year for thee to look for is enough:  
Thou'rt keeper of a wretched garden.

Now  
Of marble, suited to our present means,  
We've made thee; but do thou, if teemful-  
ness

Our flock shall have recruited, be of gold.

*Cor.* O Nerean Galatee, to me more  
sweet 50

Than Hybla's thyme, more bright than  
swans, more fair

Than blanching ivy—soon as shall the bulls,  
Full-fed, reseek their cribs, if any care

For thy own Corydon possess thee, come.

*Thy.* Nay, may I seem more bitter unto  
thee

Than Sardon herbs, more rough than  
butcher's-broom,

Than stranded sea-weed baser, if this light  
Is not already longer unto me

*Line 35.* Strictly, *frontem* should be rendered by  
"his brow," not "my brow," referring to *poeta*; and  
but the confusion between Codrus and Thyrsis  
would thus become inextricable.

"*Cæsar.* Cato, you will undo him with your  
praise.

*Cato.* Cæsar will hurt himself with his own envy.

*People.* The voice of Cato is the voice of Rome.

*Cato.* The voice of Rome is the consent of  
heaven."

Ben Jonson, *Catiline*, iii. 1.

49. "What is't? but effect it,

And thou shalt be my Æsculapius:

Thy image shall be set up in pure gold,

To which I will fall down, and worship it."

Beaumont and Fletcher, *Thierry and Theodoret*,

ii. 1.

58. Much the same were the feelings of Britomart

at the absence of Artegall: Spenser, *F. Q.* v. 6, 5:

"And then, her griefe with error to beguyle,

She fayn'd to count the time againe anew,

As if before she had not counted trew:

Than a whole year. Go home, full-fed;  
if [you

Have] any modesty, begone, ye steers. 60

*Cor.* Ye mossy springs, and grass more  
soft than sleep,

And verdant arbut, which is screening  
you

With scattered shade, the solstice from the  
flock

Ward off; now comes the scorching sum-  
mer, now

Upon the merry vine-spray swell the buds.

*Thy.* Here hearth and oily pines, here  
plenteous fire

Aye be, and lintels black with ceaseless  
soot:

Here we as much for chills of Boreas care

As either for the number [of the sheep]

The wolf, or boiling rivers for their banks.

*Cor.* Both junipers and prickly chestnut  
trees 71

Stand bristling; strewed in every quarter  
lie

Its fruits beneath each tree; now all things  
smile:

But if the fair Alexis from these mounts

Depart, you e'en would see the rivers dry.

*Thy.* The field is parched; through  
tainture of the air

The dying herbage thirsts; his viny shades

Hath Liber grudged the hills: at the  
approach

Of our own Phyllis all the grove will  
bloom,

For dayes, but houres; for moneths that passed  
were.

She told but weeks, to make them seeme more  
few:

Yet, when she reckned them still drawing neare,  
Each hour did seem a moneth, and every moneth a  
yeare."

"The art of numbers cannot count the hours  
Thou hast been absent."

Middleton, *The Family of Love*, v. 2.

"*Marian.* Could you so long be absent?

*Robin.* What, a week! Was that so long?

*Marian.* How long are lovers' weeks,

Do you think, Robin, when they are asunder?

Are they not prisoners' years?"

B. Jonson, *Sad Shepherd*, i. 2.

"Still, when we expect

Our bliss, time creeps; but when the happier things

Call to enjoy, each saucy hour hath wings."

Shirley, *The Traitor*, i. 2.

74. "But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends

With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun

On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,

Glistening with dew; nor fragrance after showers;

Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent Night,

With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon,

Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet."

Milton, *P. L.* iv.

79. Cowley gives a different turn to the idea:

speaking of spring, he says:



And Jove drop plenteous down in joyful  
rain. 80

*Cor.* T' Alcides poplar dearest is, the vine  
To Bacchus, to the lovely Venus plant  
Of myrtle, unto Phœbus his own bay ;  
Loves Phyllis hazel-shrubs : so long as  
these

Shall Phyllis love, nor myrtle-plant, nor bay  
Of Phœbus, shall the hazel-shrubs surpass.

"How could it be so fair, and you away ?  
How could the trees be beauteous, flowers so gay ?  
Could they remember but last year,  
How you did them, they you delight,  
The sprouting leaves which saw you here,  
And call'd their fellows to the sight,  
Would, looking round for the same sight in vain,  
Creep back into their silent barks again."

*The Mistress : Spring.*

*Thy.* The ash-tree in the woods is  
loveliest,

The pine in gardens, poplar by the floods,  
The silver-fir upon the lofty mounts :  
But if thou oft'ner would'st revisit me, 90  
Fair Lycidas, the ash-tree in the woods,  
The pine in gardens should make way for  
these.

*Mel.* I these remember, and that all in  
vain  
Competed conquered Thyrsis. From that  
time  
Is Corydon the Corydon for us.

93. Is it quite certain that "Corydon for ever,"  
(which is, after all that has been written about it,  
the meaning of the last line in the Latin,) is exactly  
a judicious cheer ?

## ECLOGUE VIII. PHARMACEUTRIA.

DAMON. ALPHESIBŒUS.

THE shepherds Damon and Alpheſibœus'  
song,

Whom, mindless of her browse, the heifer  
viewed

In wonder, while contending ; at whose lay  
The pards were with amazement struck,  
and, changed

In their careerings, rivers came to rest :—  
We Damon's and Alpheſibœus' song will  
chant.

Whether thou dost for me now overpass  
The rocks of great Timavus, or dost cruise  
Along the margin of Illyria's sea ;

Lo ! will that day be ever [here], when I 10  
May be allowed to celebrate thy deeds ?

Lo ! will it [come], that I may be allowed  
To bear throughout the universe thy lays,  
Alone for Sophoclean buskin meet ?

My spring [of song] from thee on thee shall  
end :

*Line 5.* The active use of *requiesco* seems to rest  
on slender foundation. The passage from *Ciris*  
proves nothing ; and that from Propertius, ii. 22, 25,  
little more. However, there is one from the latter  
author much more to the point: ii. 34, 75: "*Quam-  
vis ille suam lassus requievit avenam.*" Able authors  
take both views of the matter ; and this is certain,  
that no one can say that the word is *not* used  
actively here, though such a use is extremely rare.

The skill of Damon and Alpheſibœus is attributed  
to Thyrsis by Milton in his *Comus* :

"Thyrsis ? whose artful strains have oft delayed  
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal."

15. "Then ever, beauteous Contemplation, hail !  
From thee began, auspicious maid, my song ;  
With thee shall end."

*Warton, Pleasures of Melancholy.*

Receive the lays, commenced at thy com-  
mands,

And suffer thou this ivy round thy brows  
To creep along among thy conqu'ring bays.

The chilly shadow of the night had  
scarce

Departed from the sky, what time the dew  
Upon the tender herbage to the flock 21

Is welcomest ;—upon his rounded crook  
Of olive leaning, Damon thus began :

*Damon.* Arise, and usher in the bounte-  
ous day,

Forestalling it, O Lucifer ; while I,  
By Nisa my betrothed's unworthy love

Beguiled, am plaining, and the deities,  
(Though by their being witnesses [thereto]

No vantage have I gained, yet) as I die,  
Am I addressing at my latest hour. 30

Begin with me, my pipe, Mænalian strains.  
Mænalus both a tuneful wood, and pines

That speak, hath ever ; ever doth he hear  
The shepherds' loves, and Pan, who was

the first,  
Who suffered not that reeds should idle

[rest].  
Begin with me, my pipe, Mænalian strains.

18. "Laurel is a victor's due !

I give it you,

I give it you ;

Thy name with praise,

Thy brow with bays

We circle round :

All men rejoice

With cheerful voice,

To see thee like a conqueror crowned.

Middleton, *More Dissemblers besides Women*, i. 3.

To Mopsus is my Nisa given : what  
May not we lovers look for ? Griffins now  
With horses shall be yoked, and in the age  
Ensuing shall the fearful fallow-deer 40  
With stag-hounds to the drinking-troughs  
repair.

Fresh torches, Mopsus, cut : for thee a bride  
Is being escorted [home] : O bridegroom,  
strew

The nuts : for thee doth Hesper Ceta quit.  
Begin with me, my pipe, Mænalian strains.  
O mated to a worthy spouse ! Whilst  
thou

Look'st down on every man, and while my  
pipe

Is thy abhorrence, while my she-goats, too,  
And shaggy eye-brow, and my dangling  
beard ;

Nor deem'st thou any god minds human  
things. 50

Begin with me, my pipe, Mænalian strains.

In our enclosures thee, a tiny [maid]—  
Your guide was I—I with thy mother saw  
The dewy apples culling : then the year,  
Next from th' eleventh, just had me em-  
braced ;

I just was able from the ground to reach  
The brittle branches. When I looked, how  
I was lost !

37. " If his possessing her your rage does move,  
'Tis jealousy, the avarice of love."  
Dryden, *The Maiden Queen*, iii. 1.

" Then, when our eager wishes soared the highest,  
Ready to stoop and grasp the lovely game,  
A haggard owl, a worthless kite of prey,  
With his foul wings, sailed in, and spoiled my  
quarry." Otway, *Venice Preserved*, i. 1.

39. Such anomalies are graphically paralleled by  
Pope in the 3rd Book of the *Dunciad* :

" Thence a new world, to Nature's laws unknown,  
Breaks out refulgent, with a heaven its own :  
Another Cynthia her new journey runs,  
And other planets circle other suns.  
The forests dance, the rivers upward rise,  
Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the  
skies."

57. " Why, Philocles, what lost already, man !  
Struck dead with one poor glance !"

May, *The Heir*, ii.

" I tell you what she is,  
What she expects, and what she will effect,  
Unless you be the miracle of men,  
That come with a purpose to behold,  
And go away yourself."

Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Laws of Candy*, ii. 1.

" How art thou lost ! How on a sudden lost !"

Milton, *P. L.*, b. ix.

Similarly Marcus, of the sight of Lucia, in  
Addison's *Cato*, iii. 1 :

" And yet, when I behold the charming maid,  
I'm ten times more undone."

And Cowley :

" I came, I saw, and was undone."

*Mistress : The Thraldom.*

How fell distraction hurried me away !

Begin with me, my pipe, Mænalian strains.

Now know I what is Love : to him  
among 60

The rugged rocks doth either Tomarus,  
Or Rhodope, or utmost Garamants,  
An imp nor of our breed, nor blood, give  
birth.

Begin with me, my pipe, Mænalian strains.

Fell Love hath taught a mother to disdain  
Her hands all over with her children's  
blood :

O mother, also barbarous wert thou !

More barbarous the mother, or that boy  
More impious ? More barbarous that boy ;  
O mother, also barbarous wert thou ! 70

Begin with me, my pipe, Mænalian strains.

Now even let the wolf unbidden fly  
The sheep ; let churlish oaks gold apples  
bear ;

With daffodilly let the alder bloom ;  
Let tam'risks drop rich ambers from their  
rinds ;

E'en owlets vie with swans ; let Tityrus

63. " For such a warped slip of wilderness  
Ne'er issued from his blood."

Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure*, iii. 4.

65. The unprejudiced reader, who is not absurdly  
wedded to Virgil, as Dr. Trapp and others, can  
hardly help going along with Heyne in his caustic  
remarks on verses 49, 50. However, he seems too  
hasty in expunging them from the text. Why may  
not Virgil have written bad lines as well as any  
other poet ? Milton, who was vastly his superior in  
genius, has written scores of them.

In the 49th verse, instead of the awkward supply  
of *magis* before *improbus*, may not *puer improbus*  
*ille* be one phrase ? Vide *Geo.* iii. 431, *Hic im-*  
*probus ; Æn.* v. 397, *Improbus iste*. So that the  
meaning would be : Fell Love taught, &c. You,  
mother, were barbarous as well as he (Love). Was  
the mother the more barbarous, or that wicked boy ?  
That wicked boy was (more barbarous) ; you,  
mother, were barbarous too (though he more so).

66. " Oh, mother, do not lose your name ! forget  
not

The touch of nature in you, tenderness !

'Tis all the soul of woman, all the sweetness !

Forget not, I beseech you, what are children,  
Nor how you have groaned for them ; to what  
love

They are born inheritors, with what care kept ;

And, as they rise to ripeness, still remember

How they imp out your age ! and when time

calls you,

That as an autumn flower you fall, forget not

How round about your hearse they hang like

pennons."

Beaumont and Fletcher, *Thierry and Theodoret*,

v. 2.

67. " This is the very top,

The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest

Of murder's arms : this is the bloodiest shaine,

The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,

That ever wall-eyed wrath, or staring rage,

Presented to the tears of soft remorse."

Shakespeare, *King John*, iv. 3.

Become an Orpheus, Orpheus in the woods,  
Among the dolphins an Arion [be].

Begin with me, my pipe, Mænalian strains.

Let all things even to mid sea be turned.

Ye forests, fare ye well. Headforemost I

Shall from a skyey mountain's watching-  
post 82

Upon the waves be borne adown: this gift,  
The latest of a dying man, retain.

Cease thou, now cease, my pipe, Mænalian  
strains.

These Damon [sang]: do ye, Pierian  
maids,

What [strains] Alpheisibœus in reply

Returned declare: we cannot all do all.

*Alpheisibœus.* Bring water forth, and with  
a downy wreath

Festoon these altars, and rich vervains  
burn, 90

And the male frankincense: that I may  
try

My paramour's sound senses to derange

With sorc'rous rites: naught here, but  
spells, there lacks.

Bring home from town, my spells, bring  
Daphnis [home].

82. "Still fate is in my reach: from mountains  
high,

Deep in whose shadow craggy ruins lie,

Can I not headlong fling this weight of woe,

And dash out life against the flints below?

Are there not streams, and lakes, and rivers wide,

Where my last breath may bubble on the tide?"

Gay, *Dione*, v. 2.

90. "Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray,

Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may!

Titty, Tiffin, keep it stiff in!

Firedrake, Puckey, make it lucky!

Liard, Robin, you must bob in!

Round, around, around, about, about!

All ill come running in, all good keep out!

Middleton, *The Witch*, v. 2.

93. The power of magic is described with infinite  
beauty by Shakespeare in his *Tempest*, v. 1:

"Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and  
groves;

And ye, that on the sands with printless foot,

Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,

When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that

By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets make,

Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose

pastime

Is to make midnight mushrooms: that rejoice

To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid

(Weak masters though ye be) I have bedimm'd

The noontide sun, call'd forth the moutinous winds,

And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault

Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder

Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak

With his own bolt; the strong-bas'd promontory

Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up

The pine and cedar; graves, at my command,

Have wak'd their sleepers; oped, and let them

forth

By my so potent art."

94. Or: "my Daphnis bring."

Spells even can from heav'n unsphere  
the moon;

By spells did Circe change Ulysses' mates;  
Cold in the meads through charming bursts

the snake.

Bring home from town, my spells, bring  
Daphnis [home].

I first around thee twine these triple  
threads,

With threefold color chequered, and three  
times 100

This image round the altars do I lead:

In number odd the deity delights.

Bring home from town, my spells, bring  
Daphnis [home].

Twine thou, O Amaryllis, in three knots  
Three colors; twine them, Amaryllis, now,

And say: "The chains of Venus do I  
twine."

Bring home from town, my spells, bring  
Daphnis [home].

As doth this clay grow hard, and as this  
wax

Grows fluid at the one and selfsame fire—

95. "Can you doubt me, then, daughter,  
That can make mountains tremble, miles of  
woods walk,

Whole earth's foundation bellow, and the spirits

Of the entombed to burst out from their marbles;

Nay, draw yond moon to my involved designs?"

Middleton, *The Witch*, v. 2.

99. There is a marked allusion to these magical  
rites in Spenser's account of Glauce's efforts in

behalf of Britomart, though her object was the  
exact reverse of Virgil's witch:—"to undo her  
daughter's love."

"Then, taking thrise three heares from off her  
head,

Them trebly breaded in a threefold lace,  
And round about the pots mouth bound the  
thread;

And, after having whispered a space

Certain sad words with hollow voice and bace,

Shree to the virgin sayd, thrise sayd she itt:

'Come, daughter, come; come, spit upon my  
face;

Spitt thrise upon me, thrise upon me spitt:

Th' uneven number for this business is most fitt."

F. Q. iii. 2. 50.

100. So Dame Partlett to Chanticleer: Dryden,  
*Cock and Fox*, 187, 8:

"Take just three worms, nor under nor above,  
Because the gods unequal numbers love."

109. "His picture made in wax, and gently molten  
By a blue fire, kindled with dead men's eyes,  
Will waste him by degrees."

Middleton, *The Witch*, v. 2.

"As thus I stab his picture, and stare on it,  
Methinks the duke should feel me now: is not  
His soul acquainted? Can he less than tremble,

When I lift up my arm to wound his counterfeit?

Witches can persecute the lives of whom

They hate, when they torment their senseless

figures,

And stick the waxen model full of pins."

Shirley, *The Traitor*, v. 2.



So Daphnis by our love. Strew salted meal, 110  
And with bitumen light the crackling bays.  
Me felon Daphnis burns, in Daphnis I this bay.

Bring home from town, my spells, bring Daphnis [home].

May such a passion Daphnis [seize], as when,

Worn out in seeking for the youthful bull  
Through lawns and lofty groves, a heifer sinks

Down by a water-rill on verdant sedge,  
Distracted, nor remembers to withdraw  
From night's late [hour.] Him such a passion seize,

Nor let his curing be a care to me ! 120  
Bring home from town, my spells, bring Daphnis [home].

This cast-apparel erst th' arch-traitor left  
For me, dear pledges of himself, which now  
At the very entrance, earth, consign  
To you ; these pledges Daphnis owe [to me].  
Bring home from town, my spells, bring Daphnis [home].

These herbs and poisons these, in Pontus culled,

Mœris himself gave me : full many grow  
In Pontus. Oft with these I've Mœris seen  
Become a wolf, and hide him in the woods ; 130

Oft spirits summon from their lowest graves,  
And seeded crops transport to other ground.

111. The bay was probably put inside the image, being hollow.

132. " Or dost thou envy  
The fat prosperity of any neighbour ?  
I'll call forth Hoppo, and her incantation  
Can straight destroy the young of all his cattle ;

Bring home from town, my spells, bring Daphnis [home].

The ashes, Amaryllis, bear abroad,  
And throw them in a running brook, and o'er

Thy head ; nor should'st thou cast a look behind.

With these Daphnis will assail : naught he  
Of deities, naught reck's he of my spells.

Bring home from town, my spells, bring Daphnis [home].

Behold ! while I delay to bear them forth, 140

The very ashes of their own accord  
Have on the altars seized with bick'ring flames.

Auspicious may it prove ! I know not what,

[But something] 'tis for certain ; Hylax, too,  
Is barking in the sill. Do we believe  
[The omen] ? Or do they, who are in love,  
Themselves to their own selves imagine dreams ?

Spare, spells, now spare him ! Daphnis comes from town.

Blast vineyards, orchards, meadows ; or in one night

Transport his dung, hay, corn, by reeks, whole stacks,

Into thine own ground."

Middleton, *The Witch*, i. 2.

144. This expression is used by Milton in *Comus* :

" For certain

Either some like us night-foundered here."

And by Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, v. 1 :

" For here I read for certain that my ships

Are safely come to road."

147. " Am I awake, or dream I ? Is it true,  
Or does my flattering fancy but suggest  
What I most covet ?" May, *The Heir*, ii.

## ECLOGUE IX. MÆRIS.

### LYCIDAS. MÆRIS.

*Lycidas*. Whither, O Mœris, do thy feet  
[bear] thee ?

Is't to the city, whither leads the way ?

*Mæris*. O Lycidas, we've reached [the day] alive,

When a strange owner of our little farm,  
(Which ne'er we feared,) should tell us,

" These are mine ;

Old tenants, move away." Now overborne,

In woe, since chance is shifting all, do we  
These kids to him—no luck go with them !  
—send.

*Ly*. I sooth had surely heard, that where  
the hills

Begin to slope them off, and sink their ridge,  
With gentle dip, as far as to the stream, 11  
And antiquated beech, now shivered tops,  
All by his lays had your Menalcas saved.

*Mæ*. Hear it thou didst ; a rumor e'en it  
was ;

But lays of ours as much, O Lycidas,  
Avail 'mid warlike weapons, as they say  
Do Chacon pigeons when the eagle swoops.

Line 6. " Greedy of gain, either by fraud or stealth ;

And whilst one toils, another gets the wealth."

Middleton, *More Dissemblers besides Women*,  
iii. 2.

But save a crow upon the left, from out  
A hollow ilex, had forewarned me  
By any means whatever to cut short 20  
The fresh disputes, nor would thy Mœris  
here,

Nor would Menalcas even, be alive.

*Ly.* Alas ! occurs to any guilt so deep ?  
Alas ! were consolations thine from us,  
Well nigh along with thee, Menalcas,  
reft ?

Who could the Nymphets sing ? Who strew  
the ground

With blooming plants, or mantle o'er the  
springs

With emerald shade ? Or [who could sing]  
the lays

Which I caught up by stealth from thee of  
late,

When thou to Amaryllis, our delight, 30  
Would'st take thee :—"Tityrus, till I re-  
turn—

The journey is but short—feed thou my  
goats,

And drive them on to drink when they are  
fed,

O Tityrus ; and, in thy driving them,  
Of going in the way of my he-goat—  
That fellow butteth with his horn—be-  
ware !"

*Mæ.* Nay, rather those,—nor they yet  
finished off,—

Which he to Varus sang : "Varus, thy  
name,

Let only Mantua for us survive—

Ah ! Mantua, a neighbor, too, too near 40  
The evil-starred Cremona—as they chant,  
The swans on high shall carry to the stars."

26. "Strew, strew the glad and smiling ground,  
With every flower, yet not confound  
The primrose drop, the spring's own spouse,  
Bright day's-eyes, and the lips of cows,  
The garden-star, the queen of May,  
The rose, to crown the holiday."

Ben Jonson, *Pan's Anniversary*.

- "Whose name shall now make ring  
The echoes ? Of whom shall the nymphets sing ?"  
"Blush no more, rose, nor lily pale remain,  
Dead is that beauty which yours late did stain."  
Drummond, *Sonnets*, P. ii. 13, 10.

41. Shakespeare thus alludes to the warbling of  
the swan :

"Let music sound while he doth make his choice ;  
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,  
Fading in music." *Merchant of Venice*, iii. 2.  
And again, in *King John*, v. 7 :

"'Tis strange that death should sing.  
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,  
Who chaunts a doleful hymn to his own death,  
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings  
His soul and body to their lasting rest."

- "Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies  
The expiring swan, and as he sings he dies."

Pope, *Rape of the Lock*, canto v.

*Ly.* So may thy swarms escape Cyrnean  
yews !

So may, upon the cytisus full-fed,  
Thy kine swell out their teats ! Begin, if  
aught

Thou hast. Me also have a poet made  
Pieria's ladies ; I have verses too ;  
Me likewise do the shepherds call a bard :  
But not in them a weak believer I.  
For [lays] I seem to warble, neither yet 50  
Of Varus nor of Cinna worthy, but a goose  
To cackle in the midst of tuneful swans.

*Mæ.* That sooth am I about, and silently,  
O Lycid, with myself I turn it o'er,  
If I could recollect it ; nor is mean  
The sonnet : "Hither come, O Galatee ;  
For what is thy diversion in the waves ?  
Here spring all bright ; here, round the  
rills,

The earth unbosoms her enamelled flowers ;  
The silver poplar here o'erhangs the grot, 60  
And limber vines pleach bowers. Hither  
come ;

The frantic waves allow to lash the shores."

*Ly.* What those, which I had heard thee  
when alone

Warbling beneath the cloudless night ? The  
air

I recollect, if I could catch the words.

*Mæ.* "O Daphnis, wherefore art thou  
gazing up

Upon the constellations' rise of old ?

Lo ! hath the Dionæan Caesar's star  
Advanced ; the star, whereby might fields  
of corn

Delight them in their produce, and whereby  
The bunch might draw its hue on sunny  
hills. 71

Engraft the pear-trees, Daphnis ; sons of sons

Garth, still more musically :

"The tuneful swans on gliding rivers float,  
And warbling dirges die on every note."  
*Dispensary*, canto iv.

51. "At last, whenas our quire wants breath,  
Our bodies being blest,  
We'll sing, like swans, to welcome death,  
And die in love and rest."  
Webster, *The Duchess of Malfi*, iv. 2.

"Who hath his flock of cackling geese compared  
With thy tuned quire of swans ?"  
Carew, *To Ben Jonson*.

59. "Shepherd, I pray thee stay. Where hast  
thou been ?  
Or whither goest thou ? Here be woods as green  
As any ; air likewise as fresh and sweet  
As where smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet  
Face of the curled streams ; with flowers as many  
As the young spring gives, and as choice as any ;  
Here be all new delights, cool streams and wells,  
Arbours, o'ergrown with woodbines, caves, and  
dells."

J. Fletcher, *The Faithful Shepherdess*, i. 3.



Shall cull thy fruits." Age all things sweeps  
away,  
The mem'ry too. I recollect that oft, a boy,  
The ling'ring suns I buried as I sang :  
So many songs are now by me forgot.  
Now very voice, too, Mœris flies ; the wolves  
Have first seen Mœris. But, however, these  
Fell oft to thee Menalcas will recite.  
L<sub>y</sub>. By pleading pretexts our enjoyments  
thou 80  
Defer'st for long. And now, all lulled for  
thee,

73. This idea is beautifully expressed by Dryden :  
"O'er whom Time gently shakes his wings of  
down,

Till with his silent sickle they are mown."

*Astræa Redux*, 109.

"The end crowns all ;

And that old common arbitrator, Time,

Will one day end it."

Shakespeare, *Troilus and Cressida*, iv. 5.

75. "How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,  
While summer suns roll unperceived away"  
Pope, *Ep. to Mr. Jervas*.

A. Philips, somewhat differently from Virgil :

"For many songs and tales of mirth had I  
To chase the loit'ring sun adowne the sky."

*Past.* 1.

78. To this notion Dryden alludes ; *Hind and  
Panther*, 551, 2 :

"The surly Wolf, with secret envy burst,  
Yet could not howl : the Hind had seen him first."

The surface [of the lake] is still ; and, look !  
Hath ev'ry breath of breezy whisper fallen.  
From this we have exactly half the way ;  
For 'gins Bianor's burial-place to show.  
Here, where the farmers strip the clustered  
leaves,  
Here, Mœris, sing we ; here do thou the  
kids  
Set down : we still shall to the city come.  
Or, if we fear lest night may gather rain  
Before, we may—the road will irk the less—  
Go singing still ; that singing we may go, 91  
I'll disencumber thee of this thy load.

Mœ. Cease more, O swain ; and that  
which presses now

Let us discharge : the songs we then shall  
sing

The better, when he shall have come him-  
self.

82. So Parnell in his beautiful *Night-piece on  
Death* :

"The slumb'ring breeze forgets to breathe ;  
The lake is smooth and clear beneath."

84. *Medius* seems not to be used by classical  
writers strictly in the sense of "half," but it is  
hard to make decent English of the sense "middle,"  
without an objectionable paraphrase.

"Discourse hath made the way less tedious :  
We have reached the cell already."

Shirley, *St. Patrick for Ireland*, v. 3.

90. Or, if *tedit* be read with Wagner : "the  
journey irketh less."

## ECLOGUE X. GALLUS.

THIS latest effort, Arethuse, do thou  
Vouchsafe me : lays a few to Gallus mine,  
But which Lycoris may herself peruse,  
Must be recited : who will lays deny  
To Gallus ? So along with thee, when thou  
Shalt underneath Sicilian surges glide,  
May not salt Doris blend her wave ! Begin :  
Let us the restless loves of Gallus tell,  
While flat-nosed she-goats nibble tender  
shrubs.

We sing not to the deaf : woods echo all. 10  
What lawns, or woodlands what, held  
you, O Naiad maids,

*Line 11.* There is a marked resemblance between  
this Eclogue and Milton's *Lycidas* ; but how immeasurably  
the English has distanced the Latin poet,  
must be obvious to any one who can divest himself  
of prejudice :

"Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless  
deep  
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas ?  
For neither were ye playing on the steep,  
Where your old bards, the famous Druids,  
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high," &c.

When Gallus with unworthy passion pined ?  
For neither unto you Parnassus' brows,  
For neither any [brows] of Pindus caused  
Delay, nor Aon Aganippe. Him  
E'en bay-trees, even tamarisks bewept ;  
Him, lying underneath a lonely cliff,  
E'en piny Mæn'us and the rocks of cold  
Lycaeus wept. The sheep, too, stand  
around ;—

19. So Pope, *Past.* 2 :

"Soft as he mourn'd the streams forgot to flow,  
The flocks around a dumb compassion show."

"There was speech in their dumbness, language  
in their very gesture."—Shakespeare, *Winter's  
Tale*, v. 2.

This whole account of Gallus brings to mind the  
melancholy youth in Gray's *Elegy* :

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
Muttering his wayward fancies, would he rove ;  
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,  
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love."

They neither are ashamed of us, nor thou 20  
Be of the flock ashamed, O heav'nly bard :  
Yea, sheep by rivers fair Adonis fed ;—  
And came the shepherd ; plodding swine-  
herds came ;

The drenched Menalcas came from wintry  
mast.

All ask, " Whence [comes] this passion  
unto thee ?"

Apollo came : " Why, Gallus, rave ?" he  
cries ;

" Thy care, Lycoris, hath another tracked  
Alike through snows, and through dread  
camps." Came, too,

Silvanus, with a [crown of] rural grace  
Upon his head, his blooming fennel plants,  
And monster lilies tossing to and fro. 31

Pan came, the god of Arcady, whom we  
Ourselves beheld with berries bloody-red  
Of danewort, and with cinnabar, aglow.

" Will there be any bound [to this] ?" saith  
he ;

" Love recks not of the like. Nor felon  
Love

By tears, nor grasses by the rills, nor bees  
By cytissus are cloyed, nor by the leaf  
She-goats." But sad the other saith :

" Still ye  
Shall sing of these, Arcadians, to your  
mounts ;— 40

In singing ye, Arcadians, skilled alone.  
Oh ! then how softly might my bones re-  
pose,

Should your reed-pipe hereafter tell my  
loves !

And would to heav'n that I were one of  
you,

42. " Farewell for evermore !  
If you shall hear that sorrow struck me dead,  
And after find me loyal, let there be  
A tear shed from you in my memory,  
And I shall rest in peace."

Beaumont and Fletcher, *Philaster*, iii. 1.

" Lie lightly on my ashes, gentle earth !"  
J. Fletcher, *Bondica*, iv. 3.

44. " Oh, that I had been nourished in these woods  
With milk of goats and acorns, and not known  
The right of crowns, nor the dissembling trains  
Of women's looks ; but digged myself a cave,  
Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my bed,  
Might have been shut together in one shed ;  
And then had taken me some mountain girl,  
Beaten with winds, chaste as the hardened rocks,  
Whereon she dwelt, that might have strewed my bed  
With leaves and reeds, and with the skins of beasts,  
Our neighbours."

Beaumont and Fletcher, *Philaster*, iv. 2.

" Take again  
Your ill-timed honours ; take 'em, gods !  
And change me to some humble villager,  
If so at last for toils at scorching noon,  
In mowing meadows, and in reaping fields,  
At night she will but crown me with a smile."

Lee, *Theodosius*, i. 1.

And had been either guardian of your flock,  
Or vintager of your enripened bunch !  
Of surety, had or Phyllis been my rage,  
Or had Amyntas, or whoever else—  
What then, if swart Amyntas were ? E'en  
dark

Are violets, and martagons are dark— 50  
With me among the willows, underneath  
The limber vine, he might lie down ; her  
wreaths

For me would Phyllis cull, Amyntas, [he]  
Would sing. Here icy springs, here velvet  
meads,

Lycoris, here the woodland ; here could I  
Be worn away with thee through very age.  
Now madding love of callous Mars in arms,  
Among mid weapons and confronted foes,  
Detains me : thou far off thy native land,—  
Ne'er may it be my fortune to believe 60  
[A truth] so grievous !—dost the snows of  
Alps,

Ah ! heartless ! and the chills of Rhine,  
apart

From me, alone behold. Ah ! let the chills  
Not harm thee ! Ah ! let rugged ice not  
gash

Thy tender foot-soles ! I will go, and lays,  
Which in Chalcidian strain by me were  
framed,

On the Sicilian shepherd's reed will play.  
'Tis fixed that I within the woods, among  
The dens of savage beasts would liefer bear,  
And carve my loves upon the tender trees :—

54. " Fly to the arbours, grots, and flowery meads,  
And in soft murmurs interchange our souls ;  
Together drink the crystal of the stream,  
Or taste the yellow fruit which autumn yields,  
And when the golden evening calls us home,  
Wing to our downy nest, and sleep till morn."

Lee, *Theodosius*, ii. 1.

56. " My all that Heaven can give !  
Death's life with you ; without you, Death to live."  
Dryden, *Aurangzebe*, iv. 1.

64. " But oh ! that hapless virgin, our lost sister !  
Where may she wander now, whither betake her  
From the chill dew, among rude burs and thistles !  
Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,  
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm  
Leans her unpillowed head." Milton, *Comus*.

70. When Prince Arthure discovers the " gentle  
squire," he finds that he had followed the example  
of Gallus, in making the trees the monuments of his  
affection :

" And eke by that he saw on every tree  
How he the name of one engraven had  
Which likely was his liefest love to be."  
Spenser, *F. Q.* iv. 7, 46.

And so also Colin : *Colin Clout*, 632 :

" Her name in every tree I will endosse,  
That, as the trees do grow, her name may grow."

We find Orlando doing the same in *As You Like  
It*, iii. 2 :

Grow they will, ye will grow, my loves.  
 Meanwhile 71  
 O'er Mæn'lus will I range with mingled  
 Nymphs,  
 Or hunt the hot wild boars; no chills shall  
 bar  
 My compassing with hounds Parthenian  
 glades.  
 Meseems that now through rocks and ring-  
 ing groves  
 I'm roaming; 'tis my joy from Parthian bow  
 To shoot Cydonian arrows; as if this  
 Were healing for my frenzy, or that god  
 May learn to soften at the ills of men.  
 Now neither Hamadryads any more, 80  
 Nor songs themselves charm us; ye very  
 woods,

"Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:  
 And thou, thrice crowned queen of night, survey  
 With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,  
 Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.  
 O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,  
 And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;  
 That every eye, which in this forest looks,  
 Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.  
 Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree  
 The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she."

Drayton varies the idea in *Quest of Cynthia*,  
 5, 6:

"At length upon a lofty fir  
 It was my chance to find  
 Where that dear name, most due to her,  
 Was carved upon the rind.  
 Which whilst with wonder I beheld,  
 The bees their honey brought,  
 And up the carved letters filled,  
 As they with gold were wrought."

Shirley uses tears instead of wood-cuts:

"That every tear could fall  
 Into some character, which you might read,  
 That so I might dispense with my sad tongue,  
 And leave my sorrows legible."

*The Imposture*, iv. 5.

Cowley makes such carvings fatal to the tree:

"I cut my love into his gentle bark,  
 And in three days, behold! 'tis dead."

"Pardon, ye birds and nymphs, who loved this  
 shade;

And pardon me, thou gentle tree;  
 I thought her name would thee have happy made,  
 And blessed omens hoped from thee:

'Notes of my love, thrive here,' said I, 'and  
 grow;

And with ye let my love do so.'"

*The Mistress: The Tree*.

"Oh! might I here  
 In solitude live savage: in some glade  
 Obscured, where highest woods, impenetrable  
 To star or sunlight, spread their umbrage broad  
 And brown as evening: cover me, ye pines,  
 Ye cedars; with innumerable boughs  
 Hide me."

Milton, *P. L.*, b. ix.

Once more give way. Our woes cannot  
 change him,

Nor if we in the midst of frosts were both  
 To drink the Hebrus, and Sithonian snows  
 Of wat'ry winter-tide to undergo;  
 Nor if, when dying on the lofty elm,  
 The bark is shriv'ling, we should shift the  
 sheep

Of Æthiopians under Cancer's star.

Love conquers all: let us too yield to Love."

'Twill be enough, Pierian maids divine, go  
 That these your bard hath chanted, while  
 he sits,

And weaves with mallow slim his slender  
 frail.

Ye these of deepest interest will make

To Gallus: [yea] to Gallus, love of whom

As fast is growing on me every hour,

As in the infant spring the alder green

Uprears her. Let us rise; the shade is wont

To prove calamitous to those who sing;

Calamitous the shade of juniper;

The shades, too, harm the crops. Go, full-  
 fed, home,— 100

The star of Eve is rising;—go, she-goats.

82. "Nothing rocks love asleep but death."

J. Fletcher, *The Pilgrim*, v. 4.

89. "Love is your master, for he masters you;  
 And he that is so yoked by a fool,

Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise."

Shakespeare, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, i. 1.

94. Cardinal Wolsey speaks similarly of his de-  
 votion to the king: Shakespeare, *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2:

"My loyalty,

Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,  
 Till death, that winter, kill it."

99. Cowley says the same of the yew:

"Beneath a bower for sorrow made,  
 Th' uncomfortable shade  
 Of the black yew's unlucky green,  
 Mixed with the mourning willow's careful grey."

*The Complaint*.

100. "Shepherds all and maidens fair,  
 Fold your flocks up, for the air  
 'Gins to thicken, and the sun  
 Already his great course hath run.  
 See the dewdrops, how they kiss,  
 Every little flower that is,  
 Hanging on their velvet heads,  
 Like a rope of crystal beads;  
 See the heavy clouds are falling,  
 And bright Hesperus down calling,  
 The dead night from under ground;  
 At whose rising mists unsound,  
 Damps and vapours fly apace,  
 Hovering o'er the wanton face  
 Of these pastures, where they come,  
 Striking dead both bud and bloom."

J. Fletcher, *The Faithful Shepherdess*, ii. 1.

# THE GEORGICS.

## BOOK I.

WHAT makes gay crops, beneath what star  
the earth  
To turn, Mæcenas, and to elms to wed  
The vines, 'tis meet ; what be the care of  
beeves,  
What management in keeping of the flock ;  
How vast the knowledge for the thrifty  
bees :—  
I hence will undertake to sing. O ye,  
All-brilliant luminaries of the world,  
Who lead the year, as through the heav'n  
it glides ;  
O Liber and boon Ceres, since the earth  
Hath through your gift Chaonian mast  
exchanged 10  
For the rich ear, and Acheloan cups  
Hath blent with [new] discovered grapes ;  
and ye,  
The rustics' fav'ring Pow'rs, O Fauns—  
advance  
Your foot in time, both Fauns and Dryad  
maids :—

*Line 3.* "Two rows of elms ran with proportioned  
grace,  
Like Nature's arras, to adorn the sides ;  
The friendly vines their lov'd barks embrace,  
With folding tops the checkered ground-work  
hides." Shirley, *Narcissus*, st. 13.

"Or they led the vine  
To wed her elm : she, spoused, about him twines  
Her marriageable arms, and with him brings  
Her dower, the adopted clusters, to adorn  
His barren leaves." Milton, *Par. Lost*, b. v.  
Shakespeare makes Titania say beautifully of the  
ivy :

"Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms :  
Fairies, begone ; and be all ways away.  
So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,  
Gently entwist,—the female ivy so  
Enrings the barks fingers of the elm."  
*Midsummer Night's Dream*, iv. 1.

"Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,  
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,  
Makes me with thy strength to communicate."  
Shakespeare, *Comedy of Errors*, ii. 2.

"Everlasting hate  
The vine to ivy bears, nor less abhors  
The colewort's rankness, but with amorous twine  
Clasps the tall elm." J. Philips, *Cider*, b. i.

11. Or, "draughts."

14. Or, "at once."

Your gifts I sing. And thou, O [thou], for  
whom  
The earth, by thy majestic trident struck,  
Unbosomed first the snorting courser,  
Neptune !  
And patron [thou] of lawns, through whom  
three hundred steers,  
Snow-white, are browsing Cea's juicy  
brakes ;  
E'en thou, too, quitting thy paternal lawn,  
And woodlands of Lycæus, Pan ! of sheep  
The guardian, if thy Mænalus to thee 22  
Is of concern, be kindly present here,  
O [god] of Tegea ! Minerva, too, ;  
Creatress of the olive ; and thou youth,  
Discloser of the crooked plough ; and [thou,]  
Silvanus, bearing, from its root [upturn],  
A tender cypress ; and ye gods and god-  
desses,  
All, whose delight it be to guard the fields,  
Both ye, who rear from no [implanted]  
seed 30  
The infant fruits, and who on seeded crops  
Drop down the plenteous show'r from  
heav'n ; and thou,  
In chief, whom what assemblies of the  
gods  
Hereafter shall enjoy is unresolved :  
Whether to visit cities, Cæsar, and the  
charge  
Of countries mayest thou desire, and thee  
The vasty globe, as parent of its fruits,  
And of its weather-changes lord, may hail,  
Envirning thy brows with myrtle-plant  
Of thy own mother ;—or thou mayest come  
The god of the immeasurable sea, 41  
And mariners thy deity alone  
Adore, the farthest Thule be thy serf,

16. See the fabled dispute between Neptune and  
Minerva, treated by Spenser in his beautiful poem,  
*Mutopotmos*.

"Percussa" is rather "thrilled," or "shocked."

18. Or, "Tenant," "haunter."

25. *Inventrix*, creatress ; so *repertor*, creator :  
*Æn.* xii. 829.

34. That is, though it might be known in heaven,  
it is a question on earth.



And Tethys buy thee for her son-in-law  
With all her waves ;—or whether thou a  
star,

New [-born], annex thee to the lazy months,  
There where a space between Erigone  
And the pursuing Claws is opened out :—  
The fiery Scorpion of himself for thee  
E'en now draws in his arms, and hath  
resigned 50

A more than due proportion of the sky :—  
Whate'er thou'lt be—for let nor Tartarus  
Expect thee for its monarch, nor on thee  
Let so accurst a lust of ruling come,  
Though Greece may her Elysian plains  
admire,

Nor Proserpine recovered feel concern  
T' attend her mother :—grant an easy course,  
And nod [thy sanction] to my bold em-  
prize :

And pitying with me the rural [swains],  
Unknowing of the path, advance, and now,  
Inure thee now to be invoked with vows. 61

In early spring, when rimy moisture  
thaws  
On hoary mountains, and the crumbling  
clod

Unbinds itself before the western breeze,  
Let now at once the bull begin for me  
Beneath the deeply sunken plough to groan,  
And, by the furrow worn, the share to  
flash.

That corny seedland answers at the last  
The greedy tiller's prayers, which twice the  
sun,

Twice frosts hath felt : its harvests passing  
bound 70  
Have burst his garners. But ere we with  
steel

An unknown surface cleave, be it our task  
The winds, and changeful habit of the  
clime,

51. " But this fair gem, sweet in the loss alone,  
When you fleet hence, can be bequeathed to none ;  
Or, if it could, down from th' enamell'd sky  
All heaven would come to claim this legacy."

Marlowe, *Hero and Leander*, Sestiad 1.

" Thou shalt  
Be drawn with horses, white as Venus' doves,  
Till heaven itself, in envy of our bliss,  
Snatch thee from earth, to place thee in his orb,  
The brightest constellation."

Shirley, *The Politician*, ii. 1.

62. " And made the downy Zephyr, as he flew,  
Still to be followed by the Spring's best hue."

B. Jonson, *The Vision of Delight*. See note on  
*Geo.* ii. l. 449.

But he introduces a harbinger, still more charm-  
ing :

" I grant the linet, lark, and bullfinch sing,  
But best the dear good angel of the spring,  
The Nightingale."

*The Sad Shepherd*, ii. 2.

To learn before, and both the native tilths  
And dispositions of the spots, and what  
Each district may produce, and what may  
each

Refuse. Here cereal crops, there clusters  
come

More happily ; the fruits of trees elsewhere ;  
And uncommanded wax the grasses green.  
Dost thou not see how Tmolus saffron  
scents, 80

Ind iv'ry sendeth, Saba's tender sons  
The frankincense their own ; but naked  
Chalybs,

Their iron ; Pontus, too, rank castory,  
Epirus palm-wreaths of Elean mares ?  
From first these laws and everlasting terms  
Upon established spots hath Nature laid,  
What time at first Deucalion tossed the  
stones

Upon an empty globe, whence men were  
born,

A flinty race. Then come, the soil of  
earth

That's rich, let straightway from the year's  
first months 90

Thy sturdy bulls upturn, and as they lie,  
Let dusty-mantled summer bake the clods  
With rip'ning suns. But should the land  
not prove

Prolific, towards Arcturus' very [rise],  
Sufficient will it be to hang it up,  
With a diminished furrow : *there*—lest  
weeds

May harass the delighted produce ; *here*—  
Lest scanty moisture quit the barren sand.

In every other year shalt thou, the same,  
Allow thy fallow-lands, that have been  
reaped, 100

To idle, and the listless plain to cake  
With rust ; or there shalt sow the golden  
spelts

Beneath a constellation changed, whence  
thou

Shalt first the merry pulse with rattling pod,  
Or tiny seeds of vetch, and brittle haulm  
Of bitter lupin, and its rustling grove,  
Have carried off. For burneth up the  
plain

The crop of flax, the oat [-crop] burns it up,  
Burn it up poppies, soaked in Lethe's sleep.  
But still in every other year the toil 110

Is easy : only be thou not ashamed  
To glut the sapless mould with ordure rich,  
Nor over thy exhausted grounds to toss  
The ash unclean. Thus, too, by change of  
crops

114. Ben Jonson has "ash" in the singular :  
" Put it out rather, all out, to an ash."

*D. is an Ass*, ii. 1.



The fields repose ; nor meanwhile no return

Ariseth from the earth unploughed. Oft, too,

It hath bestead to fire the barren fields,  
And burn light stubble in the crackling flames :

Whether thereby the lands secreted powers  
And juicy food conceive ; or every fault 120  
Is melted out of them by fire, and forth  
The baneful moisture oozes ; or that heat  
More passages, and darksome breathing-pores

Unloosens, where to th' infant blades the sap

May come ; or hardens more, and braces close

The gaping arteries, lest filmy rains,  
Or too fierce power of the raging sun,  
Or piercing cold of Boreas sear them up.  
Much, too, doth he, who breaks the lazy clods

With rakes, and hurdles of the osier trails,  
Bestead the fields ; nor him in vain regards  
The golden Ceres from Olympus high : 132  
And who the ridges, which upon the plain,  
When broken up, he rears, once more  
breaks through

With plough transversely turned, and works his ground

Incessantly, and lords it o'er his lays.

For dropping summers and for winters fair

Entreat, O swains : through wintry dust the spelts

Are blithest, blithe the field. In tillage none

Doth Mysia vaunt herself so much, and e'en 140

At their own harvests marvel Gargar's [heights].

Why sing of him, who, when the seed is cast,

In close encounter presses on his fields,  
And quells the piles of no rich land ? Then brings he o'er

His seeded grounds a flood and following rills ;

And when the searèd ground is withering up

With dying herbage, lo ! adown the brow  
Of some hill-channel he the brook allures.  
It, tumbling o'er the glossy shingle, wakes  
A noisy brawl, and with its bubbling streams 150

Relieves the parching fields. Why [sing of him],

Who, lest the straw should lodge through loaded ears,

His crops' rank humor in the tender blade  
Feeds down, when first the seedlings level make

His furrows ; and who through the spongy sand

Drains off the gathered moisture of the pool ?

In chief if in unsettled months a stream,  
O'erflowing, bursts abroad, and far and near

Encases all with crusted slime, whence reek  
The hollow channels with the moisture warm. 160

Nor still, when these have travails both of men

And beeves, in turning up the earth, es-sayed,

Naught do the graceless goose, and Stry-mon's cranes,

161. See note on l. 115, where examples are quoted of Milton's imitation of such constructions as those in verses 118-120.

163. *Improbis* has a variety of meanings, whether applied to persons, qualities, or things ; all of which arise from the radical signification of "improper," and hence "immoderate." In the present instance, the great mass of commentators refer the expression more to the physical desires of the goose, than to his (poetically) moral turpitude ; that is, the goose was rather a glutton than a rogue. Now the fact is, that he was both,—and a mischievous bird besides ; an exact parallel to his brother in crime, the *anguis*, in the third Book. The following remarks may serve as a help to ascertain its sense in the present case.

The word in question is employed sixteen times by Virgil ; and after a careful analysis of its signification in these different instances, which it would be too long to detail, these conclusions would seem to result :

It is applied eleven times to persons, and five times to qualities or things.

Of the eleven times used of persons, in seven cases it is used in the strongest sense, implying moral guilt. Twice it is doubtful, leaving the application to *anser* and *anguis* to be determined.

Of the five occasions on which it is used in connection with qualities or things, thrice it bears a bad, and twice a harmless, sense.

Upon the whole, then, considering the immense mischief perpetrated by the wild goose, joined to his extraordinary appetite ; (for he eats hugely, and tramples and scalds what he does not eat :) considering also the plain predominance of the bad sense in Virgil, "graceless" would seem to meet the necessities of the case, or the excellent term employed by Dr. Kennedy, "felon."

If the more usual view be taken, "glutton" is

115. The construction in verse 83 is imitated by Milton in several places : e. g. *Par. Lost*, b. i. :

"Nor did they not perceive the evil plight  
In which they were."

"Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale."

*Id.*, b. v.

134. *Proscindo* is technically to "break up," i. e. lay-ground ; for *arva* here obviously means this.

140. That is, "in such a climate as this."

And succory with bitter roots, obstruct,  
Or shade molest. The Father hath him-  
self

Decreed that easy should not be the  
path

Of tilth, and he first roused the lands by  
skill,

Whetting with cares the hearts of human  
kind;

Nor suffered he his realms to lie benumbed  
In leaden torpor. Ere [the reign of] Jove

No swains reduced the fields : not e'en to  
mark, 171

Or parcel off the champaign by a bourn,  
Was lawful. For the common stock they  
sought,

And of her own accord the earth her all  
More freely, at demand of none, produced.

He baleful venom to the sable snakes  
Imparted, and commanded wolves to prowl,

And ocean to be roused; and from the  
leaves

Shook honies down, and he sequestered  
fire,

And, everywhere in rills careering, wines  
He stayed; that practice, by the dint of  
thought, 181

The various crafts might slowly hammer  
out,

an effective rendering: which word is surely an  
adjective, though Johnson and Webster do not  
recognise it as such. Richardson differs from them,  
as well he may; for it is too constantly joined by  
the poets to nouns substantive to admit of "appo-  
sition:" e. g. Spenser, *Muioptomos*, 179, "glutton  
sense;" Shakespeare, 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 3, "glutton  
bosom;" and again, "glutton eye;" Dryden, *Rel.*  
*Lai.* 33, "glutton souls;" *Hind and P.* 2275,  
"glutton kind;" &c.

166. "For sloth, the nurse of vices,  
And rust of action, is a stranger to him."  
Massinger, *The Great Duke of Florence*, i. 1.

"The fort, that's yielded at the first assault,  
Is hardly worth the taking." ii. 3.

"The thrifty heavens mingle our sweets with gall,  
Least, being glutted with excess of good,  
We should forget the giver."

Rawlins, *The Rebellion*, v. end.

174. "Covered with grass more soft than any silk,  
The trees dropt honey, and the springs gushed  
milk;

The flower-fleeced meadow, and the gorgeous  
grove,  
Which should smell sweetest in their bravery  
strove;"

"Whilst to the little birds' melodious strains  
The trembling rivers tripped along the plains;"

"The battenning earth all plenty did afford,  
And without tilling, of her own accord."

Drayton, *Noah's Flood*.

176. Or, perhaps: "He wicked venom to the  
baleful snakes."

182. How poor are they, that have not patience!"  
Shakespeare, *Othello*, iii. 3.

And in the furrows seek the blade of corn;  
That from the veins of flint it forth might  
strike

The hidden fire. Then first the rivers felt  
The hollowed alders; then the mariner

Numbers and names invented for the stars,  
The Pleiads, Hyads, and Lycaon's sheeny

Bear.

In nooses then wild creatures to entrap,  
And dupe them with the lime, it was de-  
vised, 190

And mighty glades to girdle round with  
dogs.

And one now lashes with his casting-net  
The spacious river, searching for its depths;

And through the main another trails along  
His dripping lines. Then stiffness of the

steel,  
And blade of grating saw; for primal

men

With wedges used to cleave the splitting  
wood.

Then divers crafts came in: unsparing Toil  
Prov'd conqueror over all, and Indigence,

That spurs [men] on in their distressed  
estate. 200

"Twas Ceres first instructed mortal kind  
With iron to upturn the earth, when now

The mast and arbutes of the holy wood  
Were failing, and Dodone refusing food.

Soon, too, was travail to the corn annexed,

183. Or, "through," "by."

185. "These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights  
That gave a name to every fixed star."

Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost*, i. 1.

186. Or: "Then the sailor coined  
Numbers and names for stars, the Pleiad-train,  
The Hyads," &c.

192. With the great weight of commentators, it  
is better to make *alla* refer to *annem*. Notwith-  
standing Forbiger's steadiness, and Wagner's change  
of mind, does there seem to be sufficient warrant for  
the awkwardness which their view involves? Does  
it not impose an unfair duty upon the conjunction  
*que*?

198. "Impossible! Nothing's impossible!

We know our strength only by being tried.

If you object the mountains, rivers, woods

Impassable, that lie before our march:—

Woods we can set on fire: we swim by nature;

What can oppose us then but we may tame?

All things submit to virtuous industry:

That we can carry with us; that is ours."

Southern, *Oronoko*, iii. 4.

205. This primitive condition of the earth, prior  
to culture, is realised by the loss of Peace; which  
miserable state of things is feelingly described by  
the Duke of Burgundy in *King Henry V.* v. 2:

"Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd,  
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,  
Corrupting in its own fertility.

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,  
Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleached,

Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,

That scathful blight should prey upon the stalks,  
And in his laziness might bristle up  
The thistle in the fields. Crops go to wrack ;

Succeeds a prickly forest, even burrs  
And caltrops ; and amid the shiny tilths 210  
Curst darnel and the barren oats bear rule.  
Wherefore, unless with unremitting rakes  
Thou both shalt worry weed, and with a din  
Alarm the birds, and with thy pruning-hook

The shadow of the darkling country check,  
And in thy prayers shalt have invoked the shower ;—

Alas ! upon another's mussy pile  
Thou bootlessly shalt gaze, and in the woods

Thy hunger comfort through the shaken oak.  
Sung, too, must be what are the implements 220

Of hardy rustics, without which their crops  
Nor could be sown, nor spring. The share in chief,

And heavy timber of the bended plough,  
And waggons of the Eleusinian Dame,  
That lazy troll ; the sledges, too, and drags,  
And harrows of unrighteous weight ; more-o'er,

The furniture of Celeus, wrought of twig,  
And cheap, and hurdles of the arbutus,  
And mystic fan of Bacchus : all the which,  
Long previously foreseen, in thoughtful mood, 230

Shalt thou lay by in store, if thee awaits  
The honor, to the heav'n-born country due.  
First, in the forests bowed with mighty force,

Into a plough-tail is an elm reduced,  
And [this] the figure of a crooked plough  
Receives. Thereto from out the base a pole,

Stretched forward to eight feet, twain  
moulding-boards,  
Share-beams with double back, are fitted on.

Felled, too, there is beforehand for the yoke

A lightsome linden, and a lofty beech 240  
For staff, which from the rear may wheel around

---

Put forth disorder'd twigs ; her fallow leas  
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory  
Doth root upon ; while that the coulter rusts,  
That should deracinate such savagery ;  
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth  
The freckled crowslip, burnet, and green clover,  
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,  
Conceives by idleness ; and nothing teems,  
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burrs,  
Losing both beauty and utility."

The bottom of the carriage ; and the smoke  
Searches the timber hung above the hearths.

Pow'r have I many a rule of them of yore  
To cite to thee, unless thou dost recoil,  
And slender interests it irks to learn.

The floor, among the chief, with roller huge  
Must levelled be, and kneaded with the hand,

And rendered firm with binding Cretan earth,

Lest weeds work up, or, overcome by dust,  
It gape, and divers plagues at thee should mock. 251

Oft hath the tiny mouse beneath thy lands  
Both placed her homestead, and her garners built ;

Or, cheated of their eyes, the moles have delved

Their chambers ; and, in hollows found,  
the toad :

And vermin, which, full many, breed thy grounds ;

Both weevil wastes a vasty pile of corn,  
And ant, in terror at a helpless eld.

Mark also, when the almond in the woods

Shall throw her into rich array of bloom, 260  
And arch her scented boughs, if embryos

Abound, in equal sort will corn ensue,  
And mighty threshing come with mighty heat :

But if through rampancy of leafage shade  
exceeds,

Stalks, rank in chaff, thy floor will vainly  
bruise.

---

242. Every editor seems to read *currus* instead of *curvus*, which is substituted by Wagner and Forbiger, though, as it would seem, with small manuscript authority. The difficulty in the common text to them was this: 1st, that *currus* implies wheels, and that no Roman plough had such an appendage ; and 2nd, that it must be capable of carrying somebody, which the plough was not. To the first objection the reply is, that their authority, Schulz, was mistaken in saying that no Roman plough had wheels, as an antique has been discovered which represents one with them. To the second, that a machine drawn by brutes, and guided by a human being, may, in poetic language, fairly claim the name : a consideration which is strengthened by a remark of Holdsworth, that the *stiva* was actually a foot-board, on which the ploughman stood.

243. *Focis* is not rendered by "flues" or "chimneys," as it is a disputed point whether the Romans had any special aperture for the escape of smoke.

254. "As the blind mole, the properest son of earth, Who, in the casting his ambitious hills up, Is often taken and destroyed i' the midst Of his advanced work."

Middleton, *A Game at Chess*, iv. 4.

265. "The careful ploughman doubting stands, Lest on the threshing-floor his hopeless sheaves Prove chaff." Milton, *P. L.* iv.



Their seeds have I, in sooth, seen many  
 drug  
 When sowing, and in natron steep them  
 first,  
 And murky olive-lees, that there might  
 prove  
 A fuller produce in the guileful pods.  
 And though they, quickened o'er a scanty  
 fire, 270  
 Were moistened, have I seen them,—  
 gathered long,  
 And tested with a world of travail,—yet  
 Deteriorate, unless the energy of man  
 Year after year each largest with the hand  
 Should cull. So all things by the Destinies  
 Are hasting to decay, and, sinking down,  
 Are backward borne: not otherwise than he  
 Who up the breasting river scarce his skiff  
 With oarage forces on, if he his arms  
 Hath haply slacked, and down the swift  
 descent 280  
 The channel sweeps him with its giddy tide.  
 —Moreo'er, as much are to be watched by us  
 Arcturus' constellation, and the days  
 Of Kids, and sheeny Dragon, as by those  
 By whom, when wafted towards their native  
 land

271. It is hard to acquiesce in the view which puts a period after *maderent*, instead of *esset*. This arrangement displaces *quanvis* from its natural relation to *tamen*, in order to set it in a weak connection with *exiguo*; it assigns to *maderent* a meaning which it is doubtful that it ever bore; and gives an abruptness to the commencement of a new sentence, which is thus made to begin at *vidi*. The objections to the opposite view are not fatal, and do not seem to be strong. However, if the more modern interpretation be preferred, the translation will run thus:

that there might prove  
 A fuller produce in the guileful pods,  
 And they might o'er a fire, however small,  
 Be softened quick. I've seen those gathered  
 long, &c.

276. So several translators; but, if deemed a little too free, it is easy to substitute:

"Are hurrying to worse."

So thought Thenot in Spenser's *Sh. Cal. Feb. 12*:

"Must not the world wende in his common course  
 From good to bad, and from bad to worse,  
 From worst unto that is worst of all,  
 And then returne to his former fall?"

"These our actors,  
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
 Are melted into air, into thin air;  
 And like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
 The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
 Leave not a rack behind."

Shakespeare, *Tempest*, iv. 1.

280. *Atque* certainly does sometimes mean "immediately," but not in classical times. A good sense can be obtained by the ordinary use, and therefore it is to be preferred.

Across the gusty waters, are essayed  
 Pontus and oyster-full Abydos' straits.  
 When Libra even shall have made the hours  
 Of day and sleep, and midway now disparts  
 The globe to light and shades, my masters,  
 work 290

Your bulls, sow barleys in the plains, e'en  
 close

To th' eve of latest show'r of brumal-tide,  
 Impracticable. Yea, a flax-crop, too,  
 And Cereal poppy is it time in earth  
 To hide, and now at once to bend to ploughs;  
 While, dry the ground, we may, while hang  
 the clouds.

In spring time is for beans the sowing; then  
 Thee likewise, O thou Median [plant], re-  
 ceive

The crumbling furrows, and for millet comes  
 The yearly care, when, bright with gilded  
 horns, 300

The Bull unlocks the year, and, slinking off  
 Before the star his foeman, sets the Dog.  
 But if for wheaten crop, and hardy spelts,  
 Thou'lt work thy ground, and press for  
 ears alone,

First let th' Atlantic maidens at the Dawn  
 To thee be hidden, and the Gnosian star  
 Of blazing Diadem withdraw, ere thou  
 Consign to furrows seeds their due, and ere  
 Thou haste to trust the promise of the year  
 To earth unwilling. Many have commenced  
 Before the set of Maia; but those [swains] 311  
 The hoped-for crop with empty ears hath  
 duped.

But if both vetch and paltry kidney-bean  
 Thou'lt sow, nor the Pelusian lentil's care  
 Shalt spurn away, no darkling signs to thee  
 Bootes, as he sinks, will send: begin,  
 And stretch thy sowing to mid [-winter]  
 frosts.

For this, in settled portions meted out,  
 The golden Sun directs the sphere along  
 The constellations of the world in twelves.  
 Five zones embrace the heav'n; whereof is  
 one 321

For ever crimsoned with the flashing Sun,  
 And scorched for ever by its fire; round  
 which

The outermost upon the right and left  
 Are drawn, with azure ice and murky  
 showers

Congealed. 'Tween these and that in  
 centre, twain

To sickly mortals by the boon of gods

309. "With conscious certainty the swain  
 Gives to the ground his trusted grain,  
 With eager hope the reddening harvest eyes  
 And claims the ripe autumnal gold,  
 The meed of toil, of industry the prize."

T. Warton, *Ode xvi.*



Are granted; and a path is scored thro' both,  
Whereon aslant the cycle of the signs  
Might wheel itself. The world, as e'en aloft  
To Scythia and Rhipæan heights it towers,  
Is sunk aslope to Lydia's southern gales. 332  
This pole to us is ever reared on high;  
But *that* beneath our feet the pitchy Styx  
Beholdeth, and the Manes deep adown.  
The monster Dragon here with coiling fold  
Glides off around and midst of the two Bears,  
After the fashion of a flood,—the Bears,  
In ocean's surface fearing to be dipped.  
There, as they tell, or hushes dead of night,  
And ever by a pall of night the dark 341  
Is thickened; or returns from us the Dawn,  
And takes them back the day; and when  
on us

The Sun at rising earliest hath breathed  
With puffing coursers, purpling Eve lights  
up  
Her backward fires. From this can we  
forelearn

The weather in the changeful sky; from this  
Both harvest day and sowing tide, and when  
The traitor face of sea with oars to force  
Is fitting; when to launch the furnished  
fleets, 350

Or pine in season in the woods to fell.  
Nor is it to no purpose that we watch  
The settings and the risings of the signs,  
And, even with its seasons four distinct,  
The year. If e'er a chilly show'r confines  
The farmer, many a labor, which would  
needs

Be hurried over at a future hour  
Beneath a sky unclouded,—to advance  
Is giv'n. The ploughman forges to a point  
His blunted ploughshare's churlish fang;  
he scoops 360

340. *Tempestivus* means "timeful," "timely," "timous;" that is, "in the proper time," with a tendency to the signification of "earlier than need be." So *intempestivus*, *intempestus*, means "un-timeful," "untimely," "timeless," with a tendency to the signification of "earlier than ought to be." Now it is plain, that *intempesta* here must have an import different from those borne by the last three terms. It would seem, then, that it takes its force from the primitive meaning of "unbroken into periods." The night is practically unbroken into periods, when people cease to work, and retire to rest; thus, *intempesta nox* comes to signify "dead of night." Further, if they lie awake, or have to keep watch during the hours of darkness, these seem so long, that it is as if there were no periods, no end; hence the idea of "dreary." Either of these terms would appear to satisfy the expression.

344. "But look! the morn, in russet mantle clad,  
Walks o'er the dew of yond high eastern hill."  
Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, i. 1.

"The blushing childhood of the cheerful morn  
Is almost grown a youth, and over-climbs  
Yonder gilt eastern hills."

Brewer, *Lingua*, i. 5.

Troughs from the tree; or on his flock the  
brand

Hath he enstamped, or tallies on his heaps.  
Stakes others point, or forks of double prong,  
And ties Amerian for the limber vine  
Prepare. Let now the pliant frail be plight  
Of bramble twig; now roast upon the fire  
Thy grains, now bray them in the quern.  
Nay e'en

On days of jubilee some tasks to ply  
The law divine and human laws allow.  
The rills to drain no scruple hath forbid; 370  
Before the corn to stretch a fence; for birds  
To plan an ambush; thorns to fire; and  
plunge

The flock of bleaters in the wholesome flood.  
Ofttimes the plodding ass's ribs with oil,  
Or with cheap apples, doth its driver lade,  
And, trudging back, a dented stone, or lump  
Of jetty pitch, he brings him home from  
town.

The Moon herself hath granted various  
days

In various rank, auspicious to your toils.  
The fifth do thou avoid: [upon that day] 380  
Were ghastly Orcus and the Furies born;  
Then Terra in an execrable birth  
Both Cæus and Iapetus brings forth,  
And fell Typhœus, and the brotherhood,  
Banded by oath to tear the heavens down.  
They thrice attempted Ossa to implant  
On Pelion; aye, on Ossa, too, to roll  
Leaf-fraught Olympus; thrice the up-piled  
mounts

The Father laid in ruins with his bolt.  
The seventh, [coming] next upon the tenth,

362. Or, perhaps: "sacks."

367. If "quern" be thought a little too free a version of *saxo*, a dull substitute is easily found, without damage to the rhythm.

380. "A wicked day, and not a holy day: . . .  
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;  
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:  
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child  
Pray that their burdens may not fall this day,  
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:  
But on this day let seamen fear no wreck;  
No bargains break that are not this day made:  
This day, all things begun come to ill end;  
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change."  
Shakespeare, *King John*, iii. 1.

381. To quote Milton on the subject of the evil angels would be trite, as his sublime descriptions are familiar to every one; but his great predecessor says finely:

"Th' Almighty, seeing their so bold assay,  
Kindled the flame of His consuming ire,  
And with His only breath them blew away  
From heavens high, to which they did aspyre,  
To deepest hell and lake of damned fyre,  
Where they in darkness and dread horror dwell,  
Hating the happy light from which they fell."

Spenser, *Hymne of Heavenly Love*, 85.

Auspicious is, as well to plant the vine, 391  
As captured beeves to tame, and to attach  
The leashes to the warp; the ninth for flight  
More favorable, enemy to thefts.

Sooth many [tasks] have 'neath the chilly  
night

Presented them more fitly, or what time,—  
The Sun new [-ris'n],—the lands is Lucifer  
Bedewing. In the night the stubbles light  
More fitly, in the night drymeads are mown;  
The ropy moisture faileth not the nights. 400  
E'en one there is, who by the lasting fires  
Of winter light keeps up his watch, and  
points

His torches with the sharpened steel. Mean-  
while,

Her tedious travail cheering with a song,  
With shrilly reed his partner threads the  
warp;

Or through [the aid of] Vulcan simmers  
down

The liquor of the nectared must, and skims  
With leaves the palpitating cauldron's wave.

But ruddy Ceres in the midst of heat  
Is cut, and in the midst of heat the floor 410  
The [sun-] dried harvest bruises. Robeless  
plough,

Sow robeless. Winter to the husbandman  
Is idle [time]. In frosts the farmers chief  
Their store enjoy, and, blithe among them-  
selves,

Reciprocal carousals make their care :  
Lures jolly winter, and unbinds their woes.  
As when the heavy-freighted vessels now  
Have touched the haven, and upon the sterns  
The happy sailors ranged their wreaths. But  
still

Both oaken mast 'tis then the time to strip,  
And berries of the bay, and olive, too, 421  
And blood-red myrtle-fruits; then gins for  
cranes,

And toils for harts to set, and long-eared  
hares

394. "He works by glow-worm light; the moon's  
too open." Ben Jonson, *Time Vindicated*.

409. "Have we been tilling, sowing, labouring,  
With pain and charge, a long and tedious winter,  
And when we see the corn above the ground,  
Youthful as is the morn, and the full ear,  
That promises to stuff our spacious garners,  
Shall we then let it rot, and never reap it?"  
J. Fletcher, *The Noble Gentleman*, ii. 1.

423. "Yet if for silvan sports thy bosom glow,  
Let thy fleet greyhound urge his flying foe. . . .  
He snaps deceitful air with empty jaws,  
The subtle hare darts swift beneath his paws:  
She flies, he stretches: now with nimble bound  
Eager he presses on, but overshoots the ground:  
She turns, he winds, and soon regains the way,  
Then tears with gory mouth the screaming prey."  
Gay, *Rural Sports*, ii. 289.

See also Somerville, *The Chase*, b. ii.

To course; 'tis then [for him] the fallow-  
deer

To pierce, who whirls around the hempen  
thongs

Of Balearic sling, when deep the snow  
Is lying, when the floods drive down the ice.

Why should I sing of Autumn's storms  
and stars?

Aye, and, when now both shorter is the day,  
And gentler is the heat, what watchful arts  
Must be employed by men; or when down  
falls 431

Spring rife in rain, now when hath on the  
plains

The bearded harvest bristled up, and when  
The milky grains upon their stalk of green  
Are swelling? Frequently have I, what  
time

Upon his golden fields the husbandman  
Would introduce the sickler, and would now  
Reap off his barleys with their bitter haulm,  
The battles of the winds all clashing seen,  
Which far and near the burdened standing  
corn 440

Would, from their deepest roots shot forth  
aloft,

Upwrench :—so in some pitchy hurricane  
Would winter carry off both airy straw  
And stubbles on the wing. Oft, too, there  
swoops

A boundless host of waters from the sky,  
And, mustered from the height [of heav'n],  
the clouds

A grim tornado coil with sable showers;  
The lofty firmament comes sluicing down,  
And with stupendous rain the merry crops  
And travails of the oxen washes off; 450  
The dykes are brimmed, and hollow rivers  
swell

With roaring, and with panting waters  
seethes

The ocean-plain. The Sire himself, amidst  
A night of clouds, with gleaming right hand  
hurls

His levin-fires, at which commotion quakes

435. There is a fine description of a storm by  
Milton, *P. R.* iv.:

"And either tropic now  
'Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven; the clouds,  
From many a horrid rift, abortive pour'd  
Fierce rain with lightning mix'd, water with fire  
In ruin reconciled: nor slept the winds  
Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad  
From the four hinges of the world, and fell  
On the vex'd wilderness, whose tallest pines,  
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks  
Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,  
Or torn up sheer."

Thomson also (*Autumn*, 311-343) finely imitates  
this and other of Virgil's descriptions of storms. He  
has many other successful passages on the like sub-  
ject: see *Summer*, 1103-1168.

The vasty earth ; wild beasts have fled away,  
And through the nations crouching dread  
dismayed

The hearts of men. He with his blazing bolt  
Or felleth Athos down, or Rhodope,  
Or the Ceraunian heights ; the southern  
blasts 460

Redouble and the thickest rain ; now woods,  
Now shores, beneath the mighty tempest  
vail.

In dread of this, the months and stars of  
heaven

Watch thou : whereto may Saturn's chilly  
star

Withdraw him ; to what circuits through  
the sky

The fire Cyllenian strays. In special wise  
Adore the gods, and yearly rites repeat

To mighty Ceres, on the merry turf  
Performing, just at latest winter's fall,

Now in the cloudless spring. Then fat are  
lambs, 470

And then most mellow wines ; then slum-  
bers sweet,

And thick upon the mounts the shades.  
For thee

Let worship Ceres all the rural youth,  
For whom do thou thy honeycombs with  
milk

And Bacchus mild dilute ; and thrice around  
The infant produce let the victim pass

Auspicious, which let all thy choir and mates  
Escort in glee, and Ceres with a shout

Woo to their homesteads. Nor let any first  
The sickle lay beneath his ripened ears, 480

Before to Ceres, with the twisted oak  
Encircled on his temples, he presents

Ungainly gambols, and his carols sings.  
And these that we may have it in our  
power

By symptoms sure to learn, the Sire himself  
Hath fix'd what warning should the monthly  
Moon

Afford ; with what foretoken should subside  
The southern blasts ; what viewing many a  
time,

The husbandmen the nearer to the sheds  
Their cattle might confine. Forthwith,  
when winds 490

Are rising, either ocean's friths begin

497. Some say that *humilis pavor* implies a feel-  
ing of cowardice ; if so, it should be rendered by  
"base alarm." But would not this weaken the  
poet's meaning ? If the fear were unwarrantable,  
it would detract from the greatness of the display.

484. See this fine passage finely imitated by  
Thomson, *Winter*, 118-147.

491. "A boding stillness reigns  
Dread through the dun expanse, save the dull  
sound

That from the mountain, previous to the storm

Betossed to swell, and on the lofty mounts  
Dry crashing to be heard ; or, booming  
far,

The shores to be in turmoil, and the growl  
Of woods to freshen. Even then the surge

Can ill refrain itself from bending keels,  
When from mid ocean fleet wing home

their way  
The divers, and a screaming waft to shore,  
And when sea-coots upon dry land disport,

And fens well known the heron quits, and  
soars 500

Above the lofty cloud. Oft, too, the stars,  
When wind is hanging over, thou wilt see

Glide headlong from the sky, and through  
the shade

Of night long trains of blazes in the rear  
Gleam white : oft airy chaff and fallen  
leaves

A-flutt'ring, or upon the water's face

Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,  
And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath."

*Summer*, 1116.

Does Virgil anywhere, in his descriptions of a  
gale of wind, introduce this sublime element of  
stillness ? Dryden is a little too bold :

"Thus when black clouds draw down the labouring  
skies,

Ere yet abroad the wing'd thunder flies,  
An horrid stillness first invades the ear,  
And in that silence we the tempest fear."

*Astræa Redux*, 5-8.

"We often see, against some storm,  
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,

The bold winds speechless, and the orb below  
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder  
Doth rend the region."

Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, ii. 2.

It is doubtful whether *freta* here means more  
than "waters ;" which secondary meaning, if it be  
insisted on, may be adopted by substituting "floods"

for "friths" in the translation. However, as a  
general rule, it is safer, where there is no strong  
reason to the contrary, to take a word in its primary  
rather than in a derived signification. See v. 386.

The poet probably alludes here to what is techni-  
cally called the "swell" of the sea, which, it is well  
known, often reaches a lee-shore in advance of  
the wind which has raised it. This phenomenon  
Shakespeare seems to have had in view in *Richard*

*III.*, ii. 3 :

"By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust  
Ensuing danger ; as, by proof, we see  
The water swell before a boist'rous storm."

498. One cannot pretend always to render cor-  
rectly the terms which stand for birds, any more  
than those which mean plants or colours. All the  
translators here render *mergi* by "cormorants ;"  
but it is uncertain that this is the import of the  
word, though it doubtless means "divers" of some  
sort or other. Ruæus, who is particular in such  
matters, says that it means the bird so called.

However, if the common rendering is insisted on,  
there seems to be no means of proving it wrong ;  
and so the line may be read :

The cormorants, and waft their scream to shore.

506. The poet does not mean to imply by *impru-*



The swimming feathers in a frolic join.  
But from the quarter of the grisly North  
What time it lightens, and what time the  
dome

Alike of East and West is thund'ring, all  
With brimming dykes the rural regions  
swim, 511

And every seaman on the ocean furls  
His dripping canvas. Never storm of rain  
To inadvertent [swains] hath proved of  
harm :

Or, at its rising, in the valley-depths  
Therefrom the skyish cranes have fled  
away ;

Or heifer, as she gazes up to heaven,  
With widely-spreading nostrils snuffed the  
gales ;

Or twitt'ring swallow flitted round the  
meres,

And frogs in ooze croaked forth their old  
complaint. 520

The oftener, too, from out her inner cells,  
Fretting a narrow path, the ant her eggs

Hath carried : and the giant bow hath  
drunk ;

And, from their feed withdrawing in a train  
Immense, the host of rooks with serried  
wings

Hath whizzed. Now divers ocean-birds,  
and those,

Which rummage round the Asian meads,  
among

Sweet plashes of Cayster, may you see  
In rivalry upon their shoulders shed

The plenteous dew, now run upon the waves,  
And joy with zeal of washing all in vain. 531

Then with full voice the saucy crow invokes

*dentibus* that rain cannot damage those who do not  
foresee it ; for they are just the persons to be  
damaged ;—but, that the signs of it are so plain,  
that, popularly speaking, no one can be said to be  
“inadvertent,” who thus, popularly, having no  
experience, cannot be damaged.

526. Weise, and most other editors, if not all but  
Wagner and Forbiger, have *varias*, a much better  
reading than *varie*.

532. “Saucy,” either from the impudence of her  
demeanour, or the impertinence of her act ; for  
what business has she to call for rain, when her  
betters would rather be without it ?

If this word of multifarious meaning, *improbis*,  
(see note on l. 163,) be considered, with Ræus, to  
have the force of *importunus* here, the line will run  
thus :

Then with full voice the crow invokes the rain,  
Importunate, and lonely by herself.

In the first edition of this work the passage  
appeared thus :

Then doth the saucy crow with husky voice,  
The rain invoke, and on the thirsty sand  
[All] solitary saunter by herself.

This noisiness before wet is attributed by Shake-  
speare to a different bird. Rosalind, in bantering

The rain, and solitary, by herself,  
She struts along upon the thirsty sand.  
Nor even, as they card their nightly tasks,  
Have maidens been unconscious of a storm,  
When they within their blazing lamp of  
earth

Should see the oil its sparkles sputter off,  
And mould'ring mushroom-forms in clusters  
rise.

Nor less, ensuing on a gush of rain, 540  
Suns and clear open weather to foresee,  
And learn by settled marks, shalt thou have  
power.

For neither then their margin in the stars  
Looks blunt, nor, debted to a brother's  
beams,

The moon to rise, nor filmy flakes of wool  
Throughout the welkin to be borne along.  
Outspread not to the soft-warm sun their  
wings

Upon the beach the halcyons, beloved  
Of Thetis ; frowzy swine bethink them not

To toss about the bundles from their mouth,  
Unloosened ; but the vapors rather seek 551

Orlando, says that she will be “more clamorous  
than a parrot against rain.”

*As You Like It*, iv. 1.

The different effect that can be produced by an  
alliteration of the letter “S” may be seen in Col-  
lins' *Ode to Evening* :

“Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat,  
With short shrill shriek, flits by on leathern  
wing.”

But a softer combination appears immediately  
after :

“May not unseemly with its stillness suit.”

A more pointed effect than that in the Latin text  
is produced by Pope, *Windsor Forest* :

“She said, and melting as in tears she lay,  
In a soft silver strain dissolved away.”

Alliterations, when sparingly used, are at times  
very effective. For instance, in Dryden's line, *Cock  
and the Fox*, 411 :

“I fear not death, nor dangers, nor disgrace,”

the sense would be just the same if “perils” were  
substituted for “dangers ;” but few would say that  
the change entailed no detriment. The same is  
true of a preceding line, 406. Speaking of doctors,  
Chanticleer says :

“Their tribe, trade, trinkets, I defy them all.”

Shakespeare also : *Two Gentlemen of Verona*,  
i. 3 :

“Sweet love, sweet lines, sweet life !

Here is her hand, the agent of her heart.”

Churchill, in his *Prophecy of Famine*, says :

“Who often, but without success, have prayed

For apt alliteration's artful aid.”

534. Or, “stalks.”

544. “How she conveyed him softly in a sleep,  
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep  
Head of old Latmus, where she stoops each night,  
Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,  
To kiss her sweetest.” [*The allusion is to the  
Moon and Endymion.*]

J. Fletcher, *The Faithful Shepherdess*, i. 3.



The lowest [grounds], and brood upon the plain ;  
 And, sunset watching from a gable-top  
 To idle purpose plies the bird of night  
 Late hootings. Nisus looms in view, aloft  
 In limpid air, and for the purple lock  
 The forfeit Scylla pays. What way soe'er  
 She flying cleaves light ether with her wings,  
 Lo ! hostile, murderous, with mighty whirr,  
 Along the breezes Nisus hunts her close ;  
 Where Nisus to the breezes wafts him on,  
 She flying cleaves light ether with her wings 562  
 In hurried snatches. Then their brilliant notes  
 The rooks, with straitened throat, three times or four,  
 Redouble ; oft, too, in their roosts on high,  
 I know not with what charm, past custom, blithe,  
 Among themselves they rustle in the leaves.  
 It joys them, when the show'rs are chased away,  
 Their tiny offspring, and their darling nests,  
 Again to visit : not, I sooth believe, 570  
 Because a god-born intellect is theirs,  
 Or deeper insight into things by fate ;  
 But when the storm, and shifting damp of heaven,  
 Have changed their paths, and Jove, with Austers dank,  
 Condenses what but now was rarefied,  
 And what was dense relaxes, altered be  
 The pictures of their spirits, and their breasts  
 Now different emotions—different,  
 So long as wind was driving on the clouds—  
 Conceive : hence [springs] that symphony of birds 580

554. In his magnificent description of the Cave of Despair, Spenser finely introduces the owl :

" On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly owle,  
 Shrieking his balefull note."

*Faerie Queene*, i. 9. 33.

" And when the bleating lamb doth bid good night  
 Unto the closing day, then tears begin  
 To keep quick time unto the owl, whose voice  
 Shrieks like the belman in the lover's ears."

Middleton, *Blurt*, iii. 1.

" It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal belman,  
 Which gives the stern'st good night."  
 Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, ii. 2.

571. Dryden applies the idea to the emigrating swallow :

" From hence she has been held of heavenly line,  
 Endued with particles of soul divine."

*Hind and Panther*, 1727. 8.

580. " Therein the mery birdes of every sorte  
 Chaunted alowd their chearefull harmonce,  
 And made emongst themselves a sweete consort."  
 Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 5. 31.

Throughout the fields, and cattle in delight,  
 And ravens croaking triumph from their throats.

But if to the swift-speeding Sun, and moons,

That follow in their cycle, thou shalt look,  
 Ne'er thee to-morrow's hour shall lead astray,

Nor by the crafts of cloudless night shalt thou

Be tricked. What time the Moon first gathers in

Returning fires, if she shall have embraced  
 The sable ether with a darkling horn,

Immense for tillers, and the deep, will rain  
 Be brewing. But if she a maiden red 591

Have o'er her visage poured, there will be wind :

At wind doth ever golden Phœbe flush.

But if at her fourth rise—for that [will prove]

The most unerring counsellor—undimmed,  
 Nor with blunt horns, through heav'n shall

Both all that day, and those which shall arise

Therefrom, to the completion of the month,  
 From rain and tempests will be free ; and

vows  
 The rescued mariners upon the shore 600

Shall pay to Glaucus, and to Panope,  
 And Melicerta [of] Inoan [birth].

The Sun, too, both as he is rising forth,  
 And when he hides him in the waves,

will signs

" Here is melody,  
 A charm of birds."

G. Peele, *The Arraignment of Paris*, i. 1.

" With charm of earliest birds."  
 Milton, *P. L.* iv. 641.

" The warblers lively tunes essay,  
 The lark on wing, the linnet on the spray ;  
 While music trembles in their songful throats,  
 The bullfinch whistles soft his flute-like notes.  
 The bolder blackbird swells sonorous lays ;  
 The varying thrush commands a tuneful maze ;  
 Each a wild length of melody pursues ;  
 While the soft-murmuring, amorous wood-dove cooes ;

And when in spring these melting mixtures flow,  
 The cuckoo sends her unison of woe."

Savage, *Wanderer*, c. 5.

582. *Corvus* seems properly to mean the "raven," but in v. 382 it most certainly stands for the "rook," which probably is its signification in v. 410. Here it may represent the same bird ; in which case the line should run :

And rooks a triumph cawing from their throat.

604. Gay thus beautifully describes the sun setting in the sea :

" Engag'd in thought, to Neptune's bounds I stray,  
 To take my farewell of the parting day.  
 Far in the deep the sun his glory hides,  
 A streak of gold the sea and sky divides ;

Afford : the sun the surest signs attend,  
Both those which in the morning he re-  
stores,

And those which at the rising of the stars.  
When he with blotches shall have chequered  
o'er

His infant dawning, buried in a cloud,  
And from his central disk shall have re-  
coiled, 610

Be show'rs mistrusted by thee ; for there  
swoops

From [heav'n] on high a southern blast,  
alike

To trees, and crops, and cattle, fraught with  
woe.

Or when towards dawn among the huddled  
clouds

His scatt'ring beams shall shoot them  
forth, or when

Aurora wan shall rise, the saffron couch  
Of Tithon leaving—welay !—ill then

The vine-leaf shall bescreen the mellow  
grapes,

In such profusion, patt'ring on the roofs,  
Leaps bristling hail. This, too, what time  
he now 620

Departs from spanned Olympus, 'twill be-  
stead

The more to bear in mind. For oft we see  
Upon his visage straying fitful hues :

The dun speaks rain, the fiery, eastern gales.  
But if the blotches with a crimson glare

Shall 'gin to be commixed, all [nature]  
then

Alike with storm and torrents thou shalt  
view

In ferment. Let not any in that night  
Encourage me to voyage through the deep,

Nor wrest away my cable from the land.  
But if when he shall both restore the day,

And bury it restored, all-bright his disk 632  
Shall prove, thou needlessly wilt be ap-  
palled

The purple clouds their amber linings show,  
And edg'd with flames roll every wave below ;  
Here pensive I behold the fading light,  
And o'er the distant billow lose my sight."

*Rural Sports*, i. 99-106.

612. So Shakespeare, *Venus and Adonis* :  
" Like a red moon, that ever yet betoken'd  
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,  
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,  
Gusts and foul flaws to herdsmen and to herds."

616. " Oh, lend me all thy red,  
Thou shame-faced Morning, when from Tithon's  
bed  
Thou risest ever-maiden !"

J. Fletcher, *The Faithful Shepherdess*, i. 3.  
" Is not yon gleame, the shuddering morne that  
flakes,

With silver tinctur, the east vierge of heaven ?"

Marston, *Antonio and Mellida*, 1st P., iii.

By showers, and with bright'ning Aquilo  
Thou shalt behold the forests waved. In  
fine,

What evening late may bring, wherefrom  
the wind

May chase the calmy clouds, what Auster  
dank

May hatch, the Sun to thee will signs afford.  
The Sun to call a traitor who may dare ?

He e'en that dark convulsions are at hand  
Oft gives us warning, and that treachery

And shrouded wars begin to swell. He  
e'en 642

[When] Cæsar ['s light was] quenched com-  
passioned Rome,

What time his lustrous head he curtained  
o'er

With rusted iron's darkling hue, and feared  
Ungodly ages everlasting night.

Though at that hour e'en earth, and ocean-  
plains,

And dogs ill-omened, and ill-boding birds,  
Afforded presages. How oft we saw,

643. Shakespeare thus finely describes the death  
of Cæsar, *J. C.* iii. 2 :

" For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,  
Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty  
heart ;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,

Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.  
Oh ! what a fall was there, my countrymen !"

" But sneaking Brutus,  
Whom none but cowards and white-livered knaves,  
Would dare commend, lagging behind his fellows,  
His dagger in his bosom, stabbed his father."

Dryden, *The Duke of Guise*, ii. 1.

645. " So, when the sun in bed,  
Curtain'd with cloudy red,  
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave."

Milton, *Ode on Nativity*, 26.

" 'Twas such a night involv'd thy towers, O Rome,  
The dire presage of mighty Cæsar's doom,  
When the sun veil'd in rust his mourning head,  
And frightful prodigies the skies o'erspread."

Gay, *Trivia*, iii. 377.

648. Is attention to gender to be insisted on, in  
spite of the claims of refinement ?

649. Like those that Shakespeare makes presage  
the death of Duncan :

" The night has been unruly. Where we lay  
Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they  
say,

Lamentings heard i' the air : strange screams of  
death ;

And prophesying, with accents terrible,  
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events

New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure  
bird

Clamour'd the livelong night ; some say the earth  
Was feverous and did shake." *Macbeth*, ii. 3.

And more directly of Cæsar's death itself, Casca  
says, *J. C.* i. 3 :

" O Cicero,  
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds  
Have riv'd the knotty oaks ; and I have seen

Forth surging from her bursten furnaces,  
Ætna boil over on the Cyclops' fields, 651  
And roll her balls of flames and molten  
rocks!

The din of weapons through the breadth of  
heaven

Germania heard; Alps thrilled with wont-  
less quakes.

A voice was also heard by all the world  
Throughout the stilly groves—a mighty  
[voice]—

And spectres wan in wond'rous shapes were  
seen

Towards dusk of night; the brutes, too,  
uttered speech;

Accursed thought! the rivers pause, and  
lands

Yawn wide; and iv'ry, struck with grief,  
Weeps o'er the fanes, and bronzes sweat  
distil. 661

Whirling them round within his frantic gulf,  
The monarch of the floods, Eridanus,  
Washed off the forests, and through all the  
plains

The cattle with their cotes he swept away.  
Nor, at the selfsame hour, or did the veins  
In dismal entrails threatful dropping to look,  
Or from the wells the stream of blood to  
flow,

And stately towns to echo through the night  
With howling wolves. At no time else  
there fell 670

The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,  
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:  
But never till to-night, never till now,  
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.  
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,  
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,  
Incenses them to send destruction."

"In the most high and palmy state of Rome,  
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,  
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead  
Did squeal and gibber in the Roman streets.  
As, stars with train of fire and dew's of blood,  
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,  
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,  
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse."

*Hamlet*, i. 1.

"Why all this noise because a king must die?  
Or does heaven fear because he swayed the earth,  
His ghost will war with the high Thunderer?  
Curse on the babbling fates, that cannot see  
A great man tumble, but they must be talking!"  
Lee, *Rival Queens*, ii. 1.

660. *Illacrimo* usually signifies to "weep for, or  
over" a thing. If this meaning, which is adopted  
in the translation, be accepted, the import of the  
passage will be,—that the statues of the gods were  
alarmed for the safety of the temples and of religion,  
and so wept at the sad prospect of what might  
happen: those of ivory weep, those of bronze per-  
spire, with the agitation of grief. This is the more  
beautiful view, though not therefore necessarily  
the right one: yet *mustum* seems to render it  
imperative.

More levin-flashes from a cloudless sky,  
Nor have so oft disastrous comets blazed.  
Therefore a second time Philippi saw  
Rome's marshalled lines in mutual fight  
engage,

With balanced arms; nor was it [deemed]  
unmeet

By gods above that twice with blood of  
ours

Emathia fat should wax, and spacious  
plains

Of Hæmus. Aye, in sooth, the time will  
come,

When in those bourns the husbandman, as  
he

The ground is working with his bended  
plough, 680

On javelins, gnawed away with rugged rust,

672. "Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!  
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—  
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,  
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue;—  
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;  
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,  
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;  
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,  
And dreadful objects so familiar,  
That mothers shall but smile when they behold  
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;  
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:  
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,  
With Atë by his side, come hot from hell,  
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,  
Cry, "Havock!" and let slip the dogs of war;  
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth,  
With carrion men groaning for burial."

*Mark Antony's Soliloquy over Cæsar's Corpse*:  
J. C. iii. 1.

"O thou soft natural death, thou art joint twin  
To sweetest slumber! No rough-bearded comet  
Stares on thy mild departure; the dull owl  
Beats not against thy casement; the hoarse wolf  
Scents not thy carrion: pity wins thy corse,  
Whilst horror waits on princes."

Webster, *Vittoria Corombona*, v. 1.

674. "The jars of brothers, two such mighty ones,  
Are like a small stone thrown into a river,  
The breach scarce heard; but view the beaten  
current,

And you shall see a thousand angry rings  
Rise in his face, still swelling and still growing."

J. Fletcher, *The Bloody Brother*, ii. 1.

680. Perhaps it may be necessary to remark on  
*molitus*, v. 494, that it has been rendered "work-  
ing," although a past participle. This proceeds  
upon the assumption that Virgil here has followed  
the principle, so common with the poets, of using  
the past participle of deponent verbs in a present  
sense, though they have a participle present. The  
reason of the license may be seen in Wagner, *Quas*.  
*Virg.* xxix. 3. In the present instance it is plain  
that it is during the *act* of working the earth that  
the ploughman makes his strange discovery. For-  
biger, indeed, observes that, strictly speaking, it is  
*after* the operation that the wonder appears; but  
perhaps it is truer to say that the operation and the  
wonder are contemporaneous. The past sense would  
seem to separate the one from the other by too wide  
an interval.



Shall light, or with his weighty harrows  
strike  
On helmets empty, and gigantic bones  
Behold with wonder in their graves un-  
earthed.

Gods of my ancestors ! my country's gods !  
And Romulus, and matron Vesta, who  
The Tuscan Tiber, and Palatial heights  
Of Roma dost protect, this youth, at least,  
Forbid ye not to help a ruined age !  
Enough now long time past by blood of  
ours 690

Laomedontian Troja's broken oaths  
We've expiated. Now this long time past  
Heav'n's royal court begrudges thee to us,  
O Cæsar, and complains of thy concern  
For triumphs of [a world] of men, as where  
Reversed are right and wrong ; so many  
wars

683. The same wonder is excited, according to  
Collins, by an opposite cause. Speaking of one of  
the Hebrides, he says :

" To that hoar pile, which still its ruins shows :  
In whose small vaults a pigmy folk is found,  
Whose bones the delver with his spade up-  
throws,  
And culls them, wondering, from the hallowed  
ground."

*Ode on the Superstitions of the Highlands.*

692. Dryden makes the tears of England equally  
effective in a graver case :

" So tears of joy, for your returning spilt,  
Work out and expiate our former guilt."

*Astræa Redux*, 274, 5.

695. " We shall have other liberal sciences  
Taught us too soon : lying and flattering,  
Those are the studies now ; and murder shortly  
I know will be humanity."  
Beaumont and Fletcher, *Cupid's Revenge*, iii. 3.

Throughout the globe ; so many shapes of  
crimes ;

Not any worthy homage to the plough ;  
The fields lie waste, the tillers drafted off,  
And bending sickles into yieldless sword [s]  
Are forged. Euphrates here, Germania  
there, 701

Is rousing war ; the leagues between them  
burst,

The cities that are neighbors bear their  
arms ;

Ungodly Mars fumes all throughout the  
globe :—

As when from forth the barriers four-horse  
cars

Have flung them, on the courses do they  
spring,

And, idly straining thongs, the charioteer  
Is hurried by his steeds, nor heeds the car  
the reins.

" So our most just decrees,  
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,  
And liberty plucks justice by the nose ;  
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart  
Goes all decorum."

Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure*, i. 4.

699. Pope finely describes the evils of tyranny :

" The fields are ravish'd from the industrious  
swains,

From men their cities, and from gods their  
fanes :

The levelled towns with weeds lie covered o'er ;

The hollow winds through naked temples roar :

Round broken columns clasping ivy twined ;

O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind ;

The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,  
And savage howlings fill the sacred quires."

*Windsor Forest.*

## BOOK II.

THUS far the tilth of fields and stars of  
heaven :

Now thee, O Bacchus, will I chant, and e'en  
Along with thee the saplings of the wood,  
And brood of olive, of a lazy growth.

Hither, O thou Lenæan father—here  
Are all things with thy bounties full ; for  
thee

With vine-leaved Autumn laden, blooms the  
field,

Froths up the vintage with its brimming vats ;  
Hither, O thou Lenæan father, come,

And thy uncovered legs, their buskins  
doffed, 10

In must new [-made] along with me distain.

In the first place, in giving birth to trees  
Diversified is Nature [s plan]. For some,  
No sons of men compelling, of themselves,

Of their unfettered will, appear, and plains,  
And winding rivers, far and wide possess ;  
As downy osier, and elastic brooms,  
Poplar, and groves of willow, silv'ring o'er  
With blue-gray leaf. But some from  
planted seed

Arise, as stately chestnuts, and [the tree,] 20  
Which leafs for Jove the chiefest of the  
woods,

The Æsculus ; and, counted oracles by  
Greeks,

*Line 21.* Or, " Monarch," or " Giant."

22. Dryden takes an ingenious advantage of the  
legend in his *Panegyrick of Charles II.*, 129 :

" Thus, from your royal oak, like Jove's of old,  
Are answers sought, and destinies foretold :  
Propitious oracles are begg'd with vows,  
And crowns that grow upon the sacred boughs."



The oaks. Sprouts up in others from the  
root

The closest thicket, as in cherry-trees,  
And elms: aye, even the Parnasian bay,  
An infant 'neath a mother's vasty shade,  
Uprears itself. These methods Nature first  
Vouchsafed: by these springs verdant every  
race

Of forests, and of shrubs, and holy groves.

Others there are, the which along its  
path

Mere practice hath discovered for itself.  
One,—suckers from the mothers' tender  
frame

Dissund'ring, hath in furrows laid them  
down;

Another—plunges settings in the field,  
And four-cleft stakes, and poles with pointed  
wood;

And of the [members of the] forest some  
The lowered arches of the layer wait,  
And nurseries alive in soil their own.

No root need others, and the topmost shoot  
The pruner scruples not to earth to trust, 40  
Restoring it. Nay e'en, when cut the  
trunks—

A marvel to be told!—there is a root  
Of olive thrust from out the sapless wood.  
And many a time the branches of one [tree]  
Undamaged to another's see we turn;—  
And, changed, the pear engrafted apples  
yield,  
And stony cornels blush upon the plums.

32. In v. 23 Manso reads *teneras* instead of *tenero*, on slender manuscript authority. Virgil perhaps consulted the sound somewhat to the prejudice of the sense, thinking that the ear would be more offended by the close proximity of such definite syllables as *as*, than the mind would be by the transference of tenderness from the offspring to the mother. Perhaps, too, he thought that the unmerciful tearing of suckers from her frame might reduce her to a condition which, in poetry at least, might warrant the soft epithet.

47. It seems much better to render v. 34 thus, rather than according to the other view, which would compel a change to

And stony cornels purple o'er with plums.  
For, 1st. It makes *corna* the tree instead of the fruit, which ought not to be done except in case of necessity. 2nd. It is far-fetched to call any tree *lapidosa*, however suitable the term may be to its produce. The objection to the other view is, that no one would think of engrafting an inferior fruit, like the cornelian cherry, on its superior, the plum. But to this it may be answered, that the matter is one of taste. Some people might prefer cornels to plums, especially to bad plums, which the Romans doubtless had as well as ourselves.

Cowley has a graceful passage upon the subject  
itself:

"We nowhere Art do so triumphant see,  
As when it grafts or buds the tree:  
In other things we count it to excel,  
If it a docile scholar can appear  
To Nature, and but imitate her well;

Wherefore arise! O learn their special  
tilths,

According to their kind, ye husbandmen,  
And their wild fruits by culture soften  
down; 50

Nor let your lands lie idle. 'Tis a joy  
The heights of Ismarus with Bacchus thick  
To plant, and with the olive to array  
The great Taburnus. And be thou at hand,  
And launch with me upon our task com-  
menced,

O [thou] our pride! O justly of our fame  
The noblest share,—Mæcenas! and on wing  
Vouchsafe the canvas to the opening sea.

I list not every [subject] in my lays  
To compass, no, not even though I had 60  
A hundred tongues, and hundred mouths,  
a voice

Of iron:—be at hand, and coast along  
The margin of the nearest shore: the lands  
[Are lying] within grasp. I will not here  
With fabled verse, and thro' digressive  
rounds

And prefaces protracted thee detain.  
[The trees,] which lift them of their free  
accord

Up to the climes of light, unfruitful sooth,  
But blithe and brave, arise; because there  
lives,

In secret in the soil, conceptive power. 70  
Still these, too, if should any graft, or trust,  
Transferred, to trenches deeply worked,  
will doff

Their savage nature, and by constant tilth,  
To whatsoever expedients you invite,  
Not slow will follow. Yea more'er, the  
stem,

Which barren issues from the lowest roots,  
Will do the same, if it be ranged apart

It overrules, and is her master, here.  
It imitates her Maker's power divine,  
And changes her sometimes, and sometimes does  
refine:

It does, like grace, the fallen tree restore  
To its bless'd state of Paradise before:  
Who would not joy to see his conquering hand  
O'er all the vegetable world command?  
And the wild giants of the wood receive

What law he's pleased to give?  
He bids th' ill-natured crab produce  
The gentler apple's winy juice;

The golden fruit, that worthy is  
Of Galatea's purple kiss:  
He does the savage hawthorn teach  
To bear the medlar and the pear:  
He bids the rustic plum to rear  
A noble trunk, and be a peach.  
Even Daphne's coyne she does mock,  
And weds the cherry to her stock,  
Though she refused Apollo's suit;  
Even she, that chaste and virgin tree,  
Now wonders at herself, to see

That she's a mother made, and blushes in her fruit."  
*The Garden.*

Through fields unplanted: now the lofty  
leaves

And branches of the mother shade it o'er,  
And rob it, growing, of its fructive powers,  
And parch it when it bears. Again, the  
tree, 81

Which rears her up from scattered seeds,  
slow comes,

For late descendants doomed to form a  
shade;

And fruits degen'rate, in forgetfulness  
Of former juices; and the grape sends forth  
Unseemly clusters, booty for the birds.

In sooth on all is travail to be spent,  
And all into a furrow forced, and tamed  
At heavy cost. But olives give return  
From truncheons better, from a layer vines,  
The Paphian myrtle from the solid wood. 91

From sets both hardy hazels take their rise,  
And ash gigantic, and the shady tree  
Of coronal Herculean, and the mast  
Of the Chaonian sire; moreover, [thus]

Takes stately palm its rise, and silver-fir  
The haps of ocean doomed to see. Yea, too,  
Is grafted on the offspring of the nut

The bristly arbutus, and barren planes  
Have borne stout apple-stems; with chest-  
nut's [bloom] 100

Hath beech, and mountain-ash hath silvered  
o'er

With snowy blossom of the pear, and swine  
Have crunched the acorn underneath the  
elms.

Nor single is the way to graft, and eyes

81. *Uruntque ferentem*: i.e. should the *ademptio* not be so complete as absolutely to deprive it of *fetus*. *Uruntque* would make the passage much more intelligible; but there does not appear to be any authority for the reading; while nothing should be more strenuously resisted than amending an author's text in the absence of any evidence that it is corrupt.

92. "Sets" for *plantis* seems the only term which will apply to all the trees named. It would appear that rooted plants are intended, which are struck or reared in a nursery, and then removed to the grove. If this be not the meaning of this difficult passage, it is hard to say what is. Perhaps Virgil may here be more of a poet than a planter; or trees may be propagated in a different way now from the modes current in his time. One thing is certain, that what he says in vv. 69-72 is utterly at variance with the experience and philosophy of modern days. Botanists affirm, that it not only never was done, but that it is impossible.

104. The translations generally understand by *simplex* "identical;" i.e. that the mode of grafting and inoculating were not the same. Is it likely that people would think they were? Is it not more natural to suppose, with Heyne, that the poet means that there were different methods of conducting both these operations, though he gives but one example of each?

Shakespeare thus alludes to them:

Insert. For where the buds thrust forth  
themselves"

From 'mid the bark, and burst its filmy  
coats,

A slight incision in the knot itself  
Is made; therein from out another tree

A bud they womb, and with the sappy bark  
They teach it to incorp'rate. Or again, 110

Stocks clear of knot are open cut, and deep  
Into the solid [wood] a path is split

With wedges; then are bearing stems let  
in:

Nor long the time, and vast hath shot to  
heaven

A tree with teemful boughs, and in amaze  
It views strange leaves, and fruitage not its  
own.

Moreover, single is not [found] the race,  
Nor in the gallant elms, nor willow-tree

And lotus, neither in the cypresses  
Of Ida; neither do the olives rich 120

Into one fashion grow,—the Orchades,  
And Radii, Pausia, too, with berry harsh;

And apples, and Alcinous's groves.  
Nor is the shoot the same in Crustuman,

And Syrian, and the weighty Voleme pears;  
Hangs not the same the vintage from our  
trees,

That Lesbos gathers from Methymna's  
spray.

There be the vines of Thasos, and there be  
The Mareotic whites;—for unctuous lands

These fit, for lighter those; the Psithian,  
too, 130

More serviceable for a raisin wine;  
And thin Lageos, [that is] doomed anon

To try the feet, and tie the tongue; the reds,

"You see, sweet maid, we marry  
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,  
And make conceive a bark of baser kind  
By bud of nobler race: this is an art  
Which does mend nature."

*Winter's Tale*, iv. 3.

J. Philips also; *Cider*, b. i.:

"Wouldst thou thy vats with generous juice should  
froth?

Respect thy orchards: think not that the trees  
Spontaneous will produce a wholesome draught.  
Let art correct thy breed; from parent bough  
A scion meetly sever; after, force

A way into the crab-stick's close-wrought grain  
By wedges, and within the living wound

Enclose the foster twig; nor over nice  
Refuse with thy own hands around to spread

The binding clay: ere long their differing veins  
Unite, and kindly nourishment convey

To the new pupil: now he shoots his arms  
With quickest growth; now shake the teeming  
trunk:

Down rain the impurpled balls, ambrosial fruit!"

133. Thomson, in a graphic but coarse description

of a drunken bout, alludes to the effect of excessive

liquor on the feet and tongue: *Autumn*, 535, 552:

And early-ripe. And with what verse shall I  
Sing thee, O Rhœtic? Nor for this do thou  
With bins Falernian vie. Vines, too, there be  
Of Aminæum, soundest-bodied wines,  
In whose respect the Tmolian rises up,  
And Phanaë's king himself; Argitis, too,  
The less, with whom no other could have  
vied 140

Or in so full a flow, or lasting on  
Throughout so many years. I could not  
thee,

O welcomed of the gods and second boards,  
Thou Rhodian, have passed by; Bumastus,  
too,

With swollen clusters. But no reckoning is  
How many be the kinds, nor what their  
names;

Nor sooth in reckoning to embrace them  
doth it boot;

Which he who fain would know, the self-  
same would

Fain learn how many sands on Lybia's plain  
By Zephyr are turmoiled; or, when on  
barks 150

More furious swoops the eastern blast, [fain]  
know

How many Ionian surges reach the shores.

"But earnest, brimming bowls  
Lave every soul, the table floating round,  
And pavement faithless to the fuddled foot. . . .

Their feeble tongues,  
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,  
Lie quite dissolved."

J. Philips, too, in *Cider*, b. i.; which whole  
poem is a happy imitation of the *Georgics*:

"But, farmer, look where full-ear'd sheaves of rye  
Grow wavy on the tilth; that soil select  
For apples; thence thy industry shall gain  
Tenfold reward; thy garner thence with store  
Surcharged shall burst; thy press with purest  
juice

Shall flow, which in revolving years may try  
Thy feeble feet, and bind thy faltering tongue."

Yet this is not always the effect:

"When we get a cup, sir,  
We old men prate apace."

J. Fletcher, *The Loyal Subject*, iv. 5.

138. To make *Tmolius* and *Phanaeus* refer immediately to wine, would seem too gross a Græcism  
even for Virgil.

149. "The which more eath it were for mortal  
wight

To tell the sands, or count the starres on hye."  
Spenser, *F. Q.* iv. 11, 53.

Addison introduces the Libyan whirlwind in a  
noble simile, foreshadowing the death of Cato:  
*Cato*, end of 2nd Act:

"So, where our wide Numidian wastes extend,  
Sudden, the impetuous hurricanes descend,  
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,  
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.  
The helpless traveller, with wild surprise,  
Sees the dry desert all around him rise,  
And smothered in the dusty whirlwind dies."

Nor, sooth, can every soil bear every  
[sort].

By rivers willows, and by miry tarns  
Grow alders; barren on the craggy mounts  
The mountain ashes; shores in myrtle-  
groves

Are most delighted; lastly, Bacchus loves  
The open hills, yews Aquilo and frosts.

See, too, the world by farthest tillers tamed,  
And eastern homes of Arabs; and tattooed  
Geloni. Unto trees are portioned out 161

Their countries: Ind alone black ebony  
Brings forth; to Saba's sons alone belongs

The sprig of incense. Why to thee re-  
hearse

Both balsams oozing from the musky wood,  
And berries of *Acanthus* aye in leaf?

Why woods of *Æthiopians*, silv'ring o'er  
With velvet wool, and how the Chinamen

Comb down the filmy fleeces from the  
leaves?

Or groves, which nearer to the ocean, Ind  
Doth bear, the corner of the farthest globe,

Where to out-top the tree's aerial crest 172  
Not any arrows have at [one] discharge

Had power;—and that nation is, in sooth,  
Not slack, when donned their quivers.

Media yields

The rueful juices and the ling'ring taste  
Of blessed citron, than the which more

prompt—  
If felon stepdames e'er have tainted draughts,  
And mingled drugs and not unharmed

spells,—  
No antidote arrives, and from the limbs 180  
Expels the sable bane. The tree itself

Gigantic is, and likest in its guise  
The bay; and were it not it flings far-wide

A different perfume, it a bay would be:

166. Milton uses an equivalent for *semper fronden-  
dis*:

"With myrtle brown, and ivy never-sere."

*Lycidas*.

171. It is not easy to see the exact meaning of  
*sinus* here. Voss thinks it signifies the swelling  
out of the world's extremity; in which case it  
should be rendered "bosom."

174. So Dryden of the height of Arcite's pyre:  
"So lofty was the pile; a Parthian bow,  
With vigour drawn, made to send the shaft below."

*Palamon and Arcite*, 2229, 30.

179. "For the maid servants and the girls of the  
house,  
I spiced them lately with a drowsy posset:

They will not hear in haste."

Middleton, *The Witch*, iv. 3.

"The surfeited grooms

Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugged  
their possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,  
Whether they live or die."

Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, ii. 2.



The leaves not falling off at any winds ;  
The bloom retentive e'en among the chief :  
Their breaths and fetid mouths the Medes  
therewith

Foment, and old asthmatic folk they cure.

But neither let the country of the Medes,  
Thrice rich in forest, nor let Ganges fair, 190  
Aye even Hermus, muddy with its gold,  
With eulogies of Italy compete ;  
Not Bactra, nor the Indians, and entire  
Panchaia, rich with incense-bearing sands.  
These spots no bulls, from nostrils breathing  
fire,

Have ploughed for monster dragon's seeded  
teeth ;

Nor hath with helmets, and with serried  
spears,

A springing crop of heroes bristled up ;  
But teemful corn, and Bacchus' Massic juice,  
Have filled them, olives tenant them and  
fruitful herds. 200

'Tis hence forth flings him tow'ring on the  
plain,

The warrior horse ; 'tis hence thy snowy  
droves,

Clitumnus, and that proudest sacrifice,  
The bull, oft bathed in thy religious flood,  
Rome's triumphs to the fanes of gods have  
led.

Here spring unceasing, and in stranger  
months

A summer-tide ; twice pregnant are the  
flocks,

Time serviceable for its fruits the tree.

183. " With laurels evergreen were shaded o'er,  
Or oak, or other leaves of lasting kind,  
Tenacious of the stem, and firm against the  
wind." Dryden, *Flower and Leaf*, 278-80.

188. " The Britons squeeze the works  
Of sedulous bees ; and, mixing odorous herbs,  
Prepare balsamic cups, to weezing lungs  
Medicinal, and short-breath'd ancient sires."  
J. Philips, *Cider*, b. ii.

189. Thomson has a successful imitation of this  
fine passage in *Liberty*, v. 32-82, in which he  
makes Britain take the place of Italy.

204. Garth is very happy in his description of the  
*Fortunate Islands*, where he dilates upon such a  
scene as this line suggests :

" Eternal spring with smiling verdure here  
Warms the mild air, and crowns the youthful year.  
From crystal rocks transparent rivulets flow ;  
The tuberose ever breathes, and violets blow.  
The vine undress'd her swelling clusters bears,  
The labouring hind the mellow olive cheers ;  
Blossom and fruit at once the citron shows,  
And as she pays discovers still she owes.  
The orange to her sun her pride displays,  
And gilds her fragrant apples with his rays :  
No blasts e'er discompose the peaceful sky,  
The springs but murmur, and the winds but sigh.  
The tuneful swans on gliding rivers float,  
And warbling dirges die on every note."

*Dispensary*, c. 4.

But ravening tigresses are far aloof,  
And lions' raging brood ; nor aconites 210  
Unhappy [mortals] as they cull betray ;  
Nor shoots unmeasured folds along the  
ground

The scaly snake, nor with so huge a trail  
Into a coil contracts him. Do thou add  
So many peerless cities, and their toil  
Of works ; so many towns, up-piled by hand  
Upon the craggy cliffs ; the rivers, too,  
That glide beneath their aged walls. Should  
I

The sea describe, which washes her above,  
And which below ? Or such her spacious  
lakes ? 220

Thee, Larius, vastest, and Benacus, thee,  
With waves and roar of ocean tow'ring  
high ?

Should I describe her havens, and the mole,  
Piled on the Lucrine, and the sea in wrath  
With thundering hissings, where the Julian  
wave

Booms from afar, as back the deep is poured,  
And the Tyrrhenian tide is sluiced within

211. " The seas in tumbling mountains did not  
roar,  
But like moist crystal whispered on the shore ;  
No snake did trace her meads, nor, ambushed,  
lower

In azure curls beneath the sweet spring flower ;  
The nightshade, henbane, nape, aconite,  
Her bowels then not bare, with death to smite  
Her guiltless brood."

Drummond, *Flowers of Sion, Fairest Fair*.

212. " Here thou shalt rest  
Upon this holy bank : no deadly snake  
Upon this turf herself in folds doth make ;  
Here is no poison for the toad to feed ;  
Here boldly spread thy hands : no venom'd weed  
Dares blister them ; no slimy snail dare creep  
Over thy face when thou art fast asleep ;  
Here never durst the babbling cuckoo spit ;  
No slough of falling star did ever hit  
Upon this bank."

J. Fletcher, *The Faithful Shepherdess*, iii. 1.

" These, as a line, their long dimensions drew,  
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace."  
Milton, *P. L.*, b. 7.

223. Thomson, alluding to the public works of  
Britain :

" And, by the broad imperious mole repell'd,  
Hark how the baffled storm indignant roars!"  
*Liberty*, v. 715.

Goldsmith happily describes similar efforts in  
Holland :

" Methinks her patient sons before me stand,  
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,  
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,  
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.  
Onward methinks, and diligently slow,  
The firm, connected bulwark seems to grow :  
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,  
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore ;  
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,  
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile."  
*Traveller*.



The narrows of Avernus? She, the same,  
Her rills of silver, and her mines of bronze,  
Hath in her veins unveiled to view, and  
flowed 230

With gold full plenteous. She a mettled  
race

Of heroes,—Marsi, and Sabellian youth,  
And Ligur, to calamity inured,  
And Volsci, armed with javelins, hath pro-  
duced;

The Decii she, the Marii, and the great  
Camilli, Scipio's offspring, steeled in war;  
And thee, O Cæsar, mightiest [of all],  
Who at this hour in Asia's farthest coasts,  
E'en now a conqueror, art warding off  
The craven Indian from the Roman towers.  
All hail! great nurse of fruits, Saturnian  
land, 241

Great [nurse] of heroes! For thy sake on  
themes

Of ancient praise and skill do I advance,  
The hallowed springs emboldened to un-  
lock,

And Ascræ's lay I sing through towns of  
Rome.

There now is place for innate characters  
Of soils; what pow'rs to each, what hue,  
and what,

In yielding produce, be their native force.  
First, churlish lands and stingy hills,  
where light

The clay, and shingle on the braky fields,  
[Is found], delight in the Palladian grove 251  
Of long-lived olive. For a sign there stands  
Wild-olive, in profusion springing up  
In the same territory, and the fields  
Bestrewed with wild-wood berries. But the  
soil,

That greasy is, and in delicious ooze

240. Shakespeare makes John of Gaunt say  
finely:

"This royal throne of kings, this scept'r'd isle,  
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-paradise,  
This fortress, built by nature for herself  
Against infection and the hand of war;  
This happy breed of men, this little world;  
This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
Which serves in it the office of a wall,  
Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
Against the envy of less happier lands;  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this  
England,  
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,  
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their  
birth." *King Richard II.*, ii. 1.

249. Perhaps Collins would furnish a better word,  
as a version of *maligni*, in his *Ode on Poetic Char-  
acter*:

"Where, tangled round the jealous steep,  
Strange shades o'erbrow the valleys deep."  
Milton, in *P. L.*, b. xi. 15, speaks of "envious  
winds."

Is blithesome, and the plain that thick [is  
stocked]

With grass, and is prolific in its breast,—  
Such as within a mountain's hollow vale  
Ofttimes to look adown on we are wont;—  
Stream hither from the summits of the cliffs  
The brooks, and trail along enriching  
slime:— 262

And that which to the southern gale is  
reared,

And feeds the fern abhorred by crooked  
ploughs:

This will to thee one day right hardy vines,  
And with abundant Bacchus rilling forth,  
Supply; this is prolific of the grape;  
This—of the liquor, such as we outpour  
From saucers and from gold, what time his  
[horn

Of] iv'ry hath the bloated Tuscan blown 270  
Hard by the altars, and we offer up  
From bending chargers entrails in a steam.

But if thy fancy rather be to tend  
The herds, and calves, and younglings of  
the ewes,

Or goats that sear the tilths, do thou seek  
out

The gorged Tarentum's glades and distant  
[leas],

And,—such as hapless Mantua hath lost,—  
A plain, that feeds upon its grassy flood  
The snowy swans. Thy flocks no crystal  
springs,

No grass shall fail; and howsoever much 280  
Thy cattle in the lengthful days shall browse,  
The icy dew shall in the scanty night  
So much replace. Lands, well nigh black,  
and fat

Beneath the sunken ploughshare, and whose  
mould

Is crimp (for we in ploughing copy this),  
Is best for corn: from no plain wilt thou  
see

More wains departing home with plodding  
steers;

Or [that] wherefrom the plougher in his  
wrath

Hath carried off a wood, and overturned  
The groves [that] idle [stood] through many  
a year, 290

And the time-honored homesteads of the  
birds

272. Or:

The steaming entrails from the bending trays.

291. So Dryden, of the destruction of timber for  
Arcite's funeral pile:

"Nor how the Dryads, or the woodland train,  
Discherish'd, ran howling o'er the plain:  
Nor how the birds to foreign seats repair'd,  
Or beasts that bolted out, and saw the forest  
bared;

Hath he uprooted with their deepest stocks;  
High [heav'n] have they, their nests forsaken, sought;

But the raw plain hath glistened forth beneath

The ploughshare driven in. For, of a truth,  
The hungry gravel of the hilly ground

Scarce caters lowly casia-plants for bees  
And rosemary; and tufa rough, and clay

Of Crete, by dun chelydri channelled out,  
Deny that other soils alike for snakes 300

Sweet cates purvey, and winding shrouds afford.

That which breathes out thin mist and flitting steam,

And drinks the moisture in, and when it lists  
Itself returns it from itself; that, too,

Which robes it aye in emerald turf its own,

Nor iron scathes with scurf and briny rust—  
That soil will plead thee elms with jovial vines;

That teemful is in oil; that thou wilt find  
In tilling both indulgent to the flock,

And tolerant of the crooked share. Such [land] 310

The wealthy Capua plougheth, and the coasts

Bord'ring Vesuvius' ridge, the Clanius, too,  
Not to the tenantless Acerræ just.

Now, by what method each thou may'st have power

To know, will I declare. If it be thin,  
Or past the customary manner close,

Shouldest thou demand, (since one befriends thy corn,

The other, wine,—the close doth rather Ceres,

Lyæus all the loosest,—) first a spot  
Shalt thou select by sight, and bid a pit 320

Be deeply sunken in the solid [soil],  
And all the earth shalt thou replace again,

And level with thy feet the surface sands.  
Shall they be lacking, thin, and for the flock

And bounteous vines more fit, its breast  
will prove.

Nor how the ground, now clear'd, with ghastly fright  
Beheld the sudden sun, a stranger to the light."

*Palamon and Arcite*, 2243-8.

299. In rendering *exesa*, commentators differ. One takes it in its simple sense of "eating away;" another in the dependent sense of "making cavities." If the former required justification,

*cibum* would furnish more than enough; while *latebras* would at least excuse the latter, which is less commonplace, and more pleasing.

305. Wagner and others read *viridis*, instead of *viridi*, but it would seem with slender authority from manuscripts.

But if they shall deny that they can pass  
Into their proper beds, and when the dykes  
Are filled, shall earth abound, the field is dense;

For sullen clods and heavy ridges look,  
And with thy sturdy steers break up the land. 330

But briny ground, and what is "bitter" called,

For grain unblest,—that neither mellow grows

By ploughing, nor doth it preserve his race  
For Bacchus, nor for fruits their rightful names:—

Such sample will afford: do thou thy frails  
Of matted osier, and the colanders

Of thy wine-presses from the smoky roofs  
Pull down. Therein let that malignant

soil,  
And from the springs sweet waters, to the brim

Be trampled: all the fluid, sooth, will  
struggle forth, 340

And drops enormous issue through the twigs;

But clear the flavor will a proof betray,  
And by a sense of bitterness distort

The miserable mouths of those that try.  
So, too, the land which unctuous is, in fine,

By this means learn we: never in the hands

When tossed it crumbles, but in guise of pitch

In handling to the fingers clings. [The soil,]

That moisty is, the nobler grasses feeds,  
And of itself is ranker than is right. 350

Ah! be not mine that too prolific ground,  
Nor show itself too strong with infant ears!

That which is heavy by its very weight  
Its silent self bewrays,—and what is light.

Ready it is beforehand by the eyes  
To learn the black, and what to each the hue;

But to search out the cursèd cold is hard:  
Pitch-pine trees only, and the harmful yews,

Or ivies dun at times disclose its tracks.  
These things observed, the earth remember thou 360

Long first to thoroughly melt, and thickly score

Great mounts with trenches, first—the clods  
outstretched

Upon their back to Aquilo to shew,  
Ere thou dig in the vine's rejoicing race.

Most excellent the fields with crumbling mould:

358. "Death does delight in yew, and I have robbed a church-yard for him."

*Shirley, Cupid and Death*, l. 12.

That [task] the winds and icy hoar-frosts  
make

Their care, and stalwart delver stirring up  
His loosened acres. But if any swains  
No watchfulness hath 'scaped, first search  
they out

A spot alike, where first may be prepared  
A nurs'ry for the trees, and [one,] whereto  
Hereafter, ranged abroad, it may be borne,  
Lest the young scions should decline to  
know 372

A mother, on a sudden changed. Yea, too,  
The quarter of the sky upon the rind  
They mark, that in what fashion each hath  
stood,

Upon what side the heats of Auster borne,  
What rear it hath directed to the Pole,  
They may replace it: 'tis of such avail  
To mould their habits in their tender  
[forms.]

Whether on hills or plains it better be  
To set the vine, seek first. Should'st thou  
lay out 381  
Fields of the fertile champaign, plant them  
close :

In a close [rank] not slower in his yield  
Is Bacchus ; but—if soil upraised in knolls,  
And hills aslope, be tender to your rows,  
Nor less let every alley to a nail—  
The trees in posture—with the avenue,  
Cut through them, square. As out in  
mighty war,

What time a lengthful legion has deployed  
Its squadrons, and upon the open plain 390  
The host hath halted, and the lines are  
ranged,

And all the earth is waving far and near  
With flashing bronze, nor yet the grisly  
frays

Do they commingle, but irresolute  
Mars wanders in the midst of arms. Let  
all

Be meted out in even ranks of paths ;  
Not only that the view the vacant mind  
May feed, but since not otherwise will earth  
Vouchsafe to all like vigor, nor the boughs  
Have pow'r to stretch them into empty  
[space]. 400

Perchance, too, thou may'st ask what be  
the depths

379. Or, if taken more generally :

To form their habits during tender [years].

396. Similarly Chaucer, *Flower and Leaf*, st. 5 :

" In which were okes great, streight as a line,  
Under the which the grass, so fresh of hev,  
Was newly sprong, and an eight foot or nine  
Every tree well fro his fellow grew,  
With branches brode, laden with leves new,  
That sprongen out ayen the sunne-shene,  
Some very red, and some a glad light grene."

For trenches. I would dare to trust my vine  
E'en to a shallow drill. At greater depth,  
And far adown in earth the tree is firm'd :  
The Æsculus among the first, which, high  
As with its summit to the gales of heaven,  
So deep it stretches with its roots to hell.

Hence this nor storms, nor gusts, nor  
show'rs uprear ;  
Unstirred it bides, and many sons of sons,  
While rolling [o'er it] many an age of  
men, 410

In lasting it survives. Then far and near  
As forth it spreads its gallant boughs and  
arms

On this side and on that, it by itself  
Upholdeth in the midst a mighty shade.

Nor let thy vineyards to the setting  
sun

Incline ; nor hazel plant among the vines ;  
Nor seek the topmost scions, or strip down  
Thy settings from the summit of the tree ;—  
So mighty is their love of earth ! nor harm  
The shoots with blunted iron ; nor do thou  
Among them sets of wild-wood olive plant.  
For oft from heedless shepherds fire hath  
dropped, 422

Which thievishly beneath the oily bark  
At first concealed, hath on the timbers  
seized,

And, stealing forth upon the leaves aloft,  
A mighty crackling to the welkin raised.  
Thence coursing on in conquest through  
the boughs,

And through the lofty crests, it rules, and  
wraps

In blazes all the grove, and gross with  
gloom

Of pitch, shoots forth to heav'n a murky  
cloud ; 430

In chief if some tornado from the height

404. But the season may be wrong for removal :

" Thus in the summer a tall flourishing tree,  
Transplanted by strong hand, with all her leaves  
And blooming pride upon her, makes a show  
Of spring, tempting the eye with wanton blossom ;  
But not the sun, with all his amorous smiles,  
The dews of morning, or the tears of night,  
Can root her fibres in the earth again,  
Or make her bosom kind to growth and bearing,  
But the tree withers." Shirley, *Chabot*, v. 3.

407. " Observe the forest oak, the mountain pine,  
The towering cedar, and the humble vine,  
The bending willow that o'ershades the flood,  
And each spontaneous offspring of the wood.  
The oak and pine, which high from earth arise,  
And wave their lofty heads amidst the skies,  
Their parent earth in like proportion wound,  
And through crude metals penetrate the ground ;  
Their strong and ample roots descend so deep,  
That fix'd and firm they may their station keep  
And the fierce shocks of furious winds defy,  
With all the outrage of inclement sky."

Sir R. Blackmore, *Creation*, b. ii.



Hath tilted on the forests, and the blast  
Rolls round the burnings as it hunts them on.  
When this [occurs], no vigor from the root  
Have they, nor when cut down have pow'r  
to rise

Anew, and like themselves to spring afresh  
In verdure from the deep of earth: unblest,  
Wild olive lords it with his bitter leaves.

Nor thee let any counsellor so sage  
Induce, when Boreas breathes, stiff earth to  
stir: 440

Then winter prisons in the fields with ice,  
Nor, when the seed is cast, doth it allow  
The frozen root to grapple to the earth.

For vineyards is the planting best, what  
time

In blushing spring the bird of white hath  
come,

Loathed by long snakes: or towards the  
earliest chills

Of autumn, when the speeding Sun not yet  
Is touching on the winter with his steeds,  
Now slips the summer by. Yea spring  
to leaves

Of groves, to woods is spring a boon;  
in spring 450

The lands are swelling, and their genial  
seeds

434. Forbiger thinks, and not without reason, that v. 312 should be punctuated as Wakefield recommends: *Hoc, ubi non a stirpe valent, &c.*, making v. 314 the consequence implied by *hoc*. In this case the translation of v. 312 must be varied thus:

"Thus, since they have no vigor from the root,  
Nor, when cut down, have pow'r to rise anew,  
And, copies of themselves, to spring afresh," &c.

438. Perhaps some may prefer:

"Survives wild olive," &c.

449. Spenser has a beautiful passage on this subject, embodied in an address to Venus, *Faerie Queene*, iv. 10, 45:

"Then doth the dædale earth throw forth to thee  
Out of her fruitfull lap abundant flowres;  
And then all living wights, soone as they see  
The Spring breake forth out of his lusty bowres,  
They all doe learne to play the paramours:  
First doe the merry birds, thy pretty pages,  
Privily pricked with thy lustfull powres,  
Chirpe loud to thee out of their leavy cages,  
And thee their mother call to coole their kindly  
rages."

449. "Wonder must speak or break! What is  
this? grows

The wealth of Nature here, or Art? it shows  
As if Favonius, father of the Spring,  
Who in the verdant meads doth reign sole king,  
Had roused him here, and shook his feathers, wet  
With purple swelling nectar; and had let  
The sweet and fruitfull dew fall on the ground,  
To force out all the flowers that might be found;  
Or a Minerva with her needle had  
The enamoured earth with all her riches clad,  
And made the downy Zephyr, as he flew,  
Still to be followed with the Spring's best hue."

Ben Jonson, *Vision of Delight*.

Demand. Then Æther, the almighty sire,  
With fertilizing showers droppeth down  
Upon the lap of his rejoicing bride,  
And all her embryos he, mighty, feeds,  
Blent with her mighty frame. Then echo  
forth

The warless thickets with the warbling  
birds,

And Venus herds reseek on days decreed;  
The bounteous field is in the throes of birth;  
And to the Zephyr's breezes softly-warm 460  
The fields unlock their breasts. Abounds  
in all

A gentle moisture; and to stranger suns  
The buds in safety dare themselves to trust.  
Nor fears the viny spray the rising gales  
Of south, or shower, hunted through the  
heaven

By mighty northern blasts, but pushes forth  
Its buds, and all its leafage it unfolds.

That days none other at the infant birth  
Of the arising world had o'er it dawned,  
Or held another course, could I have  
deemed. 470

That [tide] was spring; the mighty globe  
kept spring,

And eastern gales forebore their wintry  
gusts,

What time primeval flocks drank in the  
light,

And men's earth-gendered race its head  
upraised

From flinty fields, and savage beasts were  
loosed

Upon the woods, and stars upon the sky.  
Nor would soft things be able to endure

This travail, were not such profound re-  
pose

To intervene betwixt both cold and heat,  
And Heav'n's indulgence to relieve the  
lands. 480

For what remains, what shoots soever  
thou

Shalt plunge throughout thy fields, with  
rich manure

Bestrew, and mindful hide with plenteous  
soil;

Or delve in spongy stone, or rugged  
shells:

For 'tween them will the waters trickle  
through,

452. "Ethereal Jove then glads with genial showers  
Earth's mighty womb, and strews her lap with  
flowers;

Hence juices mount, and buds embolden'd try  
More kindly breezes, and a softer sky.  
Kind Venus revels. Hark! on every bough  
In lulling strains the feather'd warblers woo;  
Fell tigers soften in th' infectious flames,  
And lions, fawning, court their brinded dames."  
Tickell, *Fragment on Hunting*.



And subtle breath [of heav'n] will work  
below,  
Aye, and their spirits will the plants up-  
raise.

Ere now, too, have been found, who with a  
stone

At top, and with the burden of a sherd  
Enormous, would depress them: this, a  
shield 490

'Gainst sluicy showers; this, what time  
with drought

The Dog, heat-bringing, splits the yawning  
fields.

When planted be the scions, it remains  
The soil to crumble oftener at the roots,  
And ply remorseless drags, or work the  
ground

Beneath the sunken share, and wheel about  
Among the very vine-rows straining steers.  
Then glossy canes, and shafts of rod un-  
barked,

And ashen stakes to fit, and sturdy prongs,  
By strength whereof they may themselves  
inure 500

To struggle upward, and to scorn the winds,  
And track the stages through the heights  
of elms.

And while their infant age with new  
[-born] leaves

Is rip'ning, thou must spare the tender  
[plants];

And while the tendril shoots it to the gales  
In joyance, through the cloudless [air] let  
loose

With slackened reins, it must not yet be  
tried

With edge of knife, but with the hands  
inbent

The leaves be nipped, and gathered here  
and there.

Thereafter, when they now with lusty stems  
Their elms infolding, shall have mounted up,  
Then strip their locks, then lop their arms :  
—ere this 512

They dread the iron :—then at last exert  
A heartless sway, and curb the gadding  
boughs.

512. "Go thou, and, like an executioner,  
Cut off the heads of too-fast growing sprays."

"All superfluous branches  
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live."

Shakespeare, *King Richard II.*, iii. 4.

Spenser uses "locks" of trees, as Virgil *Comæ* :  
*R. Q.*, ii. 11, 19 :

"As withered leaves drop from their dried stockes,  
When the wroth western wind does reave their  
locks."

Milton, also, *P. L.*, b. x. :

"While the winds  
Blow moist and keen, shattering the grateful locks  
Of these fair spreading trees."

Pleached, too, must hedges be, and  
every flock

Restrained; in chief while delicate the leaf,  
And unaware of toils, to which, beyond  
The ruffian winters, and the tyrant Sun,  
Wild bulls unceasingly and pestering roes,  
Do wanton harm; [upon it] browse the  
sheep 520

And greedy heifers. Nor so much the  
chills,

All curdled with the silv'ry rime, or heat,  
Down bearing scathful on the parching  
cliffs,

Have worked it mischief, as those flocks  
[have caused];

The poison, too, of their remorseless fang,  
And scar imprinted on the nibbled stem.

For fault none else to Bacchus is the goat  
On every altar slain, and olden plays  
The stages enter, and rewards for wit,  
Hamlets and crossways round, have Theseus'  
sons 530

Proposed, and 'mid the goblets jovial  
danced

In downy meadows on the smeary skins.  
Yea, Auson boors, a Troy-sprung race,  
disport

With doggrel ditties and unbridled mirth,  
And don the ghastly masks of hollowed  
bark :

And upon thee, O Bacchus, do they call  
In hymns of gladness, and to thee uphang  
The swinging visors from the lofty pine.

Hence every vineyard with a plenteous  
crop

Is rip'ning, and the hollow vales are filled,  
And deepsome glades, and every spot,  
whereto 541

The god hath veered about his comely head.  
To Bacchus, therefore, will we duly chant  
His rightful honor in our country's songs,  
And chargers and the holy cakes present ;  
And, led by horn, the consecrated goat  
Shall at the altar stand, and we will roast  
His oily entrails upon hazel-spits.

There is, moreo'er, in tending vines,  
that second toil,

Which of exhaustion never hath enough. 550  
For all the ground from year to year both  
thrice

And four times must be cloven, and the clod  
For ever broken by inverted drags ;

525. "So may thy tender blossoms fear no blight,  
Nor goats with venom'd teeth thy tendrils bite."

Dryden, *Palamon and Arcite*, 669, 70.

531. "Ful red cheekt Bacchus, let Lyeus fote  
In burnisht gobblets. Force the plump lipt god  
Skip light lavoltas in your full sapt vaines."

Marston, *Antony and Mellida*, P. 2, v. 4.

538. Or, perhaps: "gentle visors."

The grove must all be lightened of the leaf.  
Returns in cycle to the husbandmen  
Past toil, and on itself the year is wheeled  
Along through its own tracks. And now  
at length,

When its late leafage hath the vineyard  
dropped,

And chilly Aquilo hath shaken down  
From woods their pride—e'en then the  
hind, alert, 560

His pains outstretches to the coming year,  
And with hooked fang of Saturn he pur-  
sues

His vine forsaken, as he clips it close,  
And by his pruning moulds it into shape.  
Be first thy ground to dig, be first to burn  
The brush-wood borne away, and be the  
first

The stakes to carry back beneath thy roof;  
Be last to reap. Shade twice assails the  
vines;

Twice overrun the crop with matted thorns  
The weeds : sore either toil. Praise spacious  
farms; 570

A small one cultivate. Moreover, too,  
Sharp twigs of butcher-broom throughout  
the wood,

And by the banks the river-reed is cut,  
And care of willow-grove untilld employs.  
Now fettered are the vines; now trees lay  
down

The pruning-blade; now sings his farthest  
rows

The worn-out vintager : natheless the earth  
Is to be worried, and the mould stirred up;  
And now must Jove be feared for ripened  
grapes.

On th' other hand, no tilth is [requisite]  
For olives; nor the fore-crooked knife do  
they 581

Await, and griping harrows, when they  
once

Have fastened to the earth and borne the  
gales.

To the young plantings of herself the earth,  
When by the hooked fang she is unlocked,  
Purveys her moisture, and her weighty  
fruits,

560. Pope says very beautifully in his 4th Pas-  
toral, 31 :

" Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,  
Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.  
See, where on earth the flowery glories lie,—  
With her they flourish'd, and with her they die."

Collins, too, applies "honour" to express leaves;  
Eclogue iv. :

" Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,  
Droops its fair honours to the conquering flame,"

563. Or: " His widowed vine, close cl'pping it."

When by the share. On this account do  
thou

The olive foster, rich, and dear to Peace.

The fruit-trees, also, soon as they their  
stems

Have felt in vigor, and their rightful  
strength 590

Have gained, in snatches struggle to the  
stars

By energy their own, and needing naught  
Of our assistance. Nor the less, meanwhile,

With produce heavy waxes every grove,  
And flush with berries of a bloody hue

The wild resorts of birds. The cytisi  
Are cropped, the stately forest brands sup-  
plies,

And nightly fires are fed, and pour their rays.  
And scruple men to plant and pains bestow?

Why greater [themes] pursue? The sallow-  
shrubs 600

And lowly brooms,—or they to flock the leaf,  
Or shades to shepherds furnish, and a fence

For seeded grounds, and food for honey  
[-bees].

And 'tis a joy Cytorus to behold,  
Waving with box, and groves of Naryx'

pitch;

It joys the fields to witness, nor to rakes  
Beholden, nor to any pains of men.

The very forests, barren on the crest  
Of Caucasus, which gusty eastern blasts

Unceasingly both break and bear away, 610  
Grant each their various produce; grant

they pines,

A wood for ships of service, for our houses  
Both juniper and cypresses. Hence spokes

Have farmers turned for wheels, hence  
drums for wains,

And bending keels for barks laid down. In  
twigs

Are willow-trees prolific, elms in leaves;

588. " Then as the olive  
Is the meek ensign of fair fruitful peace,  
So is this kiss of yours."

Middleton, *The Witch*, iv. 1.

612. Verses 442-453 will bring to the recollection  
of the readers of Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, i. 1, 8, 9 :

" Much can they praise the trees so straight  
and hy :

The sayling pine; the cedar proud and tall;  
The vine-propp elme; the poplar never dry;

The buidler oake, sole king of forrests all;  
The a-pine, good for staves; the cypresse funerall;

The laurell, meed of mightie conquerours  
And poets sage; the firre that weepeth still;

The willow, worne of forlorne paramours;  
The eugh, obedient to the benders will;

The birch, for shaftes; the sallow for the mill;  
The mirthe sweete-bleeding in the Litter wound ;"

The warlike beech; the ash for nothing ill;  
The fruitfull olive; and the platane round;  
The carver holme; the maple, sceldom inward  
sound."

But myrtle for stout spears, and, good for war,

The cornel ; into Iturean bows

The yews are bent. Nor do the glossy limes,  
Or box that takes a polish in the lathe, 620  
No shape receive, or by the sharpened tool  
Are grooved. Nor less, too, swims the  
seething wave

The buoyant alder, launched upon the Po ;  
Nor less, too, do the bees their swarms  
ensconce

As well within the vaulted [hives of] bark,  
As in the hollow of the cankered holm.  
What to be named alike have Bacchus' gifts  
Bestowed ? E'en Bacchus hath for crime  
supplied

Occasions. He the Centaurs in their rage  
With death o'erpowered,—Rhœtus both,  
and Pholus, 630

Hylæus, too, with mighty wassail-bowl  
Against the Lapithæ denouncing threats.

O happy, too, too [happy] if they knew  
The blessings that are theirs,—the swains,  
to whom,

Of her own self, afar from wrangling arms,  
Most righteous earth unbosoms from the soil

621. See note on *Geo.* i. 115.

628. Spenser thus alludes to the fight :

"And there the relics of the drunken fray,  
The which amongst the Lapithæes befell ;  
And of the bloodie feast, which sent away  
So many Centaures drunken soules to hell,  
That under great Alcides furie fell."

*Faerie Queene*, iv. 1, 23.

"All now was turned to jollity and game,  
To luxury and riot, feast and dance ;  
. . . . . thence from cups to civil broils."  
Milton, *P. L.*, b. xi.

Milton also makes Samson say :

"Nor envied them the grape,  
Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes."

"Nor the Centaurs' tale  
Be here repeated, how with lust and wine  
Inflamed they fought, and spill'd their drunken souls  
At feasting hour." J. Phillips, *Cider*, b. ii.

Gay, however, is rather jealous of the reputation  
of Bacchus :

"Drive hence the rude and barbarous dissonance  
Of savage Thracians and Croatian boors :  
The loud Centaurian broils with Lapithæ  
Sound harsh and grating to Lenæan god."

*Poem on Wine*.

It may be bad enough, even without hostilities :

"He that lives within a mile of this place  
Had as good sleep in the perpetual  
Noise of an iron mill. There's a dead sea  
Of drink 't the cellar, in which goodly vessels  
Lie wrecked ; and in the middle of this deluge  
Appear the tops of flaggons and black-jacks,  
Like churches drowned 't the marshes."

Beaumont, *The Scornful Lady*, ii. 2.

633. Thomson finely imitates this whole passage,  
verses 458—540, in his *Autumn*, 1235—1373 ; but it  
is too long to quote.

A ready diet ! If no mighty tide  
Of morning greeters, through its haughty  
doors,

A stately mansion forth from all its halls  
Disgorges ; neither do they stare agape 640  
On gates enamelled with the lovely shell,  
And garments made the sport of gold, and  
forms

In Ephyr's bronze ; nor is their snowy wool  
Dyed in Assyria's poison, nor is marred  
With casia service of the crystal oil :  
Yet careless rest, and life that knows not  
guile,

Rich in a varied wealth ; yet hours of ease  
In fields extended, grots, and living meres ;  
Yet Tempe cool, and lowings of the kine,  
And balmy slumbers underneath the tree,—  
Keep not aloof. There woodlands and the  
lairs 651

Of savage beasts, and youth enduring toils,  
And used to scantness ; holy rites of gods,

638. "Hast thou not seen my morning chambers  
filled

With sceptred slaves, who waited to salute me ?"  
Dryden, *All for Love*, iii. 1.

644. "Shall we seek Virtue in a satin gown,  
Embroidered Virtue ? Faith in a well-curled  
feather ?"

J. Fletcher, *The Loyal Subject*, iii. 2.

"I want the trick of flattery, my lord ;  
I cannot bow to scarlet and gold lace ;  
Embroidery is not an idol for my worship."  
Shirley, *The Duke's Mistress*, i. 1.

646. "But careless Quiet lies."  
Spenser, *F. Q.*, i. i, 41.

"There in close covert by some brook,  
Where no profaner eye may look,  
Hide me from day's garish eye,  
While the bee with honied thigh,  
That at her flowery work doth sing,  
And the waters murmuring,  
With such consort as they keep,  
Entice the dewy-feathered sleep."

Milton, *Il Penseroso*.

See T. Warton's elegant poem, *The Hamlet*.

652. Shakespeare makes Henry the Sixth agree  
with the poet ; the king says, 3 *Hen. VI.*, ii. 5 :

"Ah, what a life were this ; how sweet ! how  
lovely !

Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade  
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,  
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy  
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery ?  
O, yes, it doth ; a thousandfold it doth.  
And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,  
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,  
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,  
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,  
Is far beyond a prince's delicacies,  
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,  
His body couched in a curious bed,  
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him."

653. "The use of things is all, and not the store ;  
Surfeit and fullness have killed more than Famine."

Ben Jonson, *The Staple of News*, end.

"Upon those lips, the sweet fresh buds of youth,  
The holy dew of prayer lies, like pearl



And worshipped sires : 'mong them her  
latest tracks  
Did justice, from the earth withdrawing,  
print.

But me the chiefest, may the Muses,  
sweet  
'Bove all [attractions], whose religious  
[gifts]

I bear, deep smitten with a mighty love,  
Embrace, and shew the pathways and the  
stars

Of heav'n, the changeful fadings of the sun,  
And travails of the moon ; whence [comes]  
the quake 661

To earth ; beneath what pow'r deep seas  
upheave,

When burst their barriers, and again sink  
back

Themselves upon themselves ; why speed  
so fast

To dip them in the ocean wintry suns,  
Or what delay withstands the laggard nights.  
But if, lest I be able to approach

These parts of Nature, chill around my heart  
My blood have proved a hindrance, may  
the fields

Charm me, and streamlets rilling in the  
dales ; 670

The floods and forests may I love, unfamed !  
Oh ! [could I live] where [lie] the plains,  
Sperchæus too,

And, wildly revelled o'er by Spartan maids,  
The ridges of Tayget. Oh ! [for one]

To set me down in Hæmus' icy glens,  
And curtain me with vasty shade of boughs !

Happy [the man] who hath availed to learn  
The springs of Nature, and all fears, and  
fate,

Deaf to appeal, hath flung beneath his feet,

Dropt from the opening eyelids of the morn  
Upon the bashful rose."

Middleton, *A Game at Chess*, i. 1.

"The immortal gods  
Accept the meanest altars, that are raised  
By pure devotion ; and sometimes prefer  
An ounce of frankincense, honey or milk,  
Before whole hecatombs, or Sabeian gums,  
Offered in ostentation."

Massinger, *The Bondman*, iv. 3.

655. "Or wert thou that just Maid, who once  
before

Forsook the hated earth?"

Milton, *Ode on the Death of an Infant*.

661. "To dance  
With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon  
Eclipses at their charms." Milton, *P. L.*, b. ii.

669. "Nor ask I from you  
Your learning and deep knowledge ; though I am  
not

A scholar, as you are, I know them diamonds,  
By your sole industry, patience, and labour,  
Forced from steep rocks, and with much toil at-  
tained." J. Fletcher, *The Elder Brother*, v. 1.

And greedy Acheron's roar ! Blest, too,  
is he, 680

Who knows the rural deities, both Pan,  
And old Silvanus, and the sister Nymphs !  
Him have no fasses of the populace,  
Nor monarchs' purple warped ; nor civil  
feud,

The traitor brothers goading, or the Dace,  
Down swooping from the Danube oath-  
colleagued ;

Not Roman fortunes and expiring realms :  
Nor has he either, in compassion, mourned  
The destitute, or envied him that hath.

What fruits the boughs, what willing fields  
themselves, 690

Of free accord, have yielded, he hath culled ;  
Nor laws of iron and the frantic bar,  
Nor people's archive-halls, hath he beheld.  
Some fret with oarage hidden seas, and rush  
On steel ; they pierce the courts and gates  
of kings.

One with extermination makes assault  
Upon his city, and Penates sad,  
That he may from a jewel quaff, and sleep

683. "A wise man never goes the people's way :

But as the planets still move contrary

To the world's motion, so doth he to opinion."

Ben Jonson, *The New Inn*, iv. 3.

688. That is, in his happy neighborhood there  
is no poverty to be seen : it does not mean to deny  
that

"The poor man's cry he thought a holy knell :

No sooner gan their suits to pierce his ears,

But fair-eyed pity in his heart did dwell ;

And like a father that affection bears

So tendered he the poor with inward tears,

And did redress their wrongs when they did call ;

But, poor or rich, he still was just to all."

Robert Greene, *A Maiden's Dream*.

692. "To drown the tempest of a pleader's tongue."

Massinger, *The Fatal Dowry*, i. 1.

695. The kings were courted because they lacked  
either the sense or honesty to say :

"Wherefore pay you

This adoration to a sinful creature ?

I'm flesh and blood, as you are, sensible

Of heat and cold, as much a slave unto

The tyranny of my passions, as the meanest

Of my poor subjects. The proud attributes,

By oil-tongued flattery imposed upon us,

Coined to abuse our frailty, though compounded,

And by the breath of sycophants applied,

Cure not the least fit of an ague in us.

We may give poor men riches, confer honours

On undeservers, raise or ruin such

As are beneath us, and, with this puffed up,

Ambition would persuade us to forget

That we are men : but he that sits above us,

And to whom, at our utmost rate, we are

But pageant properties, derides our weakness."

Massinger, *The Emperor of the East*, v. 2.

698. "Instead of gold

And cups of hollowed pearl, in which I used

To quaff deep healths of rich pomegranate wine,

This scallop shall be now my drinking cup

To sip cold water."

Webster, *The Thracian Wonder*, iii. 2.



On Sarra's purple ; wealth another hoards,  
And o'er his deeply-buried gold he broods.  
One, awe-struck at the Rostra, stands  
amazed ;

701

Another, staring on with mouth agape,  
The clapping through the seats, yea doubly  
pealed,  
Of commons both and sires hath held en-  
chained.

They joy, bespattered with their brothers'  
blood,

For exile, too, their homes and thresholds  
dear

Do they exchange, and seek a land that lies  
Beneath another sun. The husbandman  
The earth hath Sundered with his crooked  
plough :

Hence the year's travail ; hence his native  
land

710

And children's infant children he supports ;  
Hence droves of oxen and deserving steers.  
Nor is there rest ; but either with its fruits  
The year o'erflows, or in the birth of flocks,  
Or sheaf of Cereal stalk, and with its yield  
The furrows lades, and vanquishes the  
barns.

" Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts  
On citron tables or Atlantic stone ; . . .  
Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,  
Chios, and Crete ; and how they quaff in gold,  
Crystal, and myrrhine cups, emboss'd with gems  
And studs of pearl." Milton, *P. R.*, b. iv.

" I, that forgot

I was made of flesh and blood, and thought the  
silk,

Spun by the diligent worms out of their entrails,  
Too coarse to clothe me, and the softest down  
Too hard to sleep on."

Massinger, *The Bondman*, iii. 3.

700. " You swear, forswear, and all to compass  
wealth :

Your money is your god, your hoard your heaven."

Robert Greene, *James the Fourth*, v. 4.

" No ! I'll not lessen my dear golden heap,  
Which, every hour increasing, does renew  
My youth and vigour ; but, if lessened,—then,  
Then my poor heart-strings crack ! Let me enjoy  
it,  
And brood o'er 't, while I live, it being my life,  
My soul, my all."

Massinger, *The Roman Actor*, ii. 1.

" But the base miser starves amidst his store,  
Broods on his gold, and, gripping still at more,  
Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor."

Dryden, *Wife of Bath's Tale*, 468-70.

" As some lone miser, visiting his store,  
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er ;  
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,  
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still."

Goldsmith, *Traveller*.

703.

" This applause,  
Confirmed in your allowance, joys me more  
Than if a thousand full-cramped theatres  
Should clap their eager hands, to witness that  
The scene I act did please, and they admire it."

Massinger, *The Renegade*, iv. 3.

Winter is come : in olive-mills is brayed  
The Sicyon berry ; with the acorn blithe,  
The swine return ; their arbutues give the  
woods,

And autumn in variety lays down

720

Its produce, and the mellow vintage high  
Is ripened on the sunny rocks. Meanwhile  
His darling boys around his kisses hang ;  
The taintless house its chastity preserves ;  
Their udders do the kine drop milky down,  
And plump upon the merry green the kids  
Between them struggle with confronted  
horns.

Himself the days of feast observes, and,  
stretched

Along the turf, where in the midst the fire  
Is burning, and his comrades wreath the  
bowl,

730

Thee, pouring, O Lenæan, he invokes ;  
And for the masters of the flock appoints  
The games of flying javelin on the elm ;  
And stalwart frames they strip for rural list.  
This life of yore the olden Sabines led ;  
This Remus and his brother ; thus in sooth  
Etruria brave hath waxed, and Rome become  
The loveliest of things, and for herself  
Seven heights hath singly girdled with a  
wall.

Ere, too, the sceptre of the Cretan king,  
And ere a godless nation banqueted  
On butchered steers, the golden Saturn led  
This life on earth. Nor had they, too,

741

723. The cessation of such tendernesses is sadly  
described by Gray in his *Elegy* :

" No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share."

Thomson has a tender touch of nature, taken,  
like this of Virgil, from home life. In a very suc-  
cessful description of a father lost in a snow-storm,  
he says :

" In vain his little children, peeping out  
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire  
With tears of artless innocence."

Winter, 313-315.

730. " The woods, or some near town  
That is a neighbour to the bordering down,  
Hath drawn them thither 'bout some lusty sport,  
Or spiced wassail-bowl, to which resort  
All the young men and maids of many a cote,  
Whilst the trim minstrel strikes his merry note."

J. Fletcher, *The Faithful Shepherdess*, v. 1.

743. So Milton describes mankind after the  
Flood ; *P. L.*, b. xii. :

" With some regard to what is just and right  
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace,  
Labouring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,  
Corn, wine, and oil ; and, from the herd or flock,  
Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid,  
With large wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred feast,  
Shall spend their days in joy unblamed."

And Thomson, of the reign of Peace ; *Britannia*,  
113, &c. :

" Pure is thy reign, when, unaccursed by blood,  
Nought save the sweetness of indulgent showers

Yet heard the trumpets blasted, nor as yet,  
On hardy stithies laid, the falcons clang.

Trickling distils into the vernant glebe,  
Instead of mangled carcasses, sad-seen,  
When the blithe sheaves lie scattered o'er the  
field;  
When only shares, the crooked knife,

But we have an interminable plain  
Accomplished in our circuits, and it now  
Is time our coursers' smoking necks to free.

And hooks imprint the vegetable wound;  
When the land blushes with the rose alone,  
The falling fruitage and the bleeding vine."

## BOOK III.

THEE likewise, mighty Pales, also thee,  
O worthy of remembrance, will we sing,  
Thou shepherd from Amphrysus; you, ye  
woods,

And rivers of Lyceus. Other [themes],  
The which might idle spirits have enchained  
With minstrelsy, all now world-wide are  
spread.

Who either stern Eurystheus doth not know,  
Or altars of Busiris, the unpraised?  
By whom hath stripling Hylas not been  
sung,

And Lato's Delos, and Hippodame, 10  
And Pelops, with an ivory shoulder badged,  
Keen on his steeds? A path must be  
essayed,

Whereby myself too I may lift from earth,  
And float triumphant thro' the mouths of  
men.

I, foremost, to my native land with me,  
(Let only life survive,) as I return  
From Aon peak will lead the Muses down;  
I, foremost, Mantua, to thee will bring  
The palms of Idumea, and a fane  
Upon the verdant plain will I uprear 20  
Of marble, by the water, where, immense  
With lazy windings, Mincius strays away,  
And fringes o'er his banks with tender reed.  
For me shall Cæsar in the centre stand,  
And hold the fane. For him a conqueror I,  
In Tyrian purple, too, observed of all,

*Line 15.* Gray thus finely alludes to the decay of  
poetry in Greece, and its translation to Rome;  
*Progress of Poesy*:

"Where each old poetic mountain  
Inspiration breath'd around;  
Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain  
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:  
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,  
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains."

22. So Milton, in *Lycidas*:

"O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood,  
Smooth sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal  
reeds."

26. Ophelia, mourning over Hamlet's insanity,  
speaks of him as

"The expectancy and rose of the fair state,  
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,  
The observ'd of all observers." *Hamlet*, iii. 1.

A hundred four-yoked chariots will impel  
Along the floods. The whole of Greece  
for me,

Alpheus leaving and Molorchus' groves,  
In races and the cestus raw shall strive. 30  
Myself, upon my head bedecked with leaves  
Of shaven olive, will my gifts present.

E'en now the grave processions to the  
shrines

It joys to lead, and view the butchered  
steers;

Or how the scene with shifted fronts with-  
draws,

And how the intertissued Britons raise  
The purple curtains. On the folding-doors  
The battle of the Gangarids will I

Of gold and massive ivory portray,  
And conquering Quirinus' arms; and here,  
Surging with war, and flushing huge, the  
Nile, 41

And pillars, tow'ring up with naval bronze.  
I Asia's humbled cities will subjoin,  
And chased Niphates, and the Parth, that  
trusts

In flight, and in his rear-directed shafts;  
Twain trophies, also, from a severed foe  
By prowess reft, and, triumphed over twice,  
Nations from either shore. And there shall  
stand

The stones of Paros, effigies that breathe,

44. "Oh! let us gain a Parthian victory:  
The only way to conquer is to fly."  
Dryden, *Love Triumphant*, ii. 1.

49. "I am but dead, stone looking upon stone:  
What was he that did make it? See, my lord,  
Would you not deem it breathed, and that those veins  
Did verily bear blood?"

Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*, v. 3.

"Some carve the trunks, and breathing shapes  
bestow,  
Giving the trees more life than when they grow."  
Cowley, *Davidels*, b. ii.

"The fairest, softest, sweetest frame beneath,  
Now made to seem, and more than seem, to  
breathe." Parnell, *Hesiod*.

"And breathing forms from the rude marble start."  
T. Warton, *Sonnet* v.

"Heroes in animated marble frown,  
And legislators seem to think in stone."  
Pope, *Temple of Fame*.

The lineage of Assaracus, and names 50  
Of the Jove-issued race, both father Tros,  
And Troja's Cynthian founder. Envy curst  
Shall dread the Furies, and the rigid tide  
Of Cocyt, and Ixion's twisted snakes,  
And monster wheel, and the unconquerable  
stone.

Meanwhile the Dryads' woods and glades  
untouched

Track we, Mæcenas, thy no soft behests :  
My soul without thee nothing lofty founds.  
Lo! come, burst slow delays! with loud  
halloo

Cithæron calls us, and Tayget's hounds, 60  
And Epidaurus, breaker-in of steeds :  
The cry, too, doubled by the lawns' ap-  
proof,

Comes thund'ring back. Soon ne'ertheless  
shall I

Be girt to celebrate the burning fights  
Of Cæsar, and his name in fame to waft  
Throughout as many years, as Cæsar stands  
In distance from Tithonus' earliest source.

If either any, stricken with amaze  
At prizes of Olympic palm, feeds steeds ;  
Or any—bullocks, sturdy for the ploughs ;—  
Chief let him choose the bodies of the  
dams.

Best is the figure of the grim-eyed cow, 72  
In whom uncemely is the head, in whom  
Abundant is the neck, and from her chin  
As far as to her legs the dewlap hangs.

Then to her lengthful side there is no bound :  
All is enormous, e'en the foot ; and th' ears  
Are shaggy underneath the crumpled horns.  
Nor would distasteful be to me one badged  
With spots and white, or that declines the  
yoke, 80

And is at times uncivil with her horn,  
And in her guise [comes] nearer to a bull,  
And who all tow'ring [stands], and as she  
walks

Brushes her footsteps with her tip of tail.  
The age, Lucina and due marriage-rites  
To suffer, ceases before ten, begins  
After four years ; the rest is neither meet  
For breeding, nor robust for ploughs.

Meantime,  
While to thy flocks survives a merry youth,  
Let loose the males ; to Venus be the first  
To send thy cattle-droves, and race from  
race 91

Supply by breeding. Each best day of life  
From wretched mortals is the first to fly :  
Steal on diseases, and a crabbed eld,

94. "Who would live long?  
Who would be old? 'tis such a weariness,  
Such a disease, that hangs like lead upon us.  
As it increases, so vexations,

And toil, and ruthlessness of rigid death  
Sweeps them away. There aye will be,  
whose frames

Thou wouldest liefer should be changed :  
then aye

Do thou recruit them ; and lest thou again  
Should seek them lost, forestall, and for  
thy herd

A youthful offspring year by year allot. 100  
Nor less, too, is the choice the same for  
brood

Of horses. Do but thou on those, which  
thou

Shalt settle for the nation's hope to raise,  
Espcial pains now straight from tender  
[years]

Bestow. From first the colt of noble strain  
In statelier fashion paces in the fields,  
And plants and plants again his supple  
legs ;

And in the van to enter on the path,

Griefs of the mind, pains of the feeble body,  
Rheums, coughs, catarrhs : we are but our living  
coffins."

J. Fletcher, *A Wife for a Month*, ii. 5.

"Time is the moth  
Of Nature, devours all beauty."

Shirley, *The Humorous Courtier*, i. 1.

"A flower that does with opening morn arise,  
And, flourishing the day, at evening dies ;  
A winged eastern blast, just skimming o'er  
The ocean's brow, and sinking on the shore ;  
A fire, whose flames through crackling stubble  
fly ;

A meteor, shooting from the summer sky ;  
A bowl adown the bending mountain roll'd ;  
A bubble breaking, and a fable told ;  
A noontide shadow, and a midnight dream,—  
Are emblems which, with semblance apt, proclaim  
Our earthly course." Prior, *Solomon*, b. iii.

99. "Scions such as these  
Must become new stocks, for us to glory  
In their fruitful issue : so we are made  
Immortal one by other."

Middleton, *A Fair Quarrel*, iii. 2.

108. On the impatience of the horse Pope is very  
happy :

"The impatient courser pants in every vein,  
And, pawing, seems to beat the distant plain :  
Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,  
And ere he starts a thousand steps are lost."

*Windsor Forest*.

108-125. "Oft in this season too the horse, provoked,  
While his big sinews full of spirits swell,  
Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,  
Springs the high fence : and, o'er the field effused,  
Darts on the gloomy flood, with steadfast eye,  
And heart estranged to fear : his nervous chest,  
Luxuriant and erect, the seat of strength,  
Bears down th' opposing stream : quenchless his  
thirst ;

He takes the river at redoubled draughts,  
And with wide nostrils snorting, skims the wave."  
Thomson, *Summer*, 506-515.

"Survey the warlike horse! Didst thou invest  
With thunder his robust distended chest?  
No sense of fear his dauntless soul allays ;  
Tis dreadful to behold his nostrils blaze :



And threatful rivers to essay he dares,  
And venture him upon the unknown bridge;  
Nor starts at idle noises. High his neck,  
And finely shaped his head, his barrel  
short, 112

And plump his back, and rampant swells  
with thews

His mettled chest. [The steeds of] gener-  
ous [stamp]

Are brownish chestnuts, and the iron-greys:  
The sorriest hue is of the white and dun.

Then if a clang from far have any arms  
Sent forth, he knows not in his place to  
stand;

He quivers with his ears, and in his joints  
He quakes, and, snorting, rolls the gathered  
fire 120

Beneath his nostrils. Thick his mane, and  
tost

On the right shoulder down it sinks to rest.  
But through the loins a double spine is  
traced;

And earth he scoops, and with its massive  
horn

His hoof deep echoes. Such like, tamed  
by reins

Of Amyclæan Pollux—Cyllarus;  
And they, whose story Grecian bards have  
told,

Mars' twain-yoked steeds, and great  
Achilles' car.

And such like did Saturnus e'en himself  
Shed forth a mane along a courser's neck,

Fleet on his wife's approach, and, as he  
fled, 131

Filled lofty Pelion with a shrilly neigh.

Him likewise, when, or burdened with  
disease,

Or now, too languid from his years, he fails,  
Conceal at home, nor his unnoble eld

Forgive. The older is for Venus chill,  
And vainly his unwelcome task he drags;

And, if it ever to engagement comes,—  
As sometimes in the stubbles without

strength

A mighty fire,—he impotently fumes. 140

Their mettle, therefore, and their age shalt  
thou

Mark chiefly; next, their other qualities,  
And parents' race, and what in each the pain

When conquered, what their triumph in  
the palm.

Dost thou not see, when in the headlong  
strife

The cars have seized the plain, and dash  
away,

Forth bursten from the goal; when hopes  
of youths

Are lifted high, and drains a beating throb  
Their palpitating hearts? Upon [their  
steeds]

They press with twisted lash, and stooping  
forward give 150

The reins: the axle hot with fury flies;  
And crouching now, and now erect, they

seem

Aloft through empty ether to be swept,  
And soaring to the gales. Nor pause, nor rest;

But high is raised a cloud of yellow sand;  
They're moist with the pursuers' foam and

breath:

So deep the love of praises, of so deep  
Concern is conquest. Erichonius first

Adventured cars and coursers four to yoke,  
And, fleet, in triumph o'er the wheels to

stand. 160

Reins gave the Pelethronian Lapithæ,  
And the ring-courses, mounted on their

back,

And taught the rider under arms to prance  
Upon the ground, and his disdainful steps

To curve. Alike is either toil; alike  
Seek out the masters both the young, and

hot

In mettle, and in races keen; though oft  
In flight the other may his routed foes

Have chased, and as his native land allege  
Epirus and Mycenæ brave, and fetch 170

His lineage drawn from Neptune's very  
stock.

These [rules] observed, they're zealous  
towards the time,

To paw the vale he proudly takes delight,  
And triumphs in the fulness of his might.  
High-raised, he snuffs the battle from afar,  
And burns to plunge amid the raging war;  
And mocks at death, and throws his foam around,  
And in a storm of fury shakes the ground.  
How does his firm, his rising heart advance  
Full on the brandish'd sword and shaken lance,  
While his fix'd eye-balls meet the dazzling shield,  
Gaze, and return the lightning of the field!  
He sinks the sense of pain in generous pride,  
Nor feels the shaft that trembles in his side;  
But neighs to the shrill trumpet's dreadful blast  
Till death; and when he groans, he groans his  
last." Dr. Young, *Paraphrase on Job*.

118. Shakespeare gives a different turn to the  
effect of music on the colt:

"For do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,  
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing  
loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood;  
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,

Or any air of music touch their ears,  
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,

Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,  
By the sweet power of music."

*Merchant of Venice*, v. 1.

What this great poet here says is an accurate  
picture of the fact, as any one who has been much  
accustomed to the country must have observed.



And all their pains bestow, with solid fat  
 To plump out him, whom they have chosen  
 chief,  
 And have pronounced the husband of the  
 herd;  
 And downy herbs they cut, and streams  
 purvey  
 And spelt; lest he should fail to over-  
 match  
 The charming toil, and puny sons announce  
 Their fathers' leanness. But the herds  
 themselves  
 With meagreness do they, resolved of will,  
 Reduce; and when the now well-known  
 delight 181  
 First dalliance stimulates, they both with-  
 hold  
 Their browse, and bar them from the  
 springs. Oft, too,  
 They shake them in the race, and tire them  
 out  
 Beneath the sun, when heavily the floor  
 Is groaning with the beaten grains, and  
 when  
 To rising Zephyr empty chaff is tossed.  
 This do they, lest, through pamp'ring in  
 excess,  
 Too blunt the service for the genial field  
 Should prove, and sluggish furrows it  
 might coat 190  
 With fat; but that [the field] athirst may  
 seize  
 On Venus, and the deeper veil her [form].  
 Again the care of sires begin to wane,  
 And that of dams to take its place. What  
 time,—  
 The months completed,—pregnant do they  
 stray,  
 Let no one suffer them to draw the yokes  
 With heavy wains, nor with a leap to  
 clear  
 The road, and scour the leas in mettled  
 flight,  
 And swim the ravening floods. In open  
 lawns  
 They feed, and hard by brimming brooks,  
 where moss 200  
 [Is found], and bank of brightest green  
 with grass;  
 And grots may shelter them, and rocky  
 shade  
 Extend along. There is around the groves  
 Of Silarus, and, blooming with its holms,  
 Alburnus, an abundant winged thing,  
 For which *Asilus* is the Latin name;—  
 The Greeks have turned it *Æstros* in their  
 tongue;—

176. "Downy;" or, "full-grown."

Fierce, buzzing shrill; whereat all panic-  
 struck  
 Throughout the woods in every quarter fly  
 The herds: storms ether, with their roars  
 convulsed, 210  
 And dry Tanager's woods and banks. Erst-  
 while  
 With this monstrosity did Juno wreak  
 Her fearful wrath, what time she planned  
 a plague  
 For the Inachian heifer. This, too, thou  
 (For fiercer it assails in noon-day heats,)  
 Shalt from the pregnant herd ward off,  
 and feed  
 Thy cattle at the newly-risen sun,  
 Or when the stars are ush'ring in the night.  
 After the birth, attention to the calves  
 Is all transferred; and from the first the  
 marks  
 And titles of the breed on them they brand,  
 And [sever] those, which either they prefer  
 To rear for preservation of the herd, 223  
 Or hallowed for the altars to reserve,  
 Or earth to sunder, and upturn the plain,  
 Bristling with broken clods. The other  
 droves  
 Are fed through emerald herbage. Those  
 which thou  
 For task and service of the field shalt  
 mould,  
 Now spur [when] calves, and enter on a  
 course  
 Of taming, while the spirits of the young  
 Are flexible, while pliant is their age. 231  
 And first, loose hoops of slender withy bind  
 Below the neck; thereon, what time their  
 necks,  
 Unshackled, they to thralldom shall have  
 used,  
 Tied from the very collars, fellows yoke,  
 And force the steers to move their step in  
 time.  
 And now by them unfreighted wheels be oft  
 Drawn o'er the ground, and on the surface-  
 dust  
 Their traces let them print. Next, strain-  
 ing 'neath  
 A lusty load, let beechen axle creak, 240  
 And pole of bronze drag on the wedded  
 orbs.  
 Meanwhile, not grasses only for the young,  
 Unbroken, neither willows' slender leaves,  
 And oozy sedge, but seedling corn shalt  
 thou

221. The branding of sheep, Thomson, in dig-  
 nified terms, thus describes; *Summer*, 406:

"Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,  
 Deep on the new-shorn vagrants' heaving side  
 To stamp his master's cypher, ready stand."

Crop with thy hand. Nor shall for thee  
thy kine,  
That have brought forth, (in fashion of  
our sires,)

Brim up the snowy milk-pails, but dispend  
Their udders wholly on their darling brood.

But if thy fancy rather [lead] to wars  
And furious brigades, or to scud along  
Alphean floods of Pisa on thy wheels,  
And in the wood of Jove the flying cars  
To drive; the steed's first task it is to view  
The mettle and the arms of warriors, and  
to stand

The trumps, and brook the wheel, as with  
the draught

It groans; and in his stall the jingling  
curbs

To hear; then more and more to take  
delight

In the caressing praises of his lord,  
And love the sounding of a patted neck.

And these now let him from the first, when  
weaned 260

From his dam's breast, adventure, and in  
turn

To gentle muzzles lend his mouth, [still]  
weak,

Aye, quaking e'en, e'en artless from his age.  
But, three completed, when fourth summer-  
tide

Shall have approached, at once let him  
begin

To run the ring, and sound with measured  
steps,

And arch th' alternate foldings of his legs,  
And be like one that toils; then to the race,  
Then let him dare the winds, and while he  
flies

Throughout the open plains, as one by reins  
Untrammelled, let him scarce his footmarks  
plant 271

Upon the surface of the sand. As when  
From Hyperborean coasts hath Aquilo  
Full swooped, and Scythia's storms and  
droughty clouds

Disperses: then the lofty fields of corn,

258. "Nearer and nearer now he stands,  
To feel the praise of patting hands."

Gay, *F.*, i. 13.

"The bounding steed, you pompously bestride,  
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride."  
Pope, *Essay on Man*, Ep. iii. 35, 6.

269. "I am of Pliny's opinion, I think he was begot  
by the wind:

He runs as if he were ballasted with quicksilver."  
Webster, *The Duchess of Malfi*, i. 2.

"And in that haste, too, madam, I was told  
The speed of winds was slow; their fiery horse,  
Bathing in foam, yet fled, as if they meant  
To leave the wind and clouds behind them."

Shirley, *The Doubtful Heir*, v. 4.

And champaigns, waving, with the gentle  
puffs

Wax crisp, and crests of forests raise a roar,  
And distant billows hurry to the strands:

It flies, at once the fields in its career,  
At once the waters, sweeping. [Such as]  
this 280

Or at the winning-posts and courses vast  
Of Elis' plain will reek, and from his mouth  
Dash forth the gory foam, and better bear  
The Belgic war-cars on his supple neck.

Then at the last with thickened mash allow  
Their bulky frame to swell, now broken in;  
For ere their breaking in, they high will  
raise

Their mettle, and when caught refuse to  
brook

The limber thongs, and galling curbs obey.  
But no pains-taking braces more their  
powers 290

Than Venus, and the stings of hidden love,  
To keep aloof, whether to any [swain],

More pleasing be the use of beeves or  
steeds.

And hence the bulls they banish far away,  
And into lonely feeding-grounds, behind  
A barrier mount, and over spacious floods;  
Or keep them jailed within at glutted cribs.

For step by step the female saps their  
powers,

And burns them by their gazing, nor allows  
The mem'ry of their lawns or grass. She,  
sooth, 300

By her enchanting charms e'en oft compels  
Her naughty paramours to wage a war

Between them with their horns. In Sila  
vast

A lovely heifer feeds: they, turn by turn,  
With giant vigor intermingle frays

With wounds repeated; bathes the jetty  
gore

Their frames; and, turned against the  
struggling [foes],

Their horns are tilted with a thund'ring  
groan,

And forests peal again, and distant heaven.  
'Tis not the custom for the combatants 310

290. "Bulls and rams will fight

To keep their females, standing in their sight;  
But take 'em from them, and you take at once  
Their spleens away: and they will fall again  
Unto their pastures, growing fresh and fat;  
And taste the waters of the springs as sweet  
As 'twas before."

Beaumont and Fletcher, *Philaster*, iii. 1.

300. "Tell her thy brother languishes to death,  
And fades away, and withers in his bloom;  
That he forgets his sleep, and loathes his food."  
Marcus to Portius, in Addison's *Cato*, iii. 1.

310. So Octavian addresses Antony:

To stall together ; but the vanquished one  
Retires, and lives an exile far away  
In bourns unknown ; sore moaning his  
disgrace,  
And the haught conqueror's blows ; then  
o'er the loves  
Which he unvenge'd hath lost ; and to-  
wards the stalls  
Oft casting wistful looks, he hath withdrawn  
From his ancestral kingdoms. So his  
pow'rs  
With all concern he practises, and lies  
The livelong night, among the galling  
stones,  
On couch unlitte'd, fed on prickly leaves  
And pointed rush ; and brings him to the  
test,  
And learns his wrath to centre in his horns,  
Against a tree-bole butting, and the winds  
Provokes with thrusts, and with the scat-  
tered sand  
Plays prelude to the fight. Thereon, what  
time  
His strength is mustered, and his pow'rs  
repaired,  
He moves his standards, and is headlong  
borne  
On his forgetful foeman : as a surge,  
When it begins to whiten 'mid the sea,  
Afar and from the deep its bosom draws ;  
And as, when rolled along to land, all  
wild  
It booms among the rocks, nor less than  
e'en  
A mount it topples down ; but from its  
base  
The water seethes in whirlpools, and aloft  
The sable sand it tosses from below.  
Yea, every race on earth, alike of men  
And savage beasts, and race of ocean,  
flocks,  
And birds enamelled, rush to rage and fire :  
To all is love the same. At no time else,  
Forgetful of her cubs, the lioness  
Hath more ferocious ranged about the  
plains ;  
Nor shapeless bears have dealt on every  
side

"I must perforce  
Have shown to thee such a declining day,  
Or look on thine ; we could not stall together  
In the whole world."  
Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*, v. 1.

339. See among Cowley's Poems that on *The Force of Love*, which begins :

"Throw an apple up an hill,  
Down the apple tumbles still ;  
Roll it down, it never stops ;  
Till within the vale it drops :  
So are all things prone to love,  
All below, and all above."

So many deaths and havoc through the  
woods ;  
Then the wild boar is truculent, then worst  
The tigress. Ah ! it then is ill to stray  
In Libya's lonely fields. Dost thou not see  
How thrills a quiv'ring all throughout the  
frames  
Of steeds, if but the scent hath wafted  
home  
The well-known airs. And neither stay  
them now  
The reins of men, nor lashes fell, not cliffs  
And vaulted rocks, and floods a barrier set,  
And whirling in their wave the mounts  
engrasped.  
E'en tilts and whets his tusks the Sabine  
boar,  
And with his hoof the earth before him  
tears,  
And chafes his ribs against a tree, and this  
And that side steels his shoulders for the  
wounds.  
What [feat performs] the stripling, in whose  
bones  
Fell passion circulates its mighty fire ?  
Forsooth, the friths, by bursten storms  
turmoiled,  
Late swims he in the blinded night, o'er  
whom  
Is thund'ring heav'n's colossal gate, and  
dashed  
Against the cliffs, the seas return a din ;  
Nor can his wretched parents call him back,  
Nor [yet] the maiden, doomed thereon to die  
By felon death. What—Bacchus' spotty  
pards,  
And offspring keen of wolves and dogs ?  
Why [tell]  
What battles wage the dastard harts ? In  
sooth,  
Before them all is marked the rage of  
mares ;  
And Venus e'en herself the soul inspired  
That time, wherein his Potnian mares four-  
yoked  
Devoured the limbs of Glaucus with their  
jaws.

353. "Or, as two boars, whom love to battle draws,  
With rising bristles and with frothy jaws,  
Their adverse breasts with tusks oblique they  
wound ;  
With grunts and groans the forest rings around."  
Dryden, *Palamon and Arcite*, 814-17.

354. "Speake, fate-crosse lord !  
If life retaine his seat within you, speake !  
Else like that Sestian dame, that saw her love  
Cast by the frowning billowes on the sands,  
And leane death, swolne big with the Hellespont,  
In bleake Leander's body,—like his love,  
Come I to thee : one grave shall serve us both."  
Marston, *Insatiate Countesse*, iii. 3.



These passion lures across Gargæan heights,  
 And cross Ascanius booming ; mountains they  
 O'erpass, and over rivers swim. And straight,  
 When 'neath their eager marrows is applied  
 The flame—in spring the rather, since in spring  
 The ardor to their bones returns—they all,  
 With face turned toward the Zephyr, take their stand  
 On lofty crags, and snuff the subtle gales ;  
 And oft, without embracements any, by the wind  
 Impregnate—wondrous to be told—thro' rocks, 381  
 And cliffs, and sunken dales, they scattered fly ;  
 Not, Eurys, to thy risings, nor the sun's,—  
 Towards Boreas and Caurus, or [the clime],  
 Whence Auster is in deepest sable born,  
 And glooms the welkin with his rainy chill.  
 Hereon at length, what by a truthful name  
 "Hippomanes" the shepherds call, drips down  
 A clammy poison from the groin—hippomanes—  
 Which many a time have felon step-dames culled,  
 And mingled drugs, and not unharmful spells. 390  
 But flies meanwhile, flies past recovery, time,  
 While round each [theme], by love [thereof] entranced,  
 We sail along. Be this enough for herds :  
 Remains the second portion of our task—  
 To treat of woolly flocks and shaggy goats.  
 Be this your toil ; hence hope ye for renown,  
 Brave swains. Nor am I doubtful in my mind,  
 How vast it is to master these with words,  
 And add this dignity to petty [themes]. 400

385. "While through the damp air scowls the louring South,  
 Blackening the landscape's face, that grove and hill  
 In formless vapours undistinguished swim."

T. Warton, *Pleasures of Melancholy*.

Armstrong, speaking of the climate of England (*Health*, b. i.), says :

"Steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs  
 Bedew'd, our seasons droop : incumbent still  
 A ponderous heaven o'erwhelms the sinking soul.  
 Labouring with storms, in heapy mountains rise  
 Th' embattled clouds, as if the Stygian shades  
 Had left the dungeon of eternal night,  
 Till black with thunder all the South descends."

391. "When we have chid the hasty-footed time."  
 Shakespeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2.

But me along Parnassus' lonely heights  
 Sweet love transports : it joys to pace its peaks,

Where not a path of former [bards] is turned  
 Adown to Castalie with gentle slope.

Now, Pales worshipful, I now must sound  
 With lofty lip. Commencing, I decree  
 That sheep in downy cotes their grass should crop,

Till leafy summer is anon restored ;  
 And that the flinty ground with plenteous straw,

And bundles of the ferns, ye strew beneath,  
 Lest ice in chillness harm the tender flock,  
 And bring upon them mange, and foot-rot foul. 412

Then, deviating hence, I you enjoin  
 To cater leafy arbutes for the goats,  
 And runnels fresh supply, and post their sheds

Aloof from winds, afront the winter's sun,  
 Turned towards meridian day, what time at length

Now chill Aquarius sets, and drops his dew  
 At the year's close. These also must by us  
 Be tended with no lighter pains ; nor less  
 Will prove their service ; tho' Milesian wools 421

Are bartered at a heavy cost, when grained  
 With Tyrian crimsons. Hence [in] closer [rank]

Their offspring, hence a store of plenteous milk.

The more,—when drained the udder,—shall have frothed

The milk-pail, merry rills the more shall stream

From their squeezed paps. Nor less, meanwhile, the beards,

And chins befrosted, and the flaunting shag  
 Of the Cinyphian he-goat do they shear  
 For service of the camps, and coverures  
 For miserable seamen. But they feed 431

Upon the forests and Lyceus' crests,  
 And bristly brambles and height-loving brakes ;

And of themselves they mindful to the sheds  
 Return, and lead along their [kids], and scarce

With weighty udder overpass the sill.  
 So with all zeal the frost and squalls of snow,  
 (The less they have the need of human care,)

430. "Beasts have more courtesy : they live about me,

Offering their warm wool to the shearer's hand  
 To clothe me with." . . . "Birds bow to me,  
 Striking their downy sails to do me service,  
 Their sweet airs ever echoing to mine honour,  
 And to my rest their plummy softs they send me."

F. Beaumont, *The Triumph of Time*, i.



Shalt thou ward off, and gladly bring their food,

And provender of twig; nor shalt thou shut Thy hay-lofts all throughout the winter-tide. 441

But still, at Zephyr's call, when gladsome warmth

To glades and feeding-grounds shall either flock

Despatch, with earliest star of Lucifer  
The chilly paddocks let us tread, while morn  
Is fresh, while silv'ry are the blades, and dew

Upon the tender herbage to the flock  
Is sweetest. Then, when hour the fourth  
the drought

Of heav'n hath gathered up, and with their chirp

The plaintful cicads shall the vine-trees rend, 450

At walks, or deepsome pools, bid thou thy flocks

To drink the water, as it scampers on  
In oaken conduits. But in noon-day heats  
Seek out a shady dell, if anywhere  
The mighty oak of Jove with agèd wood  
Spread giant branches, or if anywhere,  
In gloom with clust'ring holms, a grove  
lies near

With holy shade: then [bid] to give again  
The subtilè waters, and again to feed

At setting of the sun, when chilly eve 460  
Cools down the air, and now the dewy moon  
The glades recruits, and shores are echoing  
back

The halcyon, the thistle-finch the brakes.  
Why Libya's shepherds, why their feed-  
ing-grounds,

Should I to thee in song describe at large,  
Their kraals, too, peopled, with their scat-  
tered roofs?

Oft day and night, and for a month entire  
In order, feeds the herd, and wends its way  
To distant deserts with no hostry-homes;  
So vast a stretch of plain there lies. His all  
The Afric herdsman with him drives,—both  
tent, 471

And Lar, and arms, and Amyclæan hound,  
And Cretan quiver; no wise else than doth  
The mettled Roman in his father's arms,  
When under his unrighteous burden he

463. Dryden, elegantly translating Chaucer, says  
of the goldfinch:

A goldfinch there I saw with gaudy pride  
Of painted plumes, that hopped from side to side,  
Still pecking as she passed, and still she drew  
The sweets from every flower, and sucked the  
dew;  
Sufficed at length, she warbled in her throat,  
And tuned her voice to many a merry note."

*Flower and Leaf*, 106-111.

Pursues the route, and in the foeman's face,  
Ere he is looked for, while the camp is  
pitched,

Stands in battalion. But not so, where  
[lie]

The hordes of Scythia, and Mæotis' wave,  
And muddy Ister, whirling round its sands  
Of amber, and where Rhodope returns, 481  
Outstretched beneath the centre of the pole.  
There, prisoned in the stalls they keep the  
herds;

Nor any grass or on the field appears,  
Or leaves upon the tree; but shapeless lies  
In snow-drifts, and in ice profound, the  
earth

Far-wide, and towers up to seven ells:  
Aye winter, aye the Cauri blasting chills.  
Then ne'er the Sun disperses blanching  
shades,

Nor when, upon his coursers borne, he  
mounts 490

The lofty firmament, nor when he bathes  
His headlong car in Ocean's ruddy plain.  
Its [icy] casings curdle in a trice  
Upon the running stream, and now the wave  
Upon its chine upholds the ironed wheels,

489. This is, of course, not true. Dryden beau-  
tifully describes the joy felt by the natives of these  
northerly regions at the approach of their summer,  
such as it is:

"In those cold regions where no summers cheer,  
Where brooding darkness covers half the year,  
To hollow caves the shivering natives go;  
Bears range abroad, and hunt in tracks of snow:  
But when the tedious twilight wears away,  
And stars grow paler at the approach of day,  
The longing crowds to frozen mountains run;  
Happy who first can see the glimmering sun."

*Prologue to his Royal Highness.*

495. "When hoary Thames, with frosted osiers  
crown'd,  
Was three long years in icy fetters bound,  
The waterman, forlorn along the shore,  
Pensive reclines upon his useless oar,  
Sees harness'd steeds desert the stony town,  
And wander roads unstable, not their own;  
Wheels o'er the harden'd tracks smoothly glide,  
And rase with whiten'd waters the slippery tide."

Gay, *Trivia*, ii. 359-66.

Thomson has a fine description of Frost in his  
*Winter*, 713, &c.:

"What art thou, Frost? And whence are thy  
keen stores  
Derived, thou secret, all-invading power,  
Whom even th' illusive fluid cannot fly?  
Is not thy potent energy, unseen,  
Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shaped  
Like double wedges, and diffused immense  
Through water, earth, and ether? Hence at eve  
Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,  
With the fierce rage of Winter deep-suffused  
An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool  
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career  
Arrests the bickering stream. The loosen'd ice,  
Let down the flood and half dissolved by day,  
Rustles no more; but to the sedgy bank

That [wave] to vessels *erst*, to spreading  
wains  
Now hostess; and the bronzes through the  
land  
Asunder start, and stiffen garbs when  
donned,  
And with their hatchets hew they fluid  
wines,  
And throughly into massive ice the pools  
Have turned, and ice-drop on their beards  
untrimmed 501  
Hath grisly caked. Meanwhile throughout  
the air  
No otherwise it snows; die cattle; stand  
Enveloped in the rime the bulky frames  
Of oxen, and in huddled troop the harts  
Are palsied in the new [ly fallen] mass,  
And scarce with antler tips above it rise.  
These not with hounds slipped on, nor any  
toils,  
Or frightened by the cord of crimson plume,  
They chase; but while to purpose none  
they push 510  
The mountain, set a barrier, with their  
chest,  
In conflict close they stab them with the  
steel,  
And kill them as they deeply bray, and  
blithe  
With lusty shouting bring them home.  
Themselves  
In low-delved caverns fleet away their hours  
Of leisure underneath the depth of earth,  
And piles of oak, and elms entire, have  
rolled  
Upon their hearths, and giv'n them to the  
flame.  
Here night they spend in frolic, and in glee

Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,  
A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven  
Cemented firm; till, seized from shore to shore,  
The whole imprison'd river grows below." &c.

502. Does not Virgil seem to be describing the  
usual state of things in these northern regions?  
And if so, can Heyne's rendering of *novâ* by *insolente*  
be sustained? It seems far better, with the  
learned critic quoted by Wagner, to refer it to a  
sudden, heavy fall of snow,—perhaps the first in  
the season.

517. "'Tis late and cold; stir up the fire;  
Sit close and draw the table nigher;  
Be merry, and drink wine that's old,  
A hearty medicine 'gainst a cold;  
Your beds of wanton down the best,  
Where you shall tumble to your rest."  
J. Fletcher, *The Lover's Progress*, iii. 5.

519. *Ducunt*, they spend; or, eke. The whole  
passage is imitated happily, yet not without ideas of  
his own, by Thomson, *Winter*, 809, &c.:

"Yet there life glows;

Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste,  
The furry nations harbour: tipp'd with jet,  
Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press;

The viny goblets with fermented wort, 520  
And service-berries tart, they copy. Such  
A reinless race of mortals, laid beneath  
The Hyperborean Wain, is buffeted  
By the Rhipæan eastern blast, and wrapt  
With tawny shag of cattle o'er their frames.  
If wool should be of interest to thee,  
First let the prickly thicket, and the burs,  
And caltrops be away; shun pastures rank;  
And from the very first do thou cull out  
The flocks, with wools of velvet white.

But him, 530  
Though he may be a ram e'en lustrous-fair,  
Beneath whose palate moist a sable tongue  
But lurks, refuse, lest he with dingy spots  
Should dusk the fleeces of the [newly] born;  
And in the circuit of the teemful plain  
Look out another. Thus, with snowy boon  
Of wool (if it be worthy of belief)  
Did Pan, the god of Arcady, beguile  
Thee, duped, O Luna; to the deepsome  
groves  
Thee wooing; nor didst thou the wooer  
scorn. 540

But let [the swain] whose passion is for  
milk,  
The cytissus, and plenteous melilot,  
And salted herbs, himself, with his own  
hand,  
Bear to the cribs. Hence both they love  
the more  
The rivers, and the more their udders  
stretch,  
And in the milk the covert taste of salt  
Repeat they. Many [farmers] keep aloof

Sables, of glossy black; and, dark-embrown'd,  
Or beauteous freak'd with many a mingled hue,  
Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts.  
There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer  
Sleep on the new-fall'n snows; and, scarce his  
head

Raised o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk  
Lies slumbering sullen in the deep abyss.  
The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils,  
Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives  
The fearful flying race; with ponderous clubs,  
As weak against the mountain-heaps they push  
Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,  
He lays them quivering on th' ensanguined snows,  
And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home."

Their wintry life he describes differently; *Liberty*,  
iii. 523-32:

"But, cold-compress'd, when the whole loaded  
heaven  
Descends in snow, lost in one white abrupt,  
Lies undistinguish'd earth; and, seized by frost,  
Lakes, headlong streams, and floods, and oceans  
sleep.

Yet there life glows; the furry millions there  
Deep dig their dens beneath the sheltering snows;  
And there a race of men prolific swarms,  
To various pain, to little pleasure, used;  
On whom, keen-parching, beat Rhipæan winds;  
Hard like their soil, and like their climate fierce."

The kidlings, from their mothers now divorced,  
And fasten in the front their infant mouths  
With muzzles spiked with steel. What  
they have milked 550  
At rising day, and in the daily hours,  
At night they press ; what now at shades  
[of eve],  
And as the sun is setting, towards the dawn  
They carry forth in baskets,—to the towns  
The shepherd trudges,—or with scanty salt  
They season, and for winter store it up.

Nor should with thee the care of dogs be last,

But with [the others] Sparta's nimble pups,  
And mettled [mastiff] of Molossus, feed  
On fatt'ning whey. Ne'er, — these thy  
sentinels,— 560

Shalt thou the nightly robber for thy stalls,  
And inroads of the wolves, or from the rear  
Unquieted Iberians, dread. Oft, too,  
The shy wild asses thou in chase shalt drive,  
And hunt with hounds the hare, with hounds  
the deer.

Oft, routed from their forest wallowing-  
haunts,

Wild boars, pursuing with their bay, shalt  
thou

Discomfit, and thro' lofty mountains force  
The giant hart with shouting to the toils.

Learn also scented cedar in the stalls 570  
To burn, and with galbanean fume to chase  
The fell chelydri. Many a time beneath  
The cribs unstirred, or, baleful to be  
touched,

Hath adder skulked, and fled alarmed from  
heaven ;

Or snake, beneath the shelter and the shade  
Inured to creep, — the bitter plague of  
kine,—

And on the cattle to bespirt his bane,  
Hath hugged the ground. Take stones in  
hand, take clubs,

O shepherd, and as he uplifts his crests,  
And hissing necks is swelling, strike him  
down. 580

And now in flight his craven head he deep  
Hath buried, when his central folds, and train

582. "On his rear,  
Circular base of rising folds, that tower'd  
Fold above fold, a surging maze ! His head  
Crested aloft, and caruncle his eyes ;  
With burnish'd neck of verdant gold, erect  
Amid his circling spires, that on the grass  
Floated redundant."

Milton, *Par. Lost*, b. ix.

And J. Philips, in imitation of Milton :

"And as a snake, when first the rosy hours  
Shed vernal sweets o'er every vale and mead,  
Rolls tardy from his cell obscure and dank ;

Of his remotest tail are paralysed,  
And trails its flagging coils the farthest ring.  
There is, moreover, in Calabrian lawns  
That baleful serpent, rolling up his chine,  
Scale-clad, with chest uplifted, and with  
spots

Enormous speckled o'er his lengthful  
paunch ;

Who, while are gushing any streams from  
founts,

And while the lands are dank with moisty  
spring 590

And rainy Austers, haunts the standing  
pools ;

And, chamb'ring by the banks, here gluts  
the felon

His jetty maw with fish and croaking frogs.  
When once dried up the fen, and with the  
heat

The lands are yawning wide, he sallies  
forth

Upon dry ground, and, rolling eyes ablaze,  
He rages through the fields, both fierce  
from thirst,

And frenzied by the heat. May it not prove  
My pleasure then beneath the cope of heaven  
To snatch soft slumbers, nor upon a ridge  
Of woodland to have lain along the grass,  
When fresh from casted slough, and bright  
with youth, 602

He rolls, forsaking either young or eggs  
Within his shroud, uplifted to the sun,  
And quivers in his mouth with trifid tongue.

Of their diseases, also, I will thee  
The springs and symptoms teach. Offensive  
mange

Assails the sheep, what time the chilly  
shower

Hath settled to the quick too deeply down,  
And winter, crispy with its silver ice ; 610

But when by genial rays of summer sun  
Purged of his slough, he nimbler thrids the brake,  
Whetting his sting, his crested head he rears  
Terrific, from each eye retort he shoots  
Ensanguined rays, the distant swains admire  
His various neck and spires bedropp'd with gold." *Cerealia*.

585. See a grand paraphrase on the description  
of Leviathan by Dr. Young, which is too long to  
quote.

602. "Casted ;" or, if Shakespeare's grammar is  
at fault :

"When fresh from his cast slough."

So Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, iv. 3, 23 :

"Some new-borne wight ye would him surely  
weene ;

So fresh he seemed and so fierce in sight ;

Like as a snake, whom wearie winters teene

Hath worne to nought, now feeling summers  
might

Casts off his ragged skin, and freshly doth him  
dight."



Or when, on being sheared, unwashed hath  
clung  
The sweat, and prickly briers gashed their  
frames.

In the sweet rivers, therefore, all the flock  
The masters drench, and with a reeking  
fleece

The ram is in the eddy plunged, and,  
launched

Upon the fav'ring current, down he floats ;  
Or, [when 'tis] shorn, with bitter olive-lees  
They smear the frame, and scum of silver  
blend,

And living sulphurs, and Idæan pitch,  
And bees-wax rich in oiliness, and squill,  
And noisome hellebore, and black asphalt.  
No happy turn, however, to their woes 622  
Comes more immediate than if any [swain]  
With steel could open lay the ulcer-head.  
The plague is fostered, and by being veiled  
It thrives, the while the shepherd to the  
wounds

His healing hands refuses to apply,  
Or sits him down, demanding of the gods  
More favorable omens. Further, too,  
When, stealing to the bleaters' inmost  
bones, 630

The anguish rages, and upon their limbs  
The parching fever preys, it hath bestead  
The kindled inflammations to expel,  
And 'tween the lowest [surfaces] of hoof  
To stab the vein that pulses with the blood :  
In fashion wherewithal Bisalts are wont,  
And mettlesome Gelonian, when he hies  
To Rhodope and to the Getæ's wastes,  
And curded milk with horse's blood he  
swills.

[The ewe,] which far thou mayest have  
remarked, 640

Or offer 'neath the mellow shade to creep,  
Or nibbling tips of grass more listlessly,  
And last to follow, or amid the plain  
To lay her down when grazing, and alone  
Yielding to night advanced, at once with  
knife

The plague arrest, ere dread contagion steal  
Among the wareless crowd. Not, bringing  
storm,

So frequent swoops the whirlwind from the  
main,

As many be the maladies of flocks.  
Nor single subjects do diseases clutch ; 650  
But summer-pastures, wholly, in a trice,  
Both hope and herd at once, ay, all the race  
From its beginning. [This,] then, might  
he know,

If any one the welkin-mounting Alps,  
And Norian fortresses upon the hills,  
And Iapydian Timavus' fields,

Now e'en thereafter in so long a time  
Should witness, and the shepherds realms  
forlorn,  
And lawns unpeopled in their length and  
breadth.

Here erst from [some] distemper of the  
air 660

A piteous season rose, and with full heat  
Of autumn glowed, and all the race of flocks  
To death delivered over, all [the race]  
Of savage beasts ; and lakes it putrified ;  
The feeding-grounds with pestilence it  
banned.

Nor single was the path of death ; but when  
The fiery thirst, thro' all the arteries forced,  
Had shrivelled up their wretched limbs,  
again

O'erflowed a liquid gleet, and all the bones,  
Little by little sinking thro' the plague 670  
In ruins, to its substance it reduced.

Ofttimes, amid the worship of the gods,  
The victim, standing at the altar, whilst  
The woollen fillet with the snowy band  
Is twined, among the falt'ring ministers  
Sank dying down. Or if the priest had first  
Slain any with the steel, thence neither  
blaze

The altars with the entrails laid thereon,  
Nor answers can the questioned seer return ;  
And scarce the knives, beneath [the gullet]  
plunged, 680

660. "Thirst, giddiness, faintness, and putrid  
heats,

And pining pains, and shivering sweats,  
On all the cattle, all the beasts did fall ;  
With deform'd death the country's cover'd all.  
The labouring ox drops down before the plough ;  
The crowned victims, to the altar led,  
Sink, and prevent the lifted blow ;

The generous horse from the full manger turns his  
head,

Does his loved floods and pastures scorn,  
Hates the shrill trumpet and the horn ; . . .

The starving sheep refuse to feed,  
They bleat their innocent souls out into air ;  
The faithful dogs lie gasping by them there ;  
The astonished shepherd weeps, and breaks his  
tuneful reed." Cowley, *Plagues of Egypt*.

663. "The plague, that in some folded cloud  
remains,

The bright sun soon disperseth ; but observe,  
When black infection in some dunghill lies,  
There's work for bells and graves, if it do rise."

Webster, *Appius and Virginia*, iii. 2.

676. Though under very different circumstances,  
Spenser finely describes the fall of the victim ;  
*Faerie Queene*, iii. 4, 17 :

"Like as the sacred ox that careless stands  
With gilden horns, and flowry girlands crown'd,  
Proud of his dying honor and deare bandes,  
Whiles th' altars fume with frankincense around  
All suddenly with mortal stroke astound  
Doth groveling fall, and with his streaming gore  
Distaines the pillours and the holy grownd,  
And the faire flowres that decked him afore."



Are dyed with blood, and with a meagre  
gore  
The surface-sand bedarkened. Hence the  
calves  
In every quarter die 'mid fertile grass,  
And cherished lives at brimful cribs resign.  
Hence on caressing dogs a madness comes,  
And shatters sickly swine a wheezing cough,  
And suffocates them with their quinzied  
jaws.  
Down falls, no harvest reaping of his tasks,  
And mindless of his browse, the conq'ring  
steed,  
And at the springs recoils, and with his  
hoof  
Stamps earth in frequent blows; his ears  
are sunk; 691  
There, too, an intermittent sweat, and that,  
In sooth, to those in death's embrace dead-  
cold;  
The skin is parched, and at the touch [the  
palm]  
That handles callous it withstands. These  
marks  
In the first days ere death do they present.  
But if, while in its progress, the disease  
Begins to rankle, then in sooth the eyes  
Are in a blaze, and from a depth is heaved  
The breath, at times encumbered by a  
groan; 700  
And stretch with long [-drawn] sob their  
lowest flanks,  
And presses leagured jaws a furry tongue.  
Through horn inserted 'twas of some avail  
To pour Lenæan drenches in: that seemed  
The only safety for the dying [steeds].  
Anon this very [act] their ruin proved,  
And, reinforced, with madness did they  
burn,  
And e'en themselves, now just in throes of  
death,  
(The gods vouchsafe the holy better [fates],  
And to their foes that frenzy!) piecemeal  
rent 710  
Their mangled members with their naked  
teeth.  
But lo! while smoking 'neath the galling  
share,  
Down sinks the bull, and gore commixed  
with froth  
Spews from his mouth, and heaves his latest  
groans.  
Sad goes the ploughman, loosing from the  
yoke  
The bullock mourning at a brother's death,  
And in the middle of his toil deep-firmed  
He leaves the ploughs. No shades of  
stately groves,  
No velvet meads, are able to arouse

His soul; not stream, which, tumbled o'er  
the rocks, 720  
More crystalline than amber seeks the plain;  
But flaggy have become his deepest flanks,  
And dulness whelms his listless eyes, and  
droops  
To earth with downward load his neck.  
What boot  
His travail or his deeds of kindness? What  
With share to have upturned the heavy  
lands?  
And yet to them not Bacchus' Massic gifts,  
Nor banquets in removes have proved of  
harm.  
On leaves and diet of the simple grass  
They feed; their draughts are crystal  
springs, and rills 730  
Chafed in their flow; nor doth unrest break  
off

720. "The bubbling spring which trips upon the stones." Drayton, *Rosamond to Henry*.

731. The idea in *exercita cursu* is beautifully handled by Addison in his *Cato*, end of 1st Act:  
"So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains  
Of rushing torrents and descending rains,  
Works itself clear, and as it runs, refines;  
Till, by degrees, the floating mirror shines,  
Reflects each flower that on the border grows,  
And a new heaven in its fair bosom shows."

Dryden applies it figuratively, to illustrate the purification of the heart:

"And that so little, that the river ran  
More clear than the corrupted fount began.  
Nothing remain'd of the first muddy clay;  
The length of course had wash'd it in its way;  
So deep, and yet so clear, we might behold  
The gravel bottom, and that gravel gold."  
*Elegy on the Death of a very young Gentleman.*

*Pocula sunt fontes liquidi*; so Milton makes the chorus say of Samson:

"Whose drink was only from the liquid brook."  
Sir R. Blackmore says the same of the shepherd;  
*Creation*, b. iv.:

"Behold the shepherd, see th' industrious swain,  
Who ploughs the field, or reaps the ripen'd grain,  
How mean, and yet how tasteful is their fare!  
How sweet their sleep! their souls how free from  
care!

They drink the streaming crystal, and escape  
Th' inflaming juices of the purple grape."

Shakespeare represents Brutus saying to his servant:

"Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter;  
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:  
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,  
Which busy care draws in the brains of men:  
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound."

*Julius Cæsar*, ii. 1.

And more at large in 2 *Henry IV.*, iii. 1, where the King says:

"How many thousands of my poorest subjects  
Are at this hour asleep!—Sleep, gentle sleep!  
Nature's soft nurse! how have I frightened thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?  
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,

Their healthful slumbers. At no other time  
They tell that in those districts kine were  
sought

For Juno's holy rites, and by wild beeves,  
Ill-fellowed, to her stately treasure-domes  
The chariots were conveyed. For this it is  
With much ado with hoes they chink the  
earth,

And with their very nails dig in the corn,  
And thro' the lofty mounts with strained  
neck

The creaking waggons drag. No wolf seeks  
out 740

And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;  
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,  
Under the canopies of costly state,  
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?  
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile  
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,  
A watch-case, or a common larum-bell?  
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,  
And in the visitation of the winds,  
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
With deafning clamours in the slippery clouds,  
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes—  
Can'st thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose  
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;  
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,  
With all appliances and means to boot,  
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!  
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

Yet he does sleep; and as the Prince watches  
by him, the latter exclaims:

"Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,  
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?  
O polished perturbation! golden care!  
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide  
To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!  
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,  
As he, whose brow, with homely biggin bound,  
SnORES out the watch of night." Act iv. 4.  
Sir Richard Blackmore, too; *Creation*, b. iv.:

"Familiar horrors haunt the monarch's head,  
And thoughts, ill-boding, from the downy bed  
Chase gentle sleep; black cares the soul infest,  
And broider'd stars adorn a troubled breast."

"Morpheus! the humble god that dwells  
In cottages and smoky cells,  
Hates gilded roofs and beds of down,  
And, though he fears no prince's frown,  
Flies from the circle of a crown."

Sir John Denham, *Song*.

Young's lines are well known:

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!  
He like the world, his ready visit pays  
Where Fortune smiles; the wretched he for-  
sakes;  
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,  
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear,"

*The Complaint*, Night i. 1-5.

"No frowning care yon bless'd apartment sees,  
There sleep retires, and finds a couch of ease.  
Kind dreams, that fly remorse, and pamper'd  
wealth,

There shed the smiles of innocence and health."

Savage, *Wanderer*, c. 1.

A place of ambushment around the folds,  
Nor does he prow about the herds by night:  
A fiercer pang subdues him. Craven deer  
And flying harts now both among the  
hounds,

And round the homesteads wander. Now  
the brood

Of the illimitable sea, and all the tribe  
Of swimming [creatures] on the farthest  
strand,

Like shipwrecked corpses, washes up the  
wave;

Against their wont to rivers fly the seals;  
And dies, within his winding-shroud en-  
sconced 750

In vain, the adder, and with scales erect  
The thunder-stricken hydri. E'en to birds  
Unrighteous is the air, and, headlong fallen,  
Beneath the lofty cloud their life they leave.  
Moreo'er, nor now avails it that their food  
Is changed, and sought prescriptions harm:  
the chiefs

Have yielded,—Chiron son of Phyllyra,  
Melampus, too, of Amythaon sprung.  
Storms wan Tisiphone, and, into light  
Let loose from Stygian murk, before her  
drives 760

Diseases and Affright; and, day by day  
Uprising higher, she her rav'nous head  
Advances. With the bleating of the flocks,  
And frequent bellowings, streams, and  
withered banks,

And sloping hills, resound. And now by  
troops

She havoc deals, and in the very stalls  
Piles corpses, melted with the loathsome  
bane;

Till in the earth to hide them, and in pits  
To hearse, they learn. For neither in the  
hides

Was service, nor the flesh can any [swain]  
Or cleanse in waters, or with flame o'er-  
come. 771

Nor e'en to shear the fleeces, cankered  
through

With pestilence and foulness, nor to touch

754. J. Philips uses similar expressions in de-  
scribing the death of birds from a different cause:

"Sulphureous death

Checks their mid flight, and heedless while they  
strain

Their tuneful throats, the towering heavy lead  
Overtakes their speed: they leave their little lives  
Above the clouds, precipitant to earth."

*Cider*, b. ii.

771. "With flame o'ercome," i. e., cook them.  
For, upon the whole, the view presented in the  
version seems to be the most consistent. They  
burned the carcasses entire; as there was no worth  
in their hides, their flesh, or their fleece.

The mould'ring woof, have they the pow'r.  
 Nay e'en  
 If any had the loathsome garbs essayed,  
 Inflammatory blains and filthy sweat  
 His fetid limbs pursued ; nor was the time

Thereafter long, when, as he pauses still,  
 His tainted joints the sacred fire would eat.

778. "As he pauses;" i. e., to throw off the infected dress.

## BOOK IV.

NEXT the ethereal honey's heav'nly boons  
 Will I pursue : this portion, too, do thou  
 Regard, Mæcenas. Shows of pigmy things,  
 That claim thy wonder,—both the high-  
 souled chiefs,

And habits, and pursuits, and clans, and  
 wars,

Of a whole nation will I duly sing.

Upon a petty [theme] the travail, yet  
 Not petty the renown, if adverse gods  
 Permit one, and invoked Apollo hears.

In the first place, a resting-spot and post  
 Must for thy bees be sought, whereto may  
 lie

Nor inlet for the winds, (for winds prevent  
 Their bringing home their forage,) nor may  
 sheep

And butting kiddlings trample on the flowers,  
 Nor heifer, as she wanders thro' the plain,  
 Shake down the dew, and bruise the spring-  
 ing blades.

And, speckled o'er their scale-encrusted  
 backs,

Be lizards far aloof from thy rich cotes,  
 And Meropes, and other birds, and Procne,  
 Upon her bosom scored with hands of  
 blood.

II

30

way

30

Line 1.

He does describe the commonwealth of bees,  
 Their industry, and knowledge of the herbs  
 From which they gather honey, with their care  
 To place it with decorum in the hive,  
 Their government among themselves, their order  
 In going forth and coming loaden home,  
 Their obedience to their king, and his rewards  
 To such as labour, with his punishments,  
 Only inflicted on the slothful drone :—  
 I'm ravished with it."

J. Fletcher, *The Elder Brother*, i. 2.

3. Or, perhaps:

"The drama of a pigmy commonwealth."

7. Verses 6 and 7 are imitated by Pope in the  
 opening of his inimitable mock heroic, the *Rape of  
 the Lock*:

"What dire offence from amorous causes springs,  
 What mighty contests rise from trivial things,  
 I sing.—This verse to Caryl, Muse! is due:  
 This, even Belinda, may vouchsafe to view:  
 Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,  
 If she inspire, and he approve my lays."

For all they widely waste, and e'en [the  
 bees],

While flying, in their mouth they bear away,  
 Delicious diet for their ruthless nests.

But crystal springs, and plashes green with  
 moss,

Be nigh at hand, and, scamp'ring thro' the  
 grass,

A shallow rivulet ; and let the palm,

(Or oleaster huge, the outer court

O'ershade, that, when the new [ly-issued]  
 kings

Shall lead the earliest swarms in spring  
 their own,

And, sallied from the combs, the youth  
 disport,

A neighb'ring bank may woo them to give  
 way

Before the heat, and in their path a tree  
 Harbor them 'neath its hostelries of leaf.

Into the middle, whether still shall stand

The water, or it shall career along,

Fling willows slant and bulky stones, that  
 they

On frequent bridges may have pow'r to  
 light,

And' spread their pinions to the summer  
 sun,

If haply headlong Eurus shall have spent  
 The loiterers, or plunged them in the flood.

Round these let em'rald casias, and wild  
 thymes,

Their perfume shedding far and near, and  
 store

Of savory, [its scent] strong breathing,  
 bloom,

And beds of violet drink the wat'ring spring.  
 But let the hives themselves, should they  
 for thee

Or of the hollow bark be stitched, or plight  
 Of limber twig, have narrow avenues ;

For winter candies honey with its cold,

22. So Thomson, *Spring*, 675 :

"Away they fly,  
 Affectionate, and undesiring bear  
 The most delicious morsel to their young."

33. More literally : "leafy hostelries."



And heat dissolves the same, to fluid turned :  
Each force for bees alike is to be feared. 50  
Nor in their homes in vain with rivalry  
The narrow vents with wax do they be-  
smear,

And close the rims with fucus and with  
flowers,

And, gathered for these very services,  
A cement keep, more glutinous than e'en  
The birdlime and the Phrygian Ida's pitch.  
Yea oftentimes in excavated shrouds,  
(If true is rumor,) underneath the earth  
Their household have they hugged, and  
deep

Been found both in the vaulted pumice-  
rocks, 60

And grot of [some] heart-eaten tree. Do  
thou,

However, both with glossy mud anoint  
Their chinky chambers, warming them  
around,

And throw across them thin [supplies of]  
leaves.

Nor overnear their homes the yew allow,  
Nor burn thy coral crabs upon the hearth,  
Nor place reliance on the fen profound,  
Or where the smell of mire is rank, or  
where

The vaulted rocks with verberation ring,  
And echo of the voice impinged rebounds.

For what remains, what time the golden  
Sun 71

Hath chased the routed winter from the  
lands,

And heav'n uncurtained with his summer-  
light,

They straight the lawns and forests range,  
and reap

Gay flow'rs, and sip the surface of the  
brooks,

Light [-poised]. Hence, with what charm  
I know not blithe,

Their offspring and their nests they cherish;  
hence

With skill fresh wax elaborate, and mould  
Their gluey honeys. Hence when now dis-  
charged

53. "Fucus;" *i. e.*, "propolis."

79. Milton has a very beautiful simile of bees  
issuing from the hive on a fine day; *P. L.*, b. i.:

"As bees

In spring-time, when the Sun with Taurus rides,  
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive  
In clusters: they among fresh dews and flowers  
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,  
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,  
New rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer  
Their state affairs."

Thomson is also highly successful; *Spring*, 508:

From out their caverns to the stars of  
heaven, 80

A swarm above thee thou shalt have espied,  
Floating throughout the crystal summer-  
air,

And shalt in wonderment a darkling cloud  
See warping on the wind,—observe them  
close;

Sweet streams and leafy bow'rs they ever  
seek.

Hither do thou the scents commanded strew,  
Bruised balm, and honeywort's unnable  
herb;

And tingling sounds awake, and rattle  
round

The cymbals of the Mother. Of themselves  
They on the seats bedrugged will settle  
down; 90

They of themselves within their inmost cots  
Will bury them, in fashion [all] their own.  
But if they shall have issued to the fight,

"Here their delicious task the fervent bees,  
In swarming millions, tend: around, athwart,  
Through the soft air, the busy nations fly,  
Cling to the bud, and, with inserted tube,  
Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul;  
And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare  
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,  
And yellow load them with the luscious spoil."

"Yet hark, how through the peopled air  
The busy murmur glows!  
The insect youth are on the wing,  
Eager to taste the honied spring,  
And float amid the liquid noon:  
Some lightly o'er the current skim,  
Some show their gayly-gilded trim,  
Quick-glancing to the sun."

Gray, *Ode to Spring*.

"Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew  
Their flowery toils, and sip the fragrant dew,  
When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,  
O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,  
Or, settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,  
And a low murmur runs along the field."

Pope, *Temple of Fame*.

This and other passages in Virgil call to mind  
Pope's beautiful description of the Sylphs in the  
*Rape of the Lock*, c. ii.:

"Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,  
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;  
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,  
Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light,  
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,  
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,  
Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,  
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes;  
While every beam new transient colours flings,  
Colours that change whene'er they wave their  
wings."

92. "So swarming bees that, on a summer's day  
In airy rings and wild meanders play,  
Charm'd with the brazen sound, their wanderings  
end,  
And, gently circling, on a bough descend."

Dr. Young, *The Last Day*, b. ii.

93. Among the different modes of punctuating  
this fine, but irregularly constructed, passage,



(For many a time on monarchs twain a feud  
Hath stalked with mighty hubbub, and  
forthwith

The spirits of the commons and their hearts  
Throbbing for war, we may afar foreknow;  
For those that loiter does the warlike bray  
Of grating bronze upbraid, and there is  
heard

A sound, that apes the trumpet's broken  
blasts :) 100

Then in commotion they together flock,  
And sparkle with their pinions, and their  
stings

Point sharp upon their beaks, and fit their  
thews,

And round the king, and at the very tent  
Of their commander, muster they in crowds,  
And challenge with their lusty cries the foe.  
So, when they have secured a cloudless  
spring,

And open plains, they sally from the gates;  
In heav'n on high 'tis battle; booms a din;  
Huddled they cluster in a mighty ball 110  
And headlong drop:—no thicker in the air  
The hail, nor from the shaken holm pours  
down

So thick [a show'r] of mast. [The kings]  
themselves

Throughout the central ranks, with noted  
wings,

Wield giant spirits in a puny breast;  
E'en for so long determined not to yield,  
Until the overwhelming conqueror  
Or these, or those, hath forced to show  
their backs,

none seems satisfactory, and therefore a different view of the part which is to be considered elliptical, is here taken. According to this, the embarrassment attending *que* in *continuoque* appears to be removed; while the objection, fairly raised by Wagner against the views of Heyne and Voss, is in a great measure avoided.

115. "But, boy, fear not; I will outstretch them  
all:

My mind's a giant, though my bulk be small."

Anonymous, *The first part of Jeronimo*.

115. So Milton, *P. L.*, vii., of the ant:

"In a small room large heart enclosed."

And Shakespeare, *K. H. V.*, ii. Chorus:

"O England!—model to thy inward greatness,  
Like little body with a mighty heart."

And again:

"I never saw  
Such noble fury in so poor a thing."

*Cymbeline*, v. 5.

Milton in the same way, in *Samson Agonistes*:

"Go, baffled coward! lest I run upon thee,  
Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast."

Dryden, in speaking of the dismay of the Dutch  
fleet, inverts the idea:

"Faint sweats all down their mighty members run;  
Vast bulks which little souls but ill supply."

*Annus Mirabilis*, 70.

Reversed in flight. These tumults of their  
souls,

And these encounters so severe, when  
checked 120

By tossing of a little dust, subside.

But when both gen'als from the battle thou  
Shalt have recalled, the one, who meaner  
seems,

(Lest in his waste he mischief thee,) consign

To death; allow the nobler in the court,  
Untenanted, to reign. The one will prove  
With gold-encrusted spangles in a blaze.

For twain the species be: this nobler [king]  
Both in his guise distinguished, brilliant,  
too,

With ruddy scales; that other, grim with  
sloth, 130

And trailing, base, a breadth of paunch.  
As twain

The monarchs' figures, so the commons'  
frames.

For some in hideousness are rough; as  
when

From dust aloft the thirsty traveller comes,  
And sputters from his droughty mouth the  
earth.

Others shine forth, and with a glitter flash,  
Ablaze upon their bodies, dashed with  
gold

And even drops. This proves the worthier  
breed:

Therefrom in heav'n's appointed season  
thou

Shalt squeeze thy luscious honeys;—neither  
[yet] 140

So luscious, as both crystal-bright, and  
taste

Austere of Bacchus ready to subdue.

But when the swarms unsettled fly  
abroad,

And in the welkin sport, and scorn the  
combs,

And quit their chilly homesteads, thou  
shalt bar

Their restless spirits from their idle play.

Nor is to bar them a gigantic toil.

Do thou from off the kings their pinions  
pluck:

Not any [bee], while they delay, will dare  
To wend his route aloft, or from the camp  
To tear the standards up. Let gardens  
woo, 151

That breathe [a perfume] from their saffron  
flowers,

And, sentry 'gainst the robbers and the  
birds,

Be their protection with his willow scythe,  
The Hellespontiac Priapus' guard.

Let him to whom such [tasks] of int'rest be,

From lofty mountains bringing thyme and  
pines,  
Plant them himself far-wide around their  
homes ;

Himself let chafe his hand with galling toil;  
Himself set fruiting saplings in the ground,  
And loving waters o'er them draw in rills.

And truly, towards my travail's farthest  
bound 162

Were I not now my canvas drawing in,  
And hasting on to veer my prow to land,  
I peradventure, too, might sing what pains  
Of cultivation gardens rich would deck,  
And doubly-blooming Pæstum's beds of  
rose ;

And how the endive-plants in runnels  
quaffed

Might take delight, and banks with parsley  
green ;

And, writhing through the grass, the cu-  
cumber 170

Swell out into a paunch. Nor daffodil,  
Late-flow'ring, or the lithe acanthus' stalk,  
Could I have passed unsung, and ivies wan,  
And myrtle-shrubs enamored of the shores.  
For I recall to mind, that I beneath

The stately towers of Cæbalia, where  
The dark Galesus dews the golden tilths,  
An aged swain of Corycus had seen,  
To whom few acres of abandoned ground  
Belonged ; nor fruitful was that [soil] thro'  
steers, 180

Nor fit for cattle, nor for Bacchus meet.  
Yet even here his potherbs, thin [in row],  
Among the brakes and snowy lilies round,  
And vervains, planting, fine-grained poppy,  
too,

The wealth of monarchs in his mind he  
matched ;

And, late at night returning to his home,  
His boards he cumbered with unpurchased  
cates.

The first was he in spring to cull the rose,

161. Or, if *irriget* be taken in its secondary,  
and *imbres* in its primary sense :

"And sprinkle over them the loving showers."

185. "My mind's a kingdom." Ben Jonson.

"For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich."  
Shakespeare, *Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 3.

"I want not, for my mind affordeth wealth."  
Robert Greene, *The Hermit's Verses*.

"No, Lucio, he's a king,  
A true right king, that dares doe aught, save wrong,  
Feares nothing mortal but to be unjust,  
Who is not blowne up with the flattering puffs  
Of spongy sycophants, who stands unmoved,  
Despite the justling of opinion."

"This, Lucio, is a king,  
And of this empire every man's possest,  
That's worth his soule."

Marston, *Antonio and Mellida*, P. 1, iv. 4.

And in the autumn fruits ; and when e'en  
still

Drear winter with its cold would brast the  
rocks, 190

And with its ice the race of waters rein,  
He tresses of the downy martagon  
E'en now was clipping, chiding summer  
late,

And lagging Zephyrs. Therefore he, the  
same,

With pregnant bees, and many a swarm,  
was first

To overflow ; and from squeezed combs to  
force

The frothing honeys. He had limes and  
pine

Of fullest yield ; and with as many fruits  
In infant blossom as the teemful tree

Had robbed itself, so many it retained 200  
In autumn ripe. He also into rows

Transplanted far-grown elms, and flinty  
pear,

And black-thorn stocks, already bearing  
plums,

And plane, to topers now affording shade.  
But these, in sooth, do I, shut out by bounds  
Too strict, pass over, and to other [bards]  
To be recorded after me I leave.

Now come, what instincts Jove himself  
to bees

Assigned, will I unfold ; for what reward  
The Curets' tuneful sounds and clanking  
bronze 210

They, tracing, fed the monarch of the sky  
Beneath the grot of Dicte. They alone  
Have sons in common, city-mansions  
shared

192. See note on *Geo.* ii. v. 368.

201. "The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,  
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime."  
Shakespeare, *Sonnet* 97.

213, &c. "For so work the honey bees ;  
Creatures that, by a rule of nature, teach  
The act of order to a people's kingdom.  
They have a king and officers of sorts :  
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home ;  
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad ;  
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,  
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds ;  
Which pillage they with merry march bring home  
To the tent royal of their emperor :  
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys  
The singing masons building roofs of gold ;  
The civil citizens kneading up the honey ;  
The poor mechanic porters crowding in  
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate ;  
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,  
Delivering o'er to executors pale  
The lazy yawning drone."

Shakespeare, *K. H. V.*, i. 2.

"The careful insect midst his works I view,  
Now from the flowers exhaust the fragrant dew ;  
With golden treasures load his little thighs,

In partnership, and under noble laws  
They pass existence, and a native land,  
And settled household-gods alone they  
know ;

And mindful of the coming winter, toil  
In summer ply, and for the common stock  
Store up their gains. For some watch o'er  
the food,

And by fixed pact 'are in the fields em-  
ployed. 220

A part within th' inclosures of their homes  
Narcissus' tear, and, clammy, [tapped]  
from bark,

A gum, the first foundations for the combs,  
Lay down ; then hang they up the gluey  
wax.

Others, the nation's hope, the full-grown  
young,

Lead forth ; thrice limpid honeys others  
pack,

And with the crystal nectar puff the cells.  
There are, to whom hath fallen out by lot,  
The sentry at the gates, and in their turn  
They scan the waters and the clouds of  
heaven ; 230

Or burdens of the [workers] coming in  
Receive, or, in battalion formed, the drones,  
A lazy cattle, banish from the cribs :

Work glows, and scented honeys smell of  
thyme.

And as when Cyclops haste the thunder-  
bolts

And steer his distant journey through the skies ;  
Some against hostile drones the hive defend,  
Others with sweets the waxen cells distend ;  
Each in his toil his destin'd office bears,  
And in the little bulk a mighty soul appears."

Gay, *Rural Sports*, i. 83-90.

222. This use of *lacrima*, v. 160, is imitated by  
Sir Richard Blackmore in one of his beautiful  
passages in *Creation*, b. ii. :

"The fragrant trees, which grow by Indian floods,  
And in Arabia's aromatic woods,  
Owe all their spices to the summer's heat,  
Their gummy tears, and odoriferous sweat."

235. The same operation is described as going on  
in Mammon's cave, by Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, ii.  
7, 36 :

"One with great bellows gathered filling ayre,  
And with forst wind the fewell did inflame ;  
Another did the dying bronds repayre  
With yron tongs, and sprinkled ofte the same  
With liquid waves, fiers Vulcans rage to tame,  
Who, maystring them, renewd his former heat :  
Some scumd the drosse that from the metall came ;  
Some stird the molten owre with ladles great :"  
&c.  
Milton similarly :

"In other part stood one who, at the forge  
Labouring, two massy clods of iron and brass  
Had melted ; (whether found where casual fire  
Had wasted woods on mountain or in vale,  
Down to the veins of earth ; thence gliding hot  
To some cave's mouth ; or whether wash'd by  
stream

From ductile blocks, in bull's-hide bellows  
some

Admit the breezes, and discharge them  
back ;

Some dip the screeching bronzes in the pool :  
With stithies planted on him Ætna groans.  
They 'tween them with colossal force their  
arms 240

Upheave to measure, and with griping  
tongs

The iron turn and turn. Not otherwise,  
(If we may tiny things compare with vast,)  
An inbred passion of possessing spurs  
Cecropian bees—in his own office each.

The towns are to the old a charge, and  
combs

To wall, and fashion their Dædalian roofs.  
But, jaded, late at night betake them home  
The younger, loaded on their legs with  
thyme ;

And on the arbute-berries all around 250  
They feed, and blue-grey willows, casia too,  
And blushing crocus, and the gummy lime,  
And rust-hued martagons. With all is one  
The rest from work, with all is one the toil.  
At morning from the gates they sally  
forth ;—

Not anywhere delay :—again, when Eve  
These same, from feed [recalled], at length  
hath warned

Forth from the champaign to withdraw,  
their homes

Then seek they, then their bodies they  
refresh ;

A hum arises, and they buzz around 260  
Their borders and their thresholds. Then,  
when now

Within their couching-chambers they them-  
selves

Have ordered, all is stillness for the night,  
And their own slumber holds their wearied  
limbs.

Nor sooth,—rain overhanging,—from the  
hives

Retire they over far, or trust the sky  
When eastern gales are drawing on, but  
round

They safely water 'neath the city walls,  
And rambles short essay, and pebbles oft,  
As skiffs unsteady in the tossing wave,  
Their ballast raise : therewith themselves  
they poise 271

Thro' unsubstantial clouds. Thou'lt marvel  
chief

From underground ;) the liquid ore he drain'd  
Into fit moulds prepared ; from which he form'd  
First his own tools ; then, what might else be  
wrought  
Fusil or graven in metal." P. L., xi.



That this observance should have pleased  
the bees—

That neither do they riot in embrace,  
Nor slothfully on Venus waste their frames,  
Or bear their young with throes; but by  
themselves

They cull their children in their mouth  
from leaves,

And honied herbage; by themselves their  
king

And tiny Quirites they supply, and mould  
Anew their palaces and waxy realms. 280  
Oft, too, in roving thro' the flinty rocks  
Their pinions they have chafed—yea, e'en  
their life

Beneath their load resigned;—so great the  
love

Of flow'rs, and pride of gend'ring honey.  
Hence

Though these a span of narrow life befall,  
(For no more than a seventh summer-tide  
Is lengthened,) yet imperishable lasts  
The lineage, and stands firm through many  
a year

The fortune of the house, and ancestors  
Of ancestors are counted. Further, too,  
Not thus their king do Egypt, and great  
Lydia, 291

And tribes of Parthians, and the Median  
[flood],

Hydaspes, venerate. The king un-  
harmed—

There dwells one spirit in them all; when  
lost—

They've broken fealty, and the honeys  
heaped

Themselves have plundered, and to atoms  
rent

The fretwork of the combs. The guard of  
toils

Is he; at him in wonder do they gaze,  
And all, with humming full, around him  
stand,

And throng him close, and oftentimes lift  
him up 300

Upon their shoulders, and their frames to  
war

Expose, and seek through wounds a  
splendid death.

Some, from these marks, and following  
out

These instances, have said that in the bees  
There dwells a portion of the heav'nly mind,  
And draughts ethereal. For that deity  
Pervades alike all lands, and tracts of sea,  
And sky sublime; that hence the flocks,  
the herds,

Mankind, of savage creatures every tribe—  
Each [being] for itself at birth derives 310

A subtle life. Moreover, to this source  
All [living things] thereafter are reduced,

And at their dissolution are restored;  
That neither is there room for death, but  
quick

They wing their journey to the rank of star,  
And mount them to the firmament on high.

If ever thou their narrow home, and,  
stored

In treasure-cells, their honeys would'st un-  
seal,

First, sprinkled with a draught of waters,  
rinse

Thy mouth, and in thy hand before thee  
stretch 320

The piercing smoke. Their heavy produce  
twice

They gather; twain the harvest-times; as  
soon

As hath Taygete, the Pleiad maid,  
Her comely visage to the lands revealed,

And with her foot hath spurned the Ocean-  
tides,

Disdained; or when the self-same, as she  
flies

The constellation of the wat'ry Fish,  
More melancholy from the sky sinks down

Within the winter-waves. In them dwells  
wrath

Past bound, and when annoyed their bane  
they breathe 330

Into their stings, and their viewless bolts  
They leave behind them, to the arteries

Firm fixed, and in the wound their lives  
lay down.

But if, in dread of rig'rous winter-tide,  
Thou'lt both be sparing for the time to come,

And look with mercy on their shattered  
souls,

And broken fortunes;—yet to fumigate  
With thyme, and cut away the empty wax,

Who would demur? For often, unre-  
marked,

The lizard hath begnawed the combs, and  
cells, 340

316. The German critic quoted by Jahn observes,  
that the latter clause of verse 227 of the text comes  
in languidly after the former; to which Voss replies,  
that it is only an amplification of the preceding  
idea. But surely this is a weak answer; for it is at  
least as easy for an amplification to be languid as  
not. According to the view of some translators,  
the passage would be rendered thus:

"And take their station in the height of heaven;"

which would give a stronger sense; but it is by no  
means certain that *succedere* will bear the inter-  
pretation thus put upon it.

340. That is: beetles by cellfuss.



Uppiled with beetles, runaways from light,  
And, at another's viands sitting down,  
The [task-] exempted drone; or hornet  
fierce

Hath mixed among them with unbalanced  
arms;

Or moths—cursed crew; or, of Minerva  
loathed,

The spider in the door-way hath hung up  
Her flowing toils. The more have they  
been drained,

So the more keenly all will strain to mend  
A fallen people's wreck, and full will brim  
The combs, and weave their magazines  
from flowers. 350

But if, (since our mischances, too, on  
bees

Hath life entailed,) their bodies shall be  
faint

With dismal sickness, which at once shalt  
thou

Be able by no doubtful marks to learn:—  
Straight in the ailing is a diff'rent hue;

A grisly meagreness the visage mars;  
Then from the dwellings carry they abroad

The carcases of those that lack the light,  
And lead their doleful obsequies; or they

With legs entangled at the threshold hang,  
Or lag indoors within their cloistered  
homes, 361

All both with hunger spiritless, and dull  
With rivelled chillness: then a deeper tone

Is heard, and drawlingly they hum: as  
cold

At times on forests Auster growls; as  
booms

Chafed ocean with recoiling waves; as  
storms

In prisoned furnaces the rav'ning fire:—  
Here will I counsel thee at once to burn

Galbanian scents, and honeys introduce  
In water-pipes of reed, yea, cheering on,

And wooing them [in their] exhausted  
[state] 371

To their familiar food. And 'twill bestead  
To blend bruised taste of gall, and roses  
dried,

Or sodden must enriched thro' plenteous  
fire,

Or [sun-] dried clusters from the Psithian  
vine,

And thyme of Attica, and centaur-plants,  
Rank smelling. In the meads, too, is a  
flower,

For which the name *Amellus* swains have  
coined;—

To those who seek an easy plant [to find]:  
For lifts it from a single matted sod 380

A giant bush; [of] golden [hue] itself,  
But in the petals, which, full many a one,  
Are shed around, faint twinkles purple tint

Of dusky violet. Oft with platted wreaths  
Thereof the altars of the gods are trimmed;  
Harsh in the mouth its flavor; this in dells  
That have been pastured, do the shepherds  
cull,

And fast by Mella's serpentizing streams.  
Stew roots of this in spicy wine, and serve  
In baskets full the viands at their gates.

But if upon a sudden all his stock 391  
Shall any [swain] have failed, nor, whence  
a race

Of new [-ly fostered] breed may be recalled,  
Shall he possess [the means], it e'en is time  
Th' Arcadian master's memorable plans

To ope, and how ere this from slaughtered  
steers

The tainted gore hath often yielded bees.  
High tracing it from its primeval source,  
The legend all will I unfold. For where  
The Pella-named Canopus' blessed race  
Inhabits near the Nile, that stagnant lies  
Through overflowing flood, and round their  
fields 402

Are carried in their painted skiffs; and  
where

The quivered Persis' frontier presses close;  
Into seven separated mouths  
Asunder runs, while flushing on, the stream,  
E'en from the colored Indians borne adown,  
And blooming Egypt, with its sable slime

400. "What wonder, in the sultry climes, that  
spread  
Where Nile redundant o'er his summer bed  
From his broad bosom life and verdure flings,  
And broods o'er Egypt with his wat'ry wings,  
If with advent'rous oar and ready sail  
The dusky people drive before the gale;  
Or on frail floats to neighb'ring cities ride,  
That rise and glitter o'er the ambient tide."  
Gray, *Alliance of Education and Government*.

402. It is by no means certain that *stagnantem*  
is not active.

345. See Spenser's beautiful description of  
Aragoll's spinning his web to catch Clarion, in  
*Muioptomos*, 357:

"And weaving straight a net with manie a fold  
About the cave, in which he lurking dwelt,  
With fine small cords about it stretched wide,  
So finely sponne, that scarce they could be  
spide:" &c.

The process of capture is gracefully described by  
Dryden:

"So the false spider, when her nets are spread,  
Deep ambush'd in her silent den does lie;  
And feels far off the trembling of her thread,  
Whose filmy cord should bind the struggling  
fly.

Then if at last she find him fast beset,  
She issues forth, and runs along her loom:  
She joys to touch the captive in her net,  
And drag the little wretch in triumph home."

*Ann. Mir.*, 180, 1.

It fertilises :—all that country grounds  
 Infallible deliv'rance on this craft. 410  
 In the first place, a scanty spot is chosen,  
 And for these very services confined.  
 This, both with tiling of a narrow roof,  
 And with contracted walls, do they inclose,  
 And add four loopholes, with the light  
 aslant  
 From the four winds. A calf then, arching  
 now  
 His horns upon a brow of two years' age,  
 is sought.  
 In him the nostrils twain, and breath of  
 mouth,  
 While many a struggle he opposes, tight  
 Are blocked, and, slain by blows, his battered  
 flesh 420  
 Through the unbroken hide is crushed to  
 pulp.  
 Thus laid, they leave him in his cloistered  
 hold,  
 And 'neath his ribs lay scraps of branches,  
 thyme,  
 And fresh [-culled] casias. This is carried  
 on  
 When Zephyrs first are chasing on the  
 waves,  
 Before with earliest hues the meadows  
 flush,  
 Before the prating swallow hangs her nest  
 Beneath the beams. Meanwhile acquiring  
 heat,  
 Within the softened bones the juice fer-  
 ments,  
 And, in surprising fashions to be seen, 430  
 Live creatures, destitute of feet at first,  
 And soon with pinions whizzing, swarm  
 around,  
 And traverse more and more the subtle  
 air :  
 Till, like a rainy-torrent, gushing forth  
 From clouds of summer, they have burst  
 away ;  
 Or like the arrows from the driving chord,  
 If e'er light Parths commence the op'ning  
 fights.  
 What deity, O Muses, what—struck out  
 This craft for our behoof? Whence took  
 its rise  
 This new experience [on the part] of men ?

427. *Hirundo* is a general name for several kinds of swallows. Perhaps Virgil alludes to the martin, as Shakespeare does in the following passage from *Macbeth*, i. 6 :

" This guest of summer,  
 The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,  
 By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath  
 Smells woefully here : no jutty, frieze, buttress,  
 Nor coigne of vantage, but this bird hath made  
 His pendent bed, and procreant cradle."

The shepherd Aristæus, taking flight  
 From Peneus' Tempe, when his bees were  
 lost 442  
 (As [goes] the legend,) by disease alike  
 And hunger, melancholy took his stand  
 Hard by the holy [well-] head of the stream,  
 At its far bound, outpouring many a plaint ;  
 And in this strain his parent he addressed :  
 " Mother, Cyrene mother, who dost haunt  
 The lowest [regions] of this bubbling fount,  
 Why me from the all-glorious line of gods,  
 (If only, whom thou sayest, is my sire—  
 Thymbra's Apollo,) loathed of fates, hast  
 borne ? 452  
 Or whither banished is thy love of us ?  
 Why would'st thou bid me hope for heav'n ?  
 Lo ! e'en  
 This very credit of my mortal life,  
 Which scarce the skilful ward of fruits and  
 flocks  
 Had wrought me out, essaying every [art],  
 With thee for mother, do I quit. Nay  
 come,  
 And with thy hand thyself my fruiting  
 groves  
 Uproot ; bring hostile fire upon my stalls,  
 And kill my harvests ; burn my seeded  
 crops, 461  
 And wield the lusty axe against my vines,  
 If such sore weariness of my renown  
 Hath seized thee." Now his mother heard  
 the cry  
 Beneath the chamber of the deepsome flood.  
 Around her their Milesian wools her  
 Nymphs  
 Were carding, with full hue of glassy-green  
 Ingrained :—e'en Drymo, Xantho, too,  
 alike  
 Ligæa, and Phyllodoce—their locks  
 Out-streamed in lustre o'er their snowy  
 necks ; 470  
 Nesæe, Spio too, Thalia too,

459. What Aristæus, with something of petulance, hypothetically called upon his mother to do, Sir Guyon absolutely effected for the "Bower of Bliss;" *Faerie Queene*, ii. 12, 83 :

" But all those pleasant bowes, and pallace brave,  
 Guyon broke downe with rigour pitlesse ;  
 Ne ought their goodly workmanship might save  
 Them from the tempest of his wrathfulness,  
 But that their blisse he turn'd to balefulness ;  
 Their groves he feld ; their gardins did deface ;  
 Their arbors spoyle ; their cabinets suppress ;  
 Their banker-houses burne ; their buildings race ;  
 And, of the fayrest late, now made the fowlest  
 place."

" O boundlesse woe,

If there be any black yet unknown griefe,  
 If there be any horror yet unfelt,  
 Unthought-of mischief in thy fiend-like power,  
 Dash it upon my miserable head :  
 Make me more wretch, more curs'd if thou canst."  
 Marston, *Antonio and Mellida*, P. 2, i. 5.

Cymodoce as well, Cydippe too,  
 And auburn [-tressed] Lycorias—one a  
 maid,  
 The other having then Lucine's first pangs  
 Experienced ; Clio too, and Beroe  
 Her sister, daughters of the Ocean both,  
 With gold both girdled, both with dappled  
 skins ;  
 And Ephyre, and Opis, and the Asian  
 [maid]  
 Dëiope, and nimble Arethuse,  
 Her arrows laid aside at last. 'Mong  
 whom 480  
 Was Clymene relating th' idle pains  
 Of Vulcan, and th' intrigues and blissful  
 thefts  
 Of Mars, and down from Chaos reck'ning  
 o'er  
 The crowded loves of gods. By which her  
 song  
 Enchanted, while around their spindles  
 they  
 Their downy tasks spin off, his mother's  
 ears  
 Once more the wail of Aristæus struck,  
 And on their crystal thrones were all  
 amazed.  
 But ere the other sisters Arethuse,  
 Forth-gazing, lifted up her auburn head  
 Above the billow-crest ; and from afar :  
 " O scared not idly by so deep a groan,  
 Cyrene sister, he himself for thee, 493  
 Thy chief affection, Aristæus sad  
 By father Peneus' billow stands in tears,  
 And calls thee heartless by thy name." To  
 her  
 His mother, shocked in soul with strange  
 alarm,  
 Cries, " Lead, haste, lead him to us ; 'tis  
 allowed  
 For him to touch the thresholds of the gods."  
 At once does she enjoin the deepsome  
 floods 500  
 Far-wide to part asunder, where the youth  
 Might introduce his steps. But him around,  
 In mountain-fashion arched, the billow  
 stood,  
 And welcomed him within its bosom vast,  
 And sent him on beneath the stream. And  
 now,  
 In wonder gazing on his mother's court,  
 And wat'ry realms, and lakes in caves en-  
 jailed,

482. Goldsmith speaks of a more moral descrip-  
 tion of *furta* in the *Deserted Village* :

" The breezy covert of the warbling grove,  
 That only sheltered thefts of harmless love."

507. " Come now, ye Naiads, to the fountains lead ;  
 Now let me wander through your gelid reign."

And rumbling groves, he went his way,  
 and stunned  
 At the vast coil of waters, all the floods,  
 Careering 'neath the mighty earth, he  
 viewed, 510  
 Dispread in various regions,—Phasis e'en,  
 And Lycus, and the [fountain-] head,  
 wherefrom  
 The deep Enipeus disembogues him first ;  
 Whence father Tiber, and whence Anio's  
 tides,  
 And, rife in rock, the booming Hypanis ;  
 Caicus, too, of Mysia, and, engilt  
 Upon his double horns on bull-like face,  
 Eridanus ; than which no other stream  
 Along the teeming tilths, with fiercer force  
 On flushes to the purple main. As soon  
 As he arrived within the chamber's roof,  
 With pumice hanging, and Cyrene learnt  
 Her offspring's causeless weepings, for his  
 hands 523  
 The sisters duly crystal springs present,  
 And bring him towels with a shaven nap.  
 Some load the boards with cates, and serve  
 and serve  
 The brimming goblets ; with Panchæan fires  
 Blaze up the altars : and his mother cries :  
 " Do thou take beakers of Mæonian wine ;  
 To Ocean pour we." She herself at once  
 Entreats both Ocean, sire of [all] things,  
 and the Nymphs, 531  
 The sister-train—the hundred who the  
 woods,  
 The hundred who the rivers, haunt. Three  
 times  
 With crystal nectar Vesta in a glow  
 She sprent ; three times the blaze, shot up  
 aloft  
 To the dome-crest, flashed back : with  
 which presage  
 Her spirit bracing, thus herself begins :  
 " In the Carpathian gulf of Neptune  
 dwells  
 A seer, the azure Proteus, he who spans

I burn to view th' enthusiastic wilds  
 By mortal else untrod. I hear the din  
 Of waters thundering o'er the ruin'd cliffs.  
 With holy reverence I approach the rocks,  
 Whence glide the streams renown'd in ancient  
 song.

Here from the desert down the rumbling steep  
 First springs the Nile ; here bursts the sounding  
 Po

In angry waves ; Euphrates hence devolves  
 A mighty flood to water half the east ;  
 And there, in gothic solitude reclin'd,  
 The cheerless Tanais pours his hoary urn."

Armstrong, *Health*, b. ii.

539. " Proteus is shepherd of the seas of yore,  
 And hath the charge of Neptune's mighty heard ;  
 An aged sire with head all frowy hore,  
 And sprinkled frost upon his dewy beard :



The vasty ocean with his fish, and car  
With double-footed coursers yoked. He  
now 541

Emathia's havens and his native land,  
Pallene, is revisiting. To him  
Both we the Nymphs look up with awe,  
and e'en

The agèd Nereus : for the prophet knows  
All things which are, which were, which  
yet to come

Are trailing on ; since so to Neptune good  
it seemed,

Whose monster-cattle and unsightly seals,  
He pastures underneath the wat'ry-whirl.  
By thee must he, my son, in fetters first  
Be caught, that all the source of the disease  
He may discover, and the issues bless. 552  
For without force no counsels will he grant,  
Nor him by praying may'st thou bend ;  
brute force

And manacles, when captured, on him  
strain :

Round these at last will unavailing wiles  
Be shattered. I myself will thee, what  
time

Shall Sol have kindled up meridian heats,  
What time the herbage is athirst, and now  
More welcome to the cattle is the shade,  
Lead to the agèd [seer's] sequestered  
haunts, 561

Where, wearied, he betakes him from the  
waves ;

That readily, in slumber as he lies,  
Thou may'st assail him. But when with  
thy hands

And fetters thou shalt hold him tightly  
grasped,

Then divers shapes, and forms of savage  
beasts,

---

Who, when those pitiful outcries he heard  
Through all the seas so ruefully resound,  
His charett swift in hast he thither steard,  
Which with a teeme of scaly Phocas bownd  
Was drawne upon the waves, that fomed him  
arownd." Spenser, *F. Q.*, iii. 8, 30.

566. So Spenser says of Archimago ; *F. Q.*, i. 2, 10 :  
" He then devise himself how to disguise ;  
For by his mighty science he could take  
As many formes and shapes in seeming wise,  
As ever Proteus to himselfe could make :  
Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,  
Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell ;  
That of himselfe he ofte for feare would quake,  
And oft would flie away."

The attentive reader will no doubt remark the  
graphic turn with which this imitation concludes.

The passage also calls to mind the lines in Milton's  
*Comus* :

" Boldly assault the necromancer's hall ;  
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,  
And brandish'd blade rush on him ; break his  
glass,

Will baffle thee. For in a trice will he  
Become a bristly boar, and tigress swart,  
And scale-clad dragon, and a lioness  
With tawny neck ; or piercing roar of flame,  
Will he discharge, and thus from out his  
bonds 571

Will drop, or, melted into waters thin,  
Escape away. But how the more shall he  
Transmute him into every guise, so much,  
My son, the more do thou the griping  
chains

Strain tight, till such shall he become, with  
frame

Transformed, as thou beheldest him, when  
he

With sleep commenced was muffling up  
his eyes."

These speaks she, and ambrosia's flowing  
scent

Distils around, wherewith she overspread  
Her son's whole body, and o'er him there  
breathed 581

From tresses trimly laid a musky air,  
And o'er his limbs a lively vigor came.

There is a vasty cavern in the side  
Of a heart-eaten mountain, whereinto  
Full many a billow by the blast is forced,  
And into curves receding splits itself ;  
At times for [storm-] caught seamen anchor-  
age

Right safe : within doth Proteus screen  
himself

By the obstruction of a monster rock. 590  
In ambush here the Nymph the stripling  
posts

Turned from the light away ; takes she  
herself

Her station at a distance, gloomed in mists,  
Now rav'ning Sirius, scorching thirsty Inds,  
Was blazing, and in heav'n had fiery Sol  
Accomplished his meridian round ; the  
herbs

---

And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,  
But seize his wand : though he and his cursed  
crew

Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,  
Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke,  
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink."

584. " His bowre is in the bottom of the maine,  
Under a mightie rocke, gainst which doe rave  
The roling billowes in their proud disdain,  
That with the angry working of the wave  
Therein is eaten out a hollow cave,  
That seemes rough masons hand with engines  
keene  
Had long while laboured it to engrave :  
There was his wonne,"

*Faerie Queene*, iii. 8, 37.

587. Or : " Splits itself upon sequestered coves ;"  
but this rendering is hardly consistent with *tutis-  
sima*. See Heyne on *Æn.* i. 161.



Were with'ring, and in drougthy channels  
warmed,  
His beams were seething hollow streams  
to slime ;  
When Proteus, seeking his accustomed  
caves,  
Was coming from the billows. Him  
around 600  
The wat'ry nation of the mighty deep  
Disporting, scattered wide the bitter spray.  
For slumber stretch themselves the seals,  
apart  
Upon the strand ; himself (as doth at  
times  
The guardian of a fold upon the mounts,  
When evening from their grazing to the  
sheds  
Brings home the calves, and by their  
bleatings heard  
The lambkins whet the wolves), sits central  
down  
Upon a cliff, and reckons o'er their tale.  
O'er whom since now the vantage offered is  
To Aristæus, having scarce allowed 611  
The senior to lay down his jaded limbs,  
With lusty shout he rushes on, and him  
Surprises with the handcuffs as he lies.  
He, not unmindful, on the other hand,  
Of his own craft, transfigureth himself  
Into all marvels of [created] things—  
Both fire, and fearful beast, and flowing  
flood.  
But when no guile discovers an escape,  
Into himself, defeated, he returns, 620  
And with the mouth of man at last he  
spake :  
“Pray who, thou most presumptuous of  
youths,  
Bade thee our habitations to approach ?  
Or what,” he cries, “hence seekest thou ?”  
But he :  
“Thou knowest, Proteus, knowest of thy-  
self,  
Nor is one able thee to dupe in aught ;

601. “But is not yonder Proteus’ cave,  
Below that steep,  
Which rising billows brave ?  
It is : and in it lies the god asleep ;  
And, snorting by,  
We may descry  
The Monsters of the deep.”  
Dryden, *Albion and Albanus*, iii.  
617. “To dreadful shapes he did himselfe trans-  
forme :  
Now like a gyaunt ; now like to a feend ;  
Then like a centaure ; then like to a storme,  
Raging within the waves.” *F. Q.*, iii. 8, 42.  
“Sudden the god a lion stands ;  
He shakes his mane, he spurns the sands ;  
Now a fierce lynx with fiery glare,  
A wolf, an ass, a fox, a bear.” *Gay, F.*, i. 33.

But cease thy wishing [to make dupes of  
us].  
The gods’ injunctions following have we  
come,  
In fallen circumstances hence to seek  
Oracular replies.” So much he spake.  
To these the seer at length with effort vast  
His eyeballs, flashing with a blue-green  
glare, 632  
Rolled on him, and deep gnashing [with  
his teeth],  
He thus with destinies his lips unlocked :  
“’Tis not the wrath of less than is divine  
That vexeth thee : thou expiatest grievous  
crimes.  
For thee doth Orpheus, in a piteous case  
In nowise owing to his own desert,  
These punishments, save fates withstand,  
awake,  
And fiercely rages for his ravished bride.  
She sooth, while headlong she was flying  
thee 641  
Along the streams—a maiden doomed to  
die—  
A monstrous water-snake before her feet,  
Haunting the margents in the lofty grass,  
Perceived not. But the Dryads’ sister-choir  
The highest regions of the mountains filled  
With shrieking ; wept the Rhodopean  
towers,  
Pangæan heights alike, and Rhesus’ land  
Mavortian, and the Getæ, Hebrus too,  
And Attic Orithyia. He himself 650  
Soothing on hollow shell his heart-sick  
love,  
Thee, darling spouse, thee on the lonely  
shore  
All by himself, thee at the dawning day,  
Thee as it sank adown, was wont to chant.  
Yea, jaws of Tæn’rus, gates of Dis profound,

635. See note on *Geo.* i. 115.

655. Pope’s splendid allusion to this legend is  
well known ; but it must be quoted :

“But when, through all the infernal bounds  
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,  
Love, strong as death, the poet led  
To the pale nations of the dead,  
What sounds were heard,  
What scenes appear’d,  
O’er all the dreary coasts !  
Dreadful gleams,  
Horrid screams,  
Fires that glow,  
Shrieks of woe,  
Sullen moans,  
Hollow groans,  
And cries of tortured ghosts !  
But hark ! he strikes the golden lyre ;  
And see ! the tortured ghosts respire,  
See, shady forms advance !  
Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,  
Ixion rests upon his wheel,  
And the pale spectres dance ;

And, glooming with a murky dread, the grove  
 He entered, and the Manes he approached,  
 And their terrific monarch, and the hearts  
 Unknowing how to melt at mortal prayers.  
 But by his strain aroused from lowest seats  
 Of Erebus, advanced the subtle shades,  
 And phantom-forms of those that lack the light ; 662  
 As numerous [as] thousands of the birds  
 [That] bury them among the leaves, what time  
 Doth eve, or wintry shower drive them down  
 From mountains : mothers, husbands too,  
 and frames  
 Of high-souled heroes that have done with life ;  
 Boys, and unwedded maids, and striplings laid  
 On fun'ral-piles before their parents' eyes :  
 Whom round the sable ooze, and hideous reed 670  
 Of Cocyt, and with lazy wave the fen  
 Unlovely binds, and Styx, nine times out-poured  
 Between, confines them. Yea, astonished stood  
 The very homes and deepest hell of Death,  
 And, twisted through their locks with azure snakes,  
 The Furies ; and restrained his triple mouth

The Furies sink upon their iron beds,  
 And snakes uncurl'd hang listening round their heads.

“ But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes :  
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies !  
 How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move ?  
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.

Now under hanging mountains,  
 Beside the falls of fountains,  
 Or where Hebrus wanders,  
 Rolling in mæanders,

All alone,  
 Unheard, unknown,  
 He makes his moan ;  
 And calls her ghost,  
 For ever, ever, ever lost !

Now with furies surrounded,  
 Despairing, confounded,  
 He trembles, he glows,  
 Amidst Rhodope's snows :

See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies ;  
 Hark ! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries—

Ah see, he dies !  
 Yet even in death Eurydice he sung,  
 Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,  
 Eurydice the woods,  
 Eurydice the floods,  
 Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.”  
*Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, st. 4. 6.

672. “ Where rocks and rueful deserts are descried,  
 And sullen Styx rolls down his lazy tide.”  
 Garth, *Dispensary*, c. vi.

The gaping Cerberus, and in the breeze  
 The circuit of Ixion's wheel stood still.  
 And now, his steps retracing, all mishaps  
 He had avoided, and Eurydice, 680  
 Restored, was coming to the upper air,  
 Behind him following, (for Proserpine  
 This law had giv'n,) when sudden madness  
 seized

The heedless lover,—pardonable sure,  
 If Manes knew to pardon ;—short he  
 stopped,

And back upon Eurydice, his own,  
 Now even 'neath the very verge of light,  
 Mindless, alas ! and whelmed in soul, he  
 looked.

There all his toil was squandered, and the  
 league

Of the remorseless tyrant burst, and thrice  
 A crash was heard within Avernian pools.  
 ‘ What,’ cries she, ‘ both unhappy me and  
 thee 692

Hath ruined, Orpheus,—frenzy what so  
 wild ?

Lo ! call me back once more the ruthless  
 Weirds,

And sleep is sealing up my swimming eyes.  
 And now farewell ! I'm borne away, en-  
 wrapt

In deep of night around, and stretching  
 forth

To thee,—alas ! not thine,—my weakly  
 hands.’

She said, and on a sudden from his eyes,  
 As smoke commingled into subtle air,  
 She fled another way, nor him, in vain  
 Grasping at shades, and longing many a  
 word 700

To utter, did she any further see ;  
 Nor did Hell's ferryman allow him more

678. Sotheby has :

“ And fixed in air Ixion's wheel reposed.”

691. See Milton quoted *Æn.* i. v. 167.

693. “ My eyes are going to bed, and leaden sleep  
 Doth draw the curtains o'er them.”  
 Shirley, *Love Tricks*, iv. 2.

“ Peace rest on you ! One sad tear every day,  
 For poor Alinda's sake, 'tis fit you pay.  
 A thousand, noble youth ! And when I sleep  
 Even in my silver slumbers still I'll weep.”  
 J. Fletcher, *The Loyal Subject*, v. 2.

695. “ So fare you well at once ; for Brutus' tongue  
 Hath almost ended his life's history :  
 Night hangs upon mine eyes.”  
 Shakespeare, *Julius Cæsar*, v. 5.

700. “ Was ever known  
 A man so miserably blest as I ?

I have no sooner found the greatest good,  
 Man in this pilgrimage of life can meet,  
 But I must make the womb, where 'twas conceived,  
 The tomb to bury it, and the first hour it lives  
 The last it must breathe.”

Webster, *A Cure*, i. 2.

To cross the barrier fen. What should he do?

Whither should he betake himself, his spouse

Twice ravished from him? With what weeping move

The Manes, with what voice the gods? She sooth

Now cold was floating in the Stygian bark. They tell that he for sev'n whole months in course,

Beneath a heav'n-high rock, beside the wave Of lonely Strymon, wept, and vented these [his woes] 710

'Neath icy grottoes, soothing tigresses, And drawing with his minstrelsy the oaks: As, mourning underneath a poplar shade, The nightingale bemoans her missing brood, Which [some] unfeeling ploughman, on the watch,

Hath ravished callow from the nest; but she

Weeps thro' the night, and, sitting on a bough,

Her piteous strain renews, and far and near Fills every spot with melancholy plaints.

No Love, no joys of Hymen bent his soul; Alone the Polar ice, and snowy Don, 721

And fields ne'er widowed of Rhipæan frosts, He ranged, bewailing lost Eurydice, And bootless grants of Dis: thro' which his task

The matrons of the Cicons scorned, amid The holy rites of gods, and revel-feasts

Of nightly Bacchus, into atoms rent, The stripling scattered o'er the spacious fields.

Then too the head, wrung off a marble neck,

714. Milton briefly alludes to the nightingale; *P. L.*, b. vii. iv.:

"Nor then the solemn nightingale Ceased warbling, but all night tuned her soft lays."

"All but the wakeful nightingale; She all night long her amorous descant sung."

"Where the love-lorn nightingale Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well."

*Comus.*

Thomson, more at length; *Spring*, 717, &c.:

"Oft when, returning with her loaded bill, Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest, By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls; Her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping scarce Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade; Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings Her sorrows through the night; and, on the bough

Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall Takes up again her lamentable strain. Of winding woe; till, wide around, the woods Sign to her song, and with her wail resound."

The next stanza is quoted in note on *Æn.* ii. v. 727.

When, bearing it upon his central tide, 730 Cægrian Hebrus rolled,—'Eurydice' the very voice

And death-cold tongue, 'Ah! poor Eurydice!'

As flies the spirit, called; 'Eurydice' The banks re-echoed all throughout the stream."

These Proteus: and he plunged him with a bound

Within the dæpsome sea, and where he plunged

The yesting wave he wreathed below his neck.

But not Cyrene; for unasked she spoke The trembler: "Son, 'tis lawful from thy mind

To lay aside thy melancholy cares. 740

This is the whole occasion of the plague; 'Tis hence the Nymphs, with whom she used to hold

The dances in the lofty groves, have sent The piteous desolation on thy bees.

Do thou thy gifts in lowly fashion spread, Entreating reconciliation, and adore

Th' easy Napeæans; for they will vouchsafe Their pardon to thy vows, and bate their wrath.

But what should be the manner of thy suit

730-5. So Milton alludes to Orpheus in *Lycidas*: "When, by the rout that made the hideous roar, His goary visage down the stream was sent, Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore."

"So when the Thracian furies Orpheus tore, And left his bleeding trunk deform'd with gore, His sever'd head floats down the silver tide, His yet warm tongue for his lost consort cried; Eurydice with quivering voice he mourn'd, And Heber's banks Eurydice returned."

*Gay, Trivia*, ii. 293.

"'Olympia! my Olympia's lost!' I cry. 'Olympia's lost!' the hollow vaults reply. Louder I make my lamentable moan; The swelling echoes learn like me to groan; The ghosts to scream, as through lone a sles they sweep!

The shrines to shudder, and the saints to weep!" *Savage, Wanderer*, c. ii.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue, That hush'd the stormy main:

Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed: Mountains, yve mourn in vain

Modred, whose magic song Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.

On dreary Arvon's shore they lie, Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:

Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail; The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by."

*Gray, Bard*, i. 3.

735. Thus Thomson, seizing the idea in v. 529, makes the genius of the Thames disappear in his own waters:

"He said; and plunged to his crystal dome, While o'er his head the circling waters foam."

*Poems on several Occasions.*

I first will duly tell thee. Four choice  
 bulls 750  
 Of passing form, who now for thee feed  
 down  
 The green Lycæus' peaks, do thou choose  
 out,  
 And with a neck untouched as many kine.  
 Four altars at the goddesses' high shrines  
 For these construct, and from their throats  
 discharge  
 The holy blood, and in a leafy grove  
 The oxen's carcasses themselves forsake.  
 Then, when the ninth Aurore shall have  
 displayed  
 Her dawn, to Orpheus his funereal dues,  
 Lethean poppies, shalt thou pay, and thou  
 A sable ewe shalt butcher, and the grove  
 Visit again; Eurydice, appeased 762  
 By slaughtered heifer-calf, shalt thou  
 adore."

No dallying: at once he puts in force  
 His mother's mandates. To the shrines he  
 comes;  
 The indicated altars he uprears;  
 Four chosen bulls of passing form he leads,  
 And, with a neck untouched, as many kine.  
 Then, when the ninth Aurore had ushered  
 in  
 Her dawn, to Orpheus his funereal dues  
 He pays, the grove, too, visits he again.  
 But here an unexpected prodigy, 772  
 And wondrous to be named, do they be-  
 hold:—  
 Throughout the molten inwards of the  
 beeves,

767. Milton in the same way repeats the execu-  
 tion of orders in the words of the orders themselves;  
*P. L.*, b. x. end.

Bees buzzing, from within the womb entire,  
 And bubbling forth from out their riven  
 sides;  
 And, warping on, huge clouds; and stream-  
 ing now  
 Together on the tree-crest, and adown  
 A cluster dropping from the buxom boughs.  
 These verses on the management of  
 fields 780  
 And cattle I was chanting, and on trees;  
 While mighty Cæsar at Euphrates deep  
 Thunders in war, and conqueror gives laws  
 Thro' acquiescing tribes, and aims to tread  
 A path to reach Olympus. At that hour  
 Me, Virgil, sweet Parthenope did nurse,  
 While rioting in tasks of fameless ease;  
 I, who have madrigals of shepherds played,  
 And, bold in youth, thee, Tityrus, have  
 sung  
 Beneath a canopy of spreading beech. 790

777. We are indebted to the genius of Milton for  
 this exquisite metaphor, which he applies to the  
 motion of locusts, in illustrating that of the wicked  
 angels, when flocking to the summons of Satan:

"As when the potent rod  
 Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day  
 Waved round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud  
 Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,  
 That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung,  
 Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile."  
*Paradise Lost*, b. i.

If it be thought too great a liberty to render *trahi*  
 by a neuter verb, this beautiful word must be  
 abandoned, and the passage altered thus:

"And boundless clouds trailed on," &c.

In this case, too, line 84 must share a like fate,  
 and be thus lowered:

"See trailed upon the wind," &c.

788. *Carmina lusi*: so in *Ecl.* i. v. 10; *Ludere  
 quæ vellem*.



# THE ÆNEID.

## BOOK I.

THAT [bard] am I, who erst attuned his lay  
Upon the slender reed, and from the woods  
Withdrawing, have compelled the neighb'ring  
fields  
The tiller to obey, though greedy [he]:—  
A welcome task to swains: but now Mars'  
dread

ARMS and the man I sing, who erst from  
coasts  
Of Troy to Italy and Lavinian shores,  
By destiny a rover, came. Much he  
Was tossed alike on lands and sea, through  
might

Those writers seem to have been hasty in their criticisms upon these first four lines, who pronounce them unworthy of the author of the *Æneid*. Able scholars are found to think them thoroughly Virgilian; and Forbiger thinks he sees plain evidence of genuineness in the word *at*. Had the writers in question, instead of saying that the passage was not Virgil's, said that it was a weak introduction to an epic poem, they would have been quite right; and doubtless no one would have been happier to agree with them than Virgil himself. It seems highly probable that he sent the lines in dispute, along with the work itself, to some friend, who showed them to others, and in this way they obtained currency as the unquestioned production of his pen. Thus from their genuineness, coupled with their great ingenuity, they crept into the text, from which they were most likely ejected by Tucca and Varius, though some manuscripts retained them still. One thing is pretty certain,—that Virgil, whose discretion and taste must be admitted, even by those who think meanly of his creative powers, would never, with his great original before him, have begun the *Æneid* with an *Ille ego*. At all events, Persius did not believe in the puerility, if he ever heard of it.

This opening reminds one of the introduction to the *Faerie Queene*:

"Lo! I, the man whose Muse whylome did maske,  
As time her taught, in lowly shepherds weeds,  
Am now enforst, a farre unfitter taske,  
For trumpets sterne to chaunge mine oaten reeds,  
And sing of Knights and Ladies gentle deeds:" &c.  
See also *Shepherds Calender*, October, 55.

4. Cowley compares the sufferings of Charles the Second to those of Æneas, philosophising, *more suo*:

Of heav'nly Powers, for the rankling wrath  
Of ruthless Juno; yea, and much he bore  
Thro' war, till he a city built, and brought  
His gods to Latium, whence the Latin race,  
And Alban sires, and walls of lofty Rome.

O Muse, to me the reasons do thou tell,  
What Pow'r aggrieved, or wherefore in a  
chafe,

The queen of gods should have enforced a  
man,

Marked for his piety, to undergo  
Mishaps so many, meet so many toils.  
Can wrath so grievous [dwell] in heav'nly  
minds?

There was an ancient city,—colonists  
Of Tyre possessed it,—Carthage, right  
afar

Of Italy and Tiber's mouths afar,  
Rich in resources, and in war's pursuits  
Most truculent; the which is Juno said 20  
Above all regions singly to have nursed,—  
Samos postponed. Her arms [stood] here,  
here stood

"But, in the cold of want, and storms of adverse  
chance,

They harden his young virtue by degrees:  
The beauteous drop first into ice does freeze,  
And into solid crystal next advance.  
His murder'd friends and kindred he does see,  
And from his flaming country flee:  
Much is he tost at sea, and much at land;  
Does long the force of angry gods withstand:  
He does long troubles and long wars sustain,  
Ere he his fatal birthright gain.  
With no less time and labour can  
Destiny build up such a man.  
Who's with sufficient virtue filled  
His ruin'd country to rebuild."

*Ode on Restoration.*

"I am pursued; all the ports are stopt too;  
Not any hope to escape; behind, before me,  
On either side I am beset;—cursed fortune;  
My enemy on the sea, and on the land too,  
Redeemed from one affliction to another."  
Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Custom of the  
Country*, ii. 4.

15. So Milton, *Par. Lost*, b. vi:  
"In heavenly Spirits could such perverseness  
dwell?"

Her car. That this might to the nations  
prove

The seat of rule,—should Fates in any wise  
Allow,—the goddess even then both aims,  
And cherishes [her aim]. But she, in sooth,  
Had heard that from the Trojan blood a  
strain

Would be descended, which her Tyrian  
towers

One day would overthrow; that hence a  
race,

Wide bearing empire, and in battle haught,  
Would come for Libya's death-blow; that  
the Weirds 31

Ordained it thus. Saturnia, dreading this,  
And mindful of the lasting war, which she  
Had whilom waged at Troja, in behalf  
Of her beloved Argos: nor e'en yet  
The reasons for her wrath, and cruel pangs  
Had vanished from her mind; bides trea-  
sured up

Within her deep of spirit the award  
Of Paris, and her slighted beauty's wrong,  
The hated lineage, too, and dignities 40  
Of ravished Ganymede: o'er these inflamed,  
Throughout the whole of ocean's surface  
tossed,

The Trojans, remnants from the Danai  
And merciless Achilles, did she drive  
Afar from Latium; and thro' many a year  
They wandered, hunted by the Destinies,  
All seas around: of such colossal weight  
[The labor] was to build the Roman race.

Scarce out of sight of the Sicilian land,  
Their canvas for the deep were they, in glee,  
Vouchsafing [to the breezes], and the foam  
Of briny ocean dashing with their bronze;  
When Juno, harboring beneath her breast  
Her deathless wound, these [vented] with  
herself: 54

"That I, discomfited, from my emprise

25. "Daring men command and make their fates."  
Massinger, *The Bondman*, ii. 3.

"Consider of your sex's general aim,  
That domination is a woman's heaven."  
Middleton, *A Fair Quarrel*, ii. 2.

35. *Argis* may perhaps be an adjective here,  
though in an unusual form.

39. "*Juno*. But he shall rue and ban the dismal  
day,

Wherein his Venus beat the ball away;  
And heaven and earth just witnesses shall be,  
I will revenge it on his progeny.

*Pallas*. Well, Juno, whether we be lief or loth,  
Venus hath got the apple from us both."

Peele, *The Arraignment of Paris*, ii. end.

"But if in heav'n a hell we find,

'Tis all from thee,

O jealousy,

Thou tyrant of the mind."

Dryden, *Love Triumphant*, iii. 1.

Should cease, nor have the pow'r from Italy  
The monarch of the Teucris to debar!

Forsooth I am prohibited by fates!  
Was Pallas able to burn up the fleet  
Of Argives, and themselves below the deep  
To whelm, for one man's fault, the madness  
e'en 61

Of the Oilean Ajax? She herself,  
Jove's speeding leven launching from the  
clouds,

Alike their vessels scattered, and upturned  
The seas with storms; him, blazes blasting  
forth

From his pierced bosom, in a whirl of wind  
She clutched, and on a pointed rock im-  
paled.

But I, who pace the empress of the gods,  
Yea both the sister and the spouse of Jove,  
Thro' years so many with a single clan 70  
Am waging warfare. And may [mortal]  
wight

The pow'r of Juno worship furthermore,  
Or humbly on her altars lay a gift?"

Such [thoughts] the goddess in a heart  
incensed

Inly revolving, to the native land  
Of rain-storms, spots with madding Austers  
big,—

Æolia,—comes. 'Tis here King Æolus,  
Within a monster vault, the struggling  
winds

And blust'ring storms with sovereign sway  
controls,

And reins them in with fetters and a jail.  
They in their anger with prodigious growl,  
[Growl] of the mountain, thunder round  
their bars. 82

Sits Æolus in his citadel on high,  
His sceptre wielding, and their passions  
soothes,

And cools their wrath; [which] did he not,  
the seas,

And lands, and sky sublime, they would in  
sooth,

Careering swiftly, with them bear away,

58. "That which the Fates appoint must happen so,  
Though heavenly Jove and all the gods say, No!"  
R. Greene, *Alphonsus*, ii. end.

67. "Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurl'd  
Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey  
Of wracking whirlwinds." Milton, *P. L.*, b. ii.

80. "Like as a boystrous winde,  
Which in th' earthes hollow caves hath long  
been hid,

And shut up fast within her prisons blind,  
Makes the huge element, against her kinde,  
To move and tremble as it were aghest,

Untill that it an issew forth may finde;  
Then forth it breakes, and with his furious blast  
Confounds both land and seas, and skyes doth over-  
cast." Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, iii. 9, 15.

And sweep along the air. But, dreading  
 this,  
 The sire almighty has in pitchy caves  
 Concealed them, and a pile and lofty  
 mounts<sup>90</sup>  
 Above them laid, and giv'n a monarch, who  
 By pact decreed should know, at his com-  
 mand,  
 Alike to check and give the slackened  
 reins :  
 To whom then Juno prayerful used these  
 words :  
 "O Æolus, (for 'tis to thee the sire  
 Of gods, and king of men, alike hath giv'n  
 To soothe the waves, and heave them by  
 the wind,)  
 A nation, foe to me, the Tyrrhene main  
 Is sailing, Ilium into Italy  
 Conveying, and their conquered household-  
 gods :<sup>100</sup>  
 Strike fury in thy winds, and whelm their  
 ships,  
 Deep sunken, or, dissundered, hunt them  
 down,  
 And strew abroad their corpses on the deep.  
 With me are twice sev'n Nymphs of passing  
 form ;  
 Of whom [the maid], who fairest is in shape,  
 Dēiope, in steadfast marriage-bond  
 Will I unite, and consecrate thine own ;  
 That all her years, in company with thee,  
 For such deservings she may while away,  
 And make thee father with a lovely race."  
 These Æolus [returned her] in reply :  
 "Be thine, O queen, the task to search  
 whate'er<sup>112</sup>  
 May be thy wish ; to me, to undertake  
 Thy mandates is a law. 'Tis thou for me,  
 (Whatever this of realm [partakes,]) 'tis  
 thou  
 Dost sceptre win and Jove ; 'tis thou dost  
 give  
 That I recline at banquets of the gods,  
 And makest me the lord of rains and  
 storms."  
 When these were said, with spear-head,  
 towards it veered,

106. See note on *Æn.* iv. v. 126.

112. "Ask noble things of me, and you shall find  
 I'll be a noble giver."

Webster, *The Duchess of Malfi*, v. 1.

119. "As when Dan Æolus, in great displeasure  
 For losse of his deare Love by Neptune hent,  
 Sends forth the winds out of his hidden treasure  
 Upon the sea to wreake his full intent ;  
 They, breaking forth with rude unrilment  
 From all four partes of heaven, doe rage full sore,  
 And toss the deepes, and teare the firmament,  
 And all the world confound with wide upore ;  
 As if instead thereof they Chaos would restore."

Spenser, *F. Q.*, iv. 9, 23.

The vaulted mountain on its flank he smote,  
 And straight the winds, as in battalion  
 formed,<sup>121</sup>  
 Where outlet is vouchsafed them, dash  
 amain,  
 And in tornado blow throughout the lands.  
 They swooped upon the sea, and all at once  
 Both East, and South, and South-west,  
 rise in storms,  
 Uproot it wholly from its deepest seats,  
 And volley mountain surges to the shores.  
 Ensues both cry of men and creak of ropes.  
 The clouds upon a sudden tear away  
 Both heav'n and day-light from the Trojans'  
 eyes ;<sup>130</sup>  
 Upon the deep broods collied night ; the  
 poles  
 Thundered, and æther gleams with serried  
 fires ;  
 And all threat instant death upon the crews.  
 Forthwith Æneas' limbs are with a chill  
 Unnerved ; he groans, and stretching both  
 his hands  
 Forth to the stars, such accents with his  
 voice  
 He utters : "O both thrice and four times  
 blest,  
 To whom, before the presence of your sires,  
 'Neath Troja's stately walls, it fell by lot  
 To meet your doom ! O bravest of the race  
 Of Danaï, O Tydeus' son, that I<sup>141</sup>  
 On Ilian plains should not have fall'n, and  
 poured  
 This spirit forth 'neath thy right hand,  
 where fierce  
 Beneath the weapon of Æacides

121. "Straight" is plainly implied in *ac*, v. 82.  
 See Wagner.

125. See note on *Geo.* i. v. 318 :

"Nor slept the winds," &c.

130. "How like the day, that flattered us  
 With cheerful light, are my desires fled hence,  
 And left me here a prodigy of darkness,  
 A walking herse, hung round about with night,  
 Whose wings must one day cover all !"  
 Shirley, *The Doubtful Heir*, iv. 2.

137. Shakespeare makes Pericles, under similar  
 circumstances, address a prayer to the Deity ;  
*Pericles*, iii. 1 :

"Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these surges,  
 Which wash both heaven and hell ; and Thou  
 that hast

Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,  
 Having call'd them from the deep ! O still thy  
 deaf'ning,

Thy dreadful thunders ; gently quench thy nimble  
 Sulphureous flashes."

142. "Could not the fretting sea  
 Have rowled me up in wrinkles of his brow ?  
 Is death grown coy ? or grim confusion nice ?  
 That it will not accompany a wretch ?"

Marston, *Antonio and Mellida*, P. 1, i. 1.



Is Hector lying, where Sarpedon huge,  
Where, clutched together underneath his  
waves,

The Simois so many heroes' shields,  
And helms, and gallant courses rolls along!"

While he such [plaints] is venting, from  
the North

A roaring tempest strikes his sail ahead,  
And lifts the billows to the stars. Their  
oars

Are shivered; then swings off the prow,  
and shows

The broadside to the waves; thereon pur-  
sues

A rugged mount of water in a pile.

These on the billow-summit hang; to those  
The yawning surge amid the waves unveils  
The ground; the tide is raving with the  
sands.

Three, swept away, upon the lurking rocks  
Doth Notus whirl; the rocks Italians call  
"The Altars," which amid the billows lie,  
A monster reef on surface of the main.

Three Euris shoulders from the deep on  
shelves

And quicksands—pitiable to be seen—  
And grides upon the shoals, and with a  
mound

Of sand encircles them. The one, which  
bare

The men of Lycia and Orontes staunch,  
Before his very eyes a mountain sea  
Strikes, [swooping] from above, upon the  
stern:

The pilot is dislodged, and, forward fallen,

149. "But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage  
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold  
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains  
cut,

Bounding between the two moist elements,  
Like Perseus' horse: where's then the saucy boat,  
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now  
Co-rivall'd greatness?—Either to harbour fled,  
Or made a toast for Neptune."

Shakespeare, *Troilus and Cressida*, i. 3.

Thomson has a fine passage, describing a scene  
not very dissimilar; *Winter*, 153:

"Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,  
And hurls the whole precipitated air  
Down in a torrent. On the passive main  
Descends th' ethereal force, and with strong gust  
Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.  
Through the black night that sits immense around,  
Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine  
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn.  
Meantime the mountain-billows, to the clouds  
In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,  
Burst into Chaos with tremendous roar."

155. "The proud waves took pleasure  
To toss my little boat up like a bubble:  
Then like a meteor in the air he hung;  
Then catched, and hugged him in the depth of  
darkness."

J. Fletcher, *The Double Marriage*, iii. 3.

Is rolled along upon his head. But her  
Three times the billow, in the selfsame  
spot,

Whirls, chasing her around, and in the  
flood

The rav'ning eddy gorges her. Appear  
Men scattered, swimming in the mighty  
gulf,

The weaponry of heroes, planks alike,  
And Troja's royal treasure thro' the waves.

Now the stout galley of Ilioneus,  
Now that of brave Achates, [that] alike,

Wherein was Abas wafted, and wherein  
The aged Aletes, mastered has the storm.

In the loose joinings of their ribs they all  
Admit the hostile flood, and yawn with

leaks.

Meanwhile felt Neptune that with mighty  
coil

Turmoiled was ocean, and a storm launched  
forth,

And from their lowest beds were tided back  
The restful waters. Violently roused,

And, looking from the deep abroad, he  
raised

His peaceful head above the topmost wave.  
Dispersed throughout the ocean he beholds

Æneas' fleet, the Trojans overwhelmed 190  
By billows, and the downfall of the sky:

Nor did the wiles of Juno and her spleen  
Escape her brother. To his presence he

Calls Euris and the Zephyr; such thereon  
He speaks: "Hath such proud confidence

of birth  
Possessed you? What now! Heav'n and

earth, ye Winds,  
Without my sanction, dare ye to embroil,

And such colossal piles to raise? Whom  
I—

But meeter 'tis to quell the troubled waves.  
Henceforth to me with no like punishment

174. "We might descry a horred spectacle;

The issue of black fury strowed the sea  
With tattered carcasses of splitting ships,  
Halfe sinking, burning, floating, topsie turvie."  
Marston, *Antonio and Mellida*, P. 1, i. 1.

186. *Stagna* seems to refer to the still waters at  
the bottom of the deep sea, which are not affected  
by the wind on the surface. The storm was so  
furious, that even these were involved in commo-  
tion and carried aloft.

188. So Milton, *P. L.*, b. xii.:

"And looking down to see the hubbub strage,  
And hear the din."

"Down, ye angry waters all!  
Ye loud-whistling whirlwinds, fall!  
Down, ye proud waves! ye storms, cease!  
I command ye, be at peace!  
Fright not with your churlish notes,  
Nor bruise the keel of bark that floats."

J. Fletcher, *The Pilgrim*, iii. 7.



Shall ye for your malpractices atone. 201  
Speed flight, and to that king of yours say  
these :

‘That not to him the lordship of the main,  
And grisly trident are by lot assigned,  
But e’en to me. He holds the monster  
rocks,  
Thy homes, O Eurus : in that court [of his]  
Let vaunt him Æolus, and hold his sway  
Within the bolted prison of the winds.’”

So spake he ; and more speedily than  
said  
The swollen seas he stills, and puts to flight  
The mustered clouds, and brings again the  
sun. 211

Cymothoe and Triton [both] at once,  
Against them straining, from the pointed  
rock

Push off the galleys ; with his trident he  
Heaves them himself, and opes the vasty  
Syrts,

And calms the ocean ; and on nimble  
wheels

He skims along the surface of the waves.  
And as what time among a mighty mob  
An insurrection oft hath started up,  
And fumes the vulgar rabble in their souls ;  
And now are flying brands and stones ;—  
their rage 221

Supplies them weapons ;—then if by a  
chance

Some sage, of weight through sanctity and  
worth,

202. “Begone, and tell your king, for his presumption,  
We’ll lash him from our land with iron rods,  
And drag him at our stirrup through the streets.”  
Webster, *The Thracian Wonder*, iii. 1.

210. The calm is thus described by Thomson ;  
*Winter*, 197—201 :

“All Nature reels, till Nature’s KING, who oft  
Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,  
And on the wings of the careering wind  
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm :—  
Then straight air, earth, and sea are hush’d at  
once.”

Milton elegantly makes the Morn equally potent ;  
*P. R.*, b. iv. :

“Thus pass’d the night so foul, till Morning fair  
Came forth, with pilgrim steps, in amice grey ;  
Who with her radiant finger still’d the roar  
Of thunder, chased the clouds, and laid the  
winds.”

214. So Dryden, of the escape of the British  
fleet :

“It seem’d as there the British Neptune stood,  
With all his hosts of waters at command,  
Beneath them to submit th’ officious flood,  
And with his trident shov’d them off the sand.”  
*Annus Mirabilis*, 184.

223. As *vir.*, v. 151, on some occasions means  
hero, *i.e.*, a great man, what reason is there

They have desecr’d, they hush [to peace],  
and stand

Beside him with their ears erect : he sways  
Their spirits by his words, and soothes their  
breasts.

Thus wholly did the crash of ocean fall,  
When once the sire, forth gazing on the  
seas,

And wafted on beneath a cloudless sky,  
Controls his coursers, and upon the wing  
Resigns the reins to his pursuing car. 231

The comrades of Æneas, wearied out,  
What shores are nearest to them in their  
course

Strive earnestly to fetch, and to the coasts  
Of Lybia turn themselves. There lies a  
spot

Within a far retreat : an isle a haven forms  
By the projection of its sides, whereon  
Is shattered every billow from the deep,  
And into curves receding splits its form.

On this side and on that colossal rocks,  
And twin [-like] cliffs rise tow’ring to the  
heaven ; 241

Beneath whose brow the waters far and near

that on others it may not mean a sage, *i.e.*, a wise  
man?

“When the fire was raised  
Of fierce sedition, and the cheek was swollen  
To sound the fatal trumpet, then the sight  
Of this your worthy captain did disperse  
All those unfruitful humours, and even then  
Convert you from fierce tigers to staid men.”  
Webster, *Appius and Virginia*, ii. 2.

Such a reverend character may call to mind the  
Village Preacher in Goldsmith’s *Deserted Village* :

“Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power  
By doctrines fashion’d to the varying hour ;  
Far other aims his heart had learn’d to prize,  
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.”

“Truth from his lips prevail’d with double sway,  
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.”

“As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the  
storm.

Though round its breast the rolling clouds are  
spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.”

The idea in this last fine image he may have  
borrowed from Dryden, who says of Lord Chan-  
cellor Hyde :

“Your brow, which does no fear of thunder know,  
Sees rolling tempests vainly beat below.”

Milton says of Beelzebub :

“With grave  
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem’d  
A pillar of state ; deep on his front engraven  
Deliberation sat, and public care ;  
And princely counsel in his face yet shone  
Majestic, though in pain.” *P. L.*, b. ii.

231. Or : “careering car.”

235. *Ventantur* is here supposed to carry a  
middle sense.

239. See note on *Geo.* iv. v. 420.

Lie hush in safety. Then a scene with  
woods  
That quiver from above, and, dark with  
shade  
Terrific, doth a grove o'erhang. Beneath  
The brow, that faced [the view] with  
beetling cliffs,  
A grot : sweet waters are within, and seats  
Of living stone, a homestead of the  
Nymphs.  
Here [weather-] weary barks no fetters  
hold ;  
No anchor moors them with its hookèd bite.  
Hither Æneas with his seven ships, 251  
From all the number mustered, enters in,  
And, with an earnest yearning for the land  
Debarked, the men of Troy the wished-for  
beach  
Enjoy, and, dripping with the brine, their  
limbs  
Upon the shore repose. And first from  
flint  
Achates struck a sparkle, and the fire  
Caught up in leaves, and round it he pur-  
veyed  
Dry provender, and in the fuel seized  
The flame. Then Ceres, tainted by the  
waves, 260  
And implements of Ceres, fetch they forth,  
All-wearied in condition, and their grain,  
Recovered, they prepare alike to parch  
With blazes, and to crush it in the quern.  
Meanwhile Æneas scrambles up a cliff,  
And far and near a universal view  
Throughout the deep he aims to take, if he  
May any Antheus, tossed by storm, descry,  
And Phrygian ships with oars in double tier,  
Or Capys, or upon his lofty stern 270  
Cæicus' arms. No bark within his ken,

243. *Scena* properly means "background;" but background is a very unrythmical, unpoetical word.  
"Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,  
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride."  
Goldsmith, *Traveller*.

252. "Betwixt the hollow hanging of a hill,  
And crooked bending of a craggy rock,  
The sails wrapt up, the mast and tacklings down,  
She lies so close that none can find her out."  
Marlowe, *Tamburlaine the Great*, P. 2, i. 2.

258. "And serewood from the rotten hedges took,  
And seeds of latent fire from flints provoke."  
Dryden, *Flower and Leaf*, 413, 4.

264. *Frangere saxo*, v. 179. See note on *Geo.* i. v. 267.

265. This may call to mind a passage in Milton's *P. R.*, b. ii. :

"Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd,  
From whose high top to ken the prospect round,  
If cottage were in view, sheeppcote, or herd ;  
But cottage, herd, or sheeppcote, none he saw ;  
Only in a bottom saw a pleasant grove : " &c.

Three harts espies he roving on the strand ;  
These all their droves are following in the  
rear,  
And thro' the dales there feeds a lengthened  
host.

He halted here, and in his hand his bow  
And nimble shafts he seized, the weaponry,  
Which staunch Achates used to bear. And  
first

The very leaders, porting high their heads  
With branching horns, he prostrates ; then  
the rank and file ;

And, driving with his missives all the  
throng, 280

Disperses them among the leafy woods ;  
Nor ceases, ere that he, their conqueror,  
Sev'n giant corse levels to the earth,  
And brings the number with the ships to  
match.

He next the haven seeks, and shares them  
out

To all his comrades. Thereupon the wines,  
Which good Acestes in the casks had  
stowed

On Sic'ly's strand, and as they went their  
way

The hero had vouchsafed them, deals he out,  
And soothes their mourning bosoms with  
the words : 290

"O comrades, (for we are not unaware  
Of your misfortunes in the past ;) O ye,  
Who weightier have endured, to these the  
god

Will also grant an end. Ye e'en the rage  
Of Scylla, and her cliffs that deep within  
Are booming, have approached ; ye e'en  
have proved

The rocks of Cyclops : rally ye your souls,  
And rueful fear dismiss ; perchance e'en  
these

294. "Let not thy eyes,  
Although thy grief become them, be in love  
With tears. I prophesy a joy shall weigh  
Down all our sufferings. I see comfort break  
Like day, whose forehead cheers the world."  
Shirley, *The Brothers*, iii. 5.

"Leave this vain sorrow !  
Things being at the worst begin to mend. The bee,  
When he hath shot his sting into your hand,  
May then play with your eyelid."

Webster, *The Duchess of Malfi*, iv. 1.

"He does bear his loss  
With such a noble strength of patience, that,  
Had Fortune eyes to see him, she would weep  
For having hurt him, and, pretending that  
She did it but for trial of his worth,  
Hereafter ever love him."  
Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Honest Man's  
Fortune*, i. 2.

298. "Wake, wake, and let not patience keep thee  
poor !

Rouse up thy spirit from this falling slumber !

Hereafter to remember it will joy.  
 Through changeful hazards, through so  
     many risks 300  
 Of our condition, we to Latium steer,  
 Where homes of peace the Destinies reveal.  
 'Tis there permitted that the realms of  
     Troy  
 May rise again. Endure, and keep your-  
     selves  
 For prosp'rous issues." Such like with his  
     voice  
 He speaks, and, sick at soul with huge  
     concerns,  
 He hope upon his visage counterfeits,  
 A deep dejection smothers in his heart.  
 They gird them to the spoil and coming  
     feast:  
 The hides they tear asunder from the ribs,  
 And bare the flesh. Some cut it into joints,  
 And while they quiver spear them on the  
     spits; 312  
 Upon the strand bronze vessels others place,  
 And flames supply. They then with food  
     recruit  
 Their pow'rs, and, stretched upon the turf,  
     are filled  
 With ancient Bacchus, and with fatted  
     game.  
 Soon as was hunger by the feast removed,  
 And boards were cleared away, in long  
     discourse  
 After their lost companions they inquire,

Make thy distress seem but a weeping dream,  
 And this the opening morning of thy comforts."  
 Middleton, *No Wit Like a Woman's*, i. 2.

304. "Stoop thou to th' world, 'twill on thy bosom  
     tread;

It stoops to thee, if thou advance thy head."  
 Middleton, *Your Five Gallants*, iii. 2.

306. "There's nothing of so infinite vexation  
     As man's own thoughts."  
 Webster, *Vittoria Corombona*, v. 2.

308. "Though in your heart there rage a thousand  
     tempests,  
 All calmness in your looks."

J. Fletcher, *The Queen of Corinth*, i. 1.

"O thou for whom I drink  
 So deep of griefe, that he must only thinke,  
 Not dare to speake, that would express my woe;  
 Small rivers murmur; deep gulfes silent flow."  
 Marston, *Sophonisa*, end.

"While I am compassed round  
 With mirth, my soul lies hid in shades of grief,  
 Whence, like the bird of night with half-shut eyes,  
 She peeps, and sickens at the sight of day."

Dryden, *The Rival Ladies*, iii. 1.

"But 'tis the wretch's comfort still to have  
 Some small reserve of near and inward woe,  
 Some unsuspected hoard of darling grief,  
 Which they unseen may wail, and weep, and  
     mourn,  
 And, glutton-like, devour."

Congreve, *Mourning Bride*, i. 1.

In doubt alike between their hope and fear,  
 Whether to hold that they are [still] alive,  
 Or undergo the final [pangs of death], 322  
 Or now, when called on, from a distance  
     hear.

In chief the good Æneas now the fall  
 Of keen Orontes, now of Amycus,  
 And ruthless fates of Lycus, inly mourns;  
 And [mourns] brave Gyas, and Cloanthus  
     brave.

And now there was an end, when Jupiter,  
 From cope of th' Epyrean gazing down  
 Upon the sail-winged ocean, and the lands  
 That lie [below], and shores, and spreading  
     tribes, 331

So stood he still upon the crest of heaven,  
 And firmly fixed his eyes on Libya's  
     realms.

And him, within his bosom such concerns  
 While casting, more [than usually] sad,  
 And o'er her glistening eyes bedewed with  
     tears,

Venus accosts: "O thou, who dost th'  
     affairs

Alike of men and deities control  
 With endless sovereignty, and with thy bolt  
 Dost overawe them, what such heinous  
     [crime] 340

'Gainst thee could my Æneas perpetrate?  
 The Trojans what? To whom, while they  
     have borne

So many deaths, the whole wide round of  
     earth

Upon the score of Italy is barred?  
 Sure, that the Romans hence in time to  
     come

321. "Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy."  
 Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, iv. 3.

326. "I've oft took him  
 Weeping alone, poor boy, at the remembrance  
 Of his lost friends, which, as he says, the sea  
 Swallowed, with all their substance."  
 Middleton, *More Dissemblers besides Women*, i. 2.

"I have wept for ye, boys,  
 And constantly, before the Sun awaked,  
 When the cold dew-drops fell upon the ground,  
 As if the Moon were discontented too,  
 My naked feet o'er many a rugged stone  
 Have walked, to drop my tears into the seas  
 For your sad memories."

Shirley, *St. Patrick for Ireland*, v. 2.

Æneas might have comforted himself by the  
 thought that

"We must all die,  
 All leave ourselves; it matters not where, when,  
 Nor how, so we die well; and can that man that  
     does so  
 Need lamentation for him?"

J. Fletcher, *Valentinian*, iv. 4.

330. "Fix here, and rest awhile your sail-stretched  
     wings,  
 That have outstript the winds."

J. Fletcher, *The Prophetess*, ii. 3.



When years wheel by—that hence should  
chieftains rise,  
From Teucer's blood recovered, who the  
sea,  
Who lands, should hold with universal  
sway,—  
Thou hast engaged. What counsel, O my  
sire,  
Hath changed thee? Sooth herewith the  
set of Troy, 350  
And her disastrous wreck I used to suage,  
While balancing conflicting fates with fates.  
The selfsame fortune at this hour pursues  
My heroes, hunted by so many risks.  
What end assign'st thou of their toils, great  
king?  
Antenor, from the midst of Greeks escaped,  
Could pierce in safety the Illyrian gulfs,  
And inmost realms of Liburns, and o'erpass  
Timavus' spring, where through its outlets  
nine,  
With thund'ring mountain-din, it flushes  
forth 360  
A bursten sea, and with a roaring flood  
O'erwhelms the fields. Here ne'ertheless  
did he  
The city of Petavium found, and homes  
Of Teucry, and a title to the race  
Assigned, and fastened up the Trojan arms :  
Now sepulchred in tranquil rest he sleeps.  
We, thine own offspring, in whose favor  
thou  
Dost nod [bestowal of] the height of  
heaven,  
Our vessels—O unutterable !—lost,  
Are, owing to the spleen of one, betrayed,  
And severed far from Italy's coasts. Is  
this 371  
The compliment to piety? Is't thus  
That thou restorest us to sceptral sway?"  
Smiling on her, the sire of men and gods,  
With mien, wherewith the welkin and the  
storms  
He clears, the liplets of his daughter  
sipped;  
Thereon such like he speaks: "Refrain  
from fear,  
O Cytherea; stirless rest for thee  
Thy people's destinies. Thou shalt behold  
Lavinium's city and its promised walls,  
And waft aloft to stars of heav'n high-  
souled 381  
Æneas; neither me hath counsel changed.  
He shall for thee—for I will it announce,  
Since this concern is preying on thy mind,  
And, farther [in the future] wheeling round

348. Is not *omni ditio* like *onnem prospectum*?  
v. 180.

384. Or, of course more literally: "upon thee."

The secrets of the Destinies, will I]  
Awake them—carry on a mighty war  
In Italy, and furious clans shall crush,  
And laws and cities for the people found;  
Until third summer shall have him beheld  
In Latium reigning, and three winter  
[tides] 391  
Have passed away for Rutuli subdued.  
Moreo'er, the boy Ascanius, [he,] to whom  
The surname of Iulus now is joined,  
(Iulus it was, so long as Ilion's state  
In empire stood), shall in his sway com-  
plete  
Thrice ten great cycles with revolving  
months,  
And from Lavinium's seat the kingly power  
Translate, and rampart with a world of  
strength  
Long Alba. Here now monarchy shall last  
For full three hundred years 'neath Hector's  
line, 401  
Till Iia, priestess of a royal strain,  
With child by Mars, shall at a birth present  
A double progeny. Then Romulus,  
In tawny cov'ring of a female wolf,  
His nurse, rejoiced, [the sceptre of] the race  
Shall undertake, and build Mavortian walls,  
And Romans call them after his own name.  
To these I set nor bounds nor times of  
power:  
Dominion without end have I vouchsafed.  
Nay, Juno fierce, who now the sea, and I  
lands, 411  
And sky, is vexing with alarm, shall change  
Her counsels for the better, and with me  
The Romans foster, of the universe  
The masters, and a toga-mantled race.  
'Tis thus decreed. As lustra glide away  
An age shall come, what time Assarac's  
house  
Shall Pthia and renowned Mycenæ grind  
In bondage, and o'er conquered Argos rule.  
Of glorious pedigree there shall be born  
A Trojan, Cæsar, who his sovereign sway  
Shall bound by ocean, by the stars his  
fame; 422  
Julius, a title from Iulus great  
Derived. Him thou hereafter in the sky,  
When laden with the booties of the East,  
Shalt welcome, free from care: he, too,  
with vows  
Shall be invoked. Uncultured ages then  
Shall grow to softness, battles laid aside.

405. "Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and  
ravens

To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,  
Casting their savageness aside, have done  
Like offices of pity."

Shakespeare, *Winter's Tale*, iii. 2.

412. Or: "in alarm."



Hoar Faith and Vesta, with his brother  
Remus

Quirinus, laws shall issue ; dread with steel  
And straitened links, War's portals shall  
be shut ; 431

Within, the godless Furor, sitting down  
Upon his felon armor, and enchained  
With hundred knots of bronze behind his  
back,

Shall thunder grisly with a mouth of blood."

These [words] he speaks ; and him of  
Maia born

Despatches downward from the lofty [heaven],

In order that the lands, and that the towers  
Of Carthage, new [ly raised], might open lie  
For hostry to the Trojans ; lest, of fate  
Unknowing, Dido drive them from her  
bounds. 441

He wings his way along the vast of air  
Upon the oarage of his wings, and quick  
On Libya's coasts alighted. And he now  
Discharges his injunctions ; and their hearts  
Of fierceness do the Tyrians lay aside,  
At pleasure of the god. Among the first  
The queen doth towards the Trojans entertain

A peaceful spirit and a kindly mind,  
But good Æneas, turning o'er thro' night  
Full many [a thought], as soon as bounteous dawn 451

Was deigned, resolved to sally forth, and  
search

435. Spenser's description of Sir Guyon's binding Furor is very fine. The hint is evidently taken from this passage :

" Then him to ground he cast, and rudely hayld,  
And both his hands fast bound behind his backe,  
And both his feet in fetters to an yron racke.

With hundred yron chaines he did him bind,  
And hundred knots, that did him sore constraîne :  
Yet his great yron teeth he still did grind  
And grimly gnash, threatening revenge in vaine :  
His burning eyen, whom bloody strakes did staine,  
Stared full wide, and threw forth sparkes of fyre :  
And, more for ranck despyght than for great paine,  
Shakt his long locks colourd like copper wyre,  
And bitt his tawny beard to show his raging yre."

*F. Q.*, ii. 4, 14, 15.

In the address to Peace in *Windsor Forest*, Pope alludes to similar consequences of her reign :

" Exiled by thee from earth to deepest hell,  
In brazen bonds shall barbarous discord dwell ;  
Gigantic pride, pale terror, gloomy care,  
And mad ambition, shall attend her there ;  
There purple vengeance, bathed in gore, retires,  
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires ;  
There hated envy her own snakes shall feel,  
And persecution mourn her broken wheel ;  
There faction roar, rebellion bite her chain,  
And gasping furies thirst for blood in vain."

452. *Constituit*, v. 309, must be anticipated here, in order to make the meaning intelligible in English.

The novel spots ; what regions by the wind  
He may have reached ; to seek who tenant  
them ;

(For wastes does he perceive)—or be they  
men,

Or savage creatures,—and to carry back  
The facts discovered to his mates. The fleet  
Within an amphitheatre of groves,  
Beneath a vaulted cliff, encloistered round  
With trees and fearful shades, he hides :  
himself, 460

Attended by Achates only, paces on,  
A pair of javelins waving in his hand,  
With breadth of steel. 'Fore whom amid  
the wood

His mother threw herself across his path,  
Wearing the guise and garment of a maid,  
And maiden's arms—one Sparta-born, or  
like

Harpalyce of Thrace, [who] tires her steeds,  
And wingy Hebrus in her flight outstrips.  
For on her shoulders, in the wonted mode,  
A handy bow, as huntress, had she hung,  
And giv'n the gales her locks to scatter  
round, 471

Bare at the knee, and with her flowing folds  
Gathered in knot. And first is she to cry :  
" Ho ! youths, inform me if you've haply  
seen

One of my sisters straying here, begirt  
With quiver, and the skin of dappled lynx,  
Or with a shout the foaming boar's career  
Hotly pursuing ?" Venus thus ; and thus  
The son of Venus in reply began :

" Of sisters thine not one has been by me,  
[Or] heard, or seen. Oh ! whom shall I  
thee name, 481

Thou maid ? For neither mortal is thy  
mien,

Nor doth thy voice a human being speak.

474. Or : " reveal her."

482. Spenser must have had this passage in view in the beautiful description of Belphebe, which he gives at great length : *Faerie Queene*, ii. 3, 21—31.

Trompart replies to her like Æneas, stanza 33 :

" O goddesse, (for such I thee take to bee,)  
For nether doth thy face terrestriall shew,  
Nor voyce sound mortall ; I avow to thee  
Such wounded beast, as that, I did not see,  
Sith eartst into this Forrest wild I came.  
But mote thy goodlyhed forgive it mee,  
To weete which of the gods I shall thee name,  
That unto this dew worship I may rightly frame."

" By that heavenly form of thine,  
Brightest fair, thou art divine,  
Sprung from great immortal race  
Of the gods, for in thy face  
Shines more awful majesty  
Than dull weak mortality  
Dare with misty eyes behold,  
And live."

J. Fletcher, *The Faithful Shepherdess*, i. 1.

Oh! sure a goddess! Art thou Phœbus' sister?

Of the Nymphs' race art one? Propitious be,

And, whosoe'er [thou art], our travail ease;  
And underneath what clime at last, within  
What regions of the globe, we may be  
thrown,

Do thou instruct us. Ignorant alike  
Of men and places, do we wander, driven  
By tempest hither, and by mountain waves.  
For thee shall many a sacrificial beast 492  
Before thy altars fall by our right hand."

Then Venus: "Verily, I do not deem  
Myself deserving of such deep respect.  
With Tyrian maids the custom is to bear  
A quiver, and with purple buskin high  
To swathe the legs. Thou Punic realms  
dost see,

The sons of Tyrus, and Agenor's town;  
But Libyan are the lands, a race in war  
Ungovernable. Dido bears the sway 501  
Imperial, from the Tyrian city passed,  
Her brother flying. Tedious is her wrong,  
Its mazes tedious; but I will pursue  
The points most prominent of her affairs.

Her consort was Sychæus, in his land  
The richest of Phœnicians, and beloved  
With deep affection of his hapless [spouse];  
To whom her father had [the damsel] given  
Unsolled, and with virgin omens yoked.  
But Tyrus' sovereignty her brother held—  
Pygmalion—in his guilt before all else 512  
A greater monster; between whom arose  
Mad anger in the midst. That godless  
[wretch]—

[E'en] at the altar's front, and blind with  
love

Of gold,—Sychæus, off his guard,

"A certain touch, or air,  
That sparkles a divinity beyond  
An earthly beauty."

Ben Jonson, *The Alchemist*, iv. 1.

494. "Thereat she blushing said: 'Ah! gentle  
Squire,  
Nor goddesse I, nor angell; but the mayd  
And daughter of a woody nympe,'"

*Faerie Queene*, iii, 5, 36.

499. Notwithstanding Wagner's view of *genus*,  
v. 339, the popular opinion seems to be right. The  
effort to relieve the word of an awkwardness in  
apposition gives a strained and disjointed appearance  
to the construction, an evil which would appear  
to be worse than the other.

507. There does not seem to have been in his  
case any

"Strife  
Of pity and fury; but the gold  
Made pity faint, and fury bold."

Middleton, *The Mayor of Queenborough*, ii. 1.

510. "The miserable have  
No other medicine, but only hope."

Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure*, iii. 1.

In secret overpowers with the sword,  
Regardless of his sister's loves. And long  
He masked the deed, and he, the miscreant,  
Pretending many [a counterfeit], beguiled  
The heart-sick lover with a hollow hope.  
But in her slumbers rose the very ghost  
Of her unburied husband. Lifting up 523  
His features, in a wondrous fashion wan,  
He bared the bloody altars, and a breast  
Pierced thro' and thro' with steel, and of  
her home

Unravelled all the hidden guilt. Then flight  
To speed, and from her country to with-  
draw,

He counsels; and, as aidance for the route,  
Old treasures he unbosoms from the earth,  
An unknown weight of silver and of gold.  
By these [disclosures] roused, her flight and  
mates 532

Dido prepared. Assemble they, in whom  
Or ruthless hatred of the despot dwelt,  
Or terror keen. [Some] ships, which were  
by chance

Equipped, they seize and freight with  
gold: the wealth

Of miserly Pygmalion o'er the main  
Is borne:—a woman leader of the feat.

They reached the spots, where thou dost  
now perceive

The giant walls, and rising citadel 540  
Of infant Carthage; and they purchased  
ground,—

([Called] *Byrsa* from the title of the act,)  
What they could girdle round with [one]  
bull's-hide.

But, pray you, who are ye, or from what  
coasts

Have ye arrived, or whither hold your  
route?"

To her, in such inquiring, sighing he,  
And from his deep of bosom heaving voice:  
"O goddess, if from their primeval source  
Retracing them, I should proceed, and thou  
Wert free to hear the records of our toils,  
Eve first in cloistered heav'n would lull the  
day. 551

Us from time-honored Troy (if thro' your  
ears

519. "Their best conscience  
Is, not to leave 't undone, but keep 't unknown."  
Shakespeare, *Othello*, iii. 3.

522. "Darkness itself  
Will change night's sable brow into a sunbeam  
For a discovery."

Middleton, *The Spanish Gipsy*, ii. 2.

"Other sins only speak: murder shrieks out."  
Webster, *The Duchess of Malfi*, iv. 2.

539. *Nunc cernis* is rather a startling lection to  
the reader of Virgil. There is good authority for  
*cernis*, which is far preferable.

The name of Troy hath peradventure  
passed),

Borne over severed seas, by chance its own,  
A storm hath drifted on the Libyan coasts.  
I am the good Æneas, who my gods,  
Reft from the foeman, carry in my fleet  
With me, by fame beyond the sky re-  
nowned.

I Italy seek, my country, and a race  
From highest Jove [derived]. With twice  
ten ships 560

Upon the sea of Phrygia I embarked,  
My goddess-mother pointing out my path,  
Pursuing oracles vouchsafed : scarce seven,  
Rent by the waves and eastern blast, sur-  
vive.

Myself unknown, in want, thro' Libya's  
wilds

Roam on, from Europe and from Asia  
driven."

Nor brooking his outpouring further  
plaints,

Thus Venus interposed amid his grief :  
"Whoe'er thou art, not hated, [as] I deem,  
Of heav'nly pow'rs, thou draw'st the breath  
of life— 570

[Thou], who at Tyrus' city hast arrived.  
Do thou but go thy way, and from this spot  
Betake thee to the portals of the queen.  
For I to thee announce thy mates returned,  
And fleet restored, e'en wafted to [a port]  
Of safety by the shifted northern gales ;—  
Unless to bootless end the augur's art  
Have my mistaken parents taught. Be-  
hold

[Those] twice six swans, exulting in a troop ;  
Whom, swooping from the empyrean clime,  
Jove's bird was troubling in the open sky :

579. In this troublesome comparison, which has given rise to various conjectures, it would seem pretty certain that *capere terras* refers to *portum tenet*, and *despectare captas* to *subit ostia*. The views generally taken seem either to be strained, or to fail in parallelism. May not *despectare* refer to the vessels in the rear, who were contemplating those ahead of them already in port? Some of the swans had alighted, while the others were looking down on them in their stations on the ground. This is the view attempted to be expressed in the version.

Marston employs a similar image for another, and more natural purpose :

"Then looke as when a faulcon towres aloft  
Whole shoales of foule, and flockes of lesser birds  
Crouch fearefully, and dive, some among sedge,  
Some creeze in brakes ; so Massinissa's sword,  
Brandisht aloft, tost 'bout his shining caske,  
Made stoop whole squadrons."

*Sophonisba*, ii. 2.

581. So Milton, *P. L.*, b. xi. :

"The bird of Jove, stoop'd from his aery tour,  
Two birds of gayest plume before him drove."

Now in a lengthful rank they either seem  
To take their grounds, or gaze adown on  
those 583

Already taken. As, on their return,  
They are disporting with their whirling  
wings,

And in a bevy have begirt the heavens,  
And uttered forth their songs : not other-  
wise

Thy ships alike, and flower of thy [friends],  
Or hold the haven, or with canvas full  
Its mouth are ent'ring. Only go thy way,  
And where the path conducts thee steer  
thy step." 591

She spake ; and, turning off, she flashed  
[a sheen]

Back from her carmine neck, and from her  
head

Ambrosial tresses heav'nly perfume  
breathed ;

Her garment to her foot-soles wimpled  
down,

And in her gait the goddess stood confessed.  
When he his mother knew, with such ad-  
dress

Did he pursue her, as she takes her flight :  
"For what dost thou, thou heartless too,  
so oft

With phantom spectres make thy son a  
sport ? 600

Why not vouchsafed to link right hand to  
right,

And real words to hear and speak in turn ?"  
In such he chides, and towards the walls  
his step

Directs. But Venus, as they pace along,  
Bescreened them in an atmosphere of  
gloom,

And with a thick investiture of mist

592. Parnell finely describes the companion of the  
Hermit turning into an angel :

"But scarce his speech began,  
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man ;  
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet ;  
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet ;  
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair ;  
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air ;  
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,  
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.  
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,  
And moves in all the majesty of light."

*The Hermit.*

The passage may call to mind Milton's descrip-  
tion of Eve :

"Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her eye,  
In every gesture dignity and love." *P. L.*, b. 8.

Was Chaucer in Milton's mind ?—

"Lo, truly they written, that her seien,  
That Paradis stood formed in her eien  
And with her richè beauty evermore  
Strove love in her, aie which of hem was more."  
*Troilus and Cresseide*, st. 117.



The goddess compassed them, lest any might

Avail to see them, or to touch, or plan Delay, or reasons of their coming ask.

Herself to Paphos borne aloft departs, 610  
And blithesome visits her own seats again ;  
Where to her [honor stands] a fane, and glow

A hundred altars with Sabæan cense,  
And [fragrance] breathe from girlonds fresh [ly culled].

Meanwhile they seized the way where points the path.

And now they scaled the hill, which beetles huge

The city o'er, and at the facing towers  
Peers from above. Æneas marvels at the pile,

Erst Punic cabins ; marvels at the gates,  
And at the din, and pavements of the streets. 620

The Tyrians hotly ply. Some stretch the walls,

And rear the citadel, and with their hands  
Uproll the stones ; some fix upon a site  
For homestead, and with furrow shut it in.

They statutes [pass], and magistrates elect,  
And senate held in rev'rence ; others here  
The harbors excavate ; here others lay

The deep foundations of a theatre,  
And giant pillars from the rocks hew out,  
The lofty garniture for coming scenes. 630

Such toil, as 'neath the sun employs the bees,

In early summer in the bloomy fields,  
When they the full-grown offspring of the race

Lead forth, or when they fluid honeys pack,  
And with the luscious nectar puff the cells ;  
Or burdens of [the workers] coming in

Receive, or, in battalion formed, the drones,

A lazy cattle, banish from the cribs :  
Work glows, and scented honeys smell of thyme.

" O happy ye, whose walls already rise !" Exclaims Æneas, and he gazes up 641

Upon the city-heights. He moves him on,  
Fenced in with cloud (a marvel to be told),  
Among the midst, and mingles with the men,

Nor is perceptible to any [eye].

A grove in centre of the city stood,  
In shadow full luxuriant, in which spot  
At first, by surges and tornado tossed,  
The Carthaginians dug an omen forth,  
Which had the queenly Juno pointed out—

A sprightly courser's head ;—for in this way 651

[Was it foretold] that the race would prove

Matchless in war and fruitful in resource,  
Throughout [all] ages. Here a vasty fane  
To Juno the Sidonian Dido reared,

In gifts and godhead of the goddess rich ;  
Upon the steps whereof bronze thresholds rose,

And, linked with bronze, the timbers ;  
Creaked the hinge

With folding-doors of bronze. 'Twas in this grove

A novel feature soothed their first alarm ;  
Here first Æneas safety dared to hope, 661

And better trust in his distressed estate.

For while he pores o'er every single [sight]

'Neath the vast temple, waiting for the queen ;

While, what [kind] fortune on the city rests,

And at the works of artists each with each  
And toil of tasks, he marvels—he beholds

The fights of Ilium in their course [portrayed],

And wars, already all throughout the globe  
Bruited abroad by rumor ; Atreus' sons,

And Priam, and Achilles, fell to both. 671

He paused, and weeping : " Now what spot," he cries,

" Achates, what the country on the earth,  
That is not of our suff'ring full ? Lo,

Priam !  
E'en here for merit are its own rewards ;

Tears are there for misfortunes, and the soul  
[The woes] of mortals touch. Dismiss thy

fears ;  
To thee will this renown bring some relief."

In such wise speaks he, and his fancy feeds  
With th' empty portrait, heaving many a

groan, 680  
And with a plenteous flow bedews his face.

For he beheld how Pergamus around

653. Few expressions in all Virgil's works have given more trouble to the commentators than *facilem victu*. Trapp very innocently wishes that he never had written it, and seems to be a little ashamed of his idolised author for having done so. His own interpretation supplies an excellent and consistent sense ; but few scholars will be found to endure his giving an active signification to a passive supine. It is better to regard the word as a substantive, being thus used in connection with *facilem* by Virgil himself in *Geo.* ii. v. 460. See *Æn.*, iii. 540.

658. The " timbers ;" *i. e.*, the " door-posts."

668. " Your brave gilt house, my lord, your honour's hangings,  
Where all your ancestors, and all their battles,  
Their silk and golden battles, are deciphered."

J. Fletcher, *The Loyal Subject*, ii. 1.



The battling Greeks were flying *here*;  
Troy's youth

Were hot pursuing; *there* the Phrygians  
[fled],

On pressed the plumed Achilles in his car.  
Nor hence afar, with canvas white as snow,  
The tents of Rhoetus does he recognise,  
A-weeping, which in maidensleep betrayed,  
The bloody son of Tydeus made a waste  
With butchery immense, and drove aloof  
His fiery coursers to the camp, ere they  
Had tasted of the provender of Troy, 692

And drank the Xanthus. In another part  
The flying Troilus, with loss of arms—  
Ill-fated youth! and not a match when joined  
In duel with Achilles!—by his steeds  
Is borne, and to the empty chariot cleaves  
Upon his back, the reins engrasping still;  
And neck and locks are trailed along the  
earth,

And with inverted spear the dust is scored.  
Meanwhile were pacing onward to the fane  
Of Pallas—not their friend—the Trojan  
dames 702

With streaming tresses, and her Robe they  
bare

In prayerful fashion sad, and with their breasts  
Struck by their hands: the goddess, turned  
aloof,

Her eyes kept riveted upon the ground.  
Thrice had Achilles round the Ilia walls  
Dragged Hector, and his breathless corse  
for gold

Was selling. Then he sooth a heavy groan  
Draws from his bosom's depth, when spoils,  
when cars, 710

And when the very body of his friend,  
And Priam, stretching forth unweaponed  
hands,

He viewed. Himself he also recognized,  
Mingled among the chieftains of the Greeks;

683. "There is a thousand Hectors in the field:  
Now here he fights on Galathea his horse,  
And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot,  
And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls  
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,  
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,  
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:  
Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and  
takes;

Dexterity so obeying appetite,  
That what he will, he does; and does so much,  
That proof is call'd impossibility."

Shakespeare, *Troilus and Cressida*, v. 5.

687. Shakespeare alludes to this event in 3  
*Henry VI.*, iv. 2:

"Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:  
That as Ulysses, and stout Diomed,  
With slight and manhood stole to Rhœsus' tents,  
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds;  
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,  
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard."

And th' Eastern lines, and swarthy Mem-  
non's arms.

Leads files of Amazons with moony shields  
Penthesilea frantic, and amidst  
Her thousand [squadrons] is she all ablaze,  
Her golden sashes claspings on beneath  
A pap projecting,—[she,] the warriorress!  
And dares, a maiden, to engage with men.

While these by Dardan-sprung Æneas,—  
[scenes], 722

To claim his wonder,—are beheld; while  
he

Is senseless-struck, and, rooted [to the spot],  
In one fixed gaze is clinging, to the fane  
Queen Dido, in her beauty passing fair,  
Advanced, a mighty retinue of youths  
Close-thronging. Such as on Eurotas'  
banks,

Or through the brows of Cynthus, Dian plies  
The dances, whom, a thousand mountain-  
nymphs 730

Attending, this and that side circle round.  
Her quiver she upon her shoulder bears,  
And, pacing, all the goddesses outtops;  
Delights thrill thro' Latona's silent breast.  
Such Dido was; such, blithe, she moved  
her on

Among the midst, intent upon her task,  
And future realm. Then at the goddess'  
gates,

Amid the temple's vault, she, fenced with  
arms,

And on a throne high cushioned, took her  
seat. 739

She was dispensing to her subjects rights  
And laws, and dealing evenly their toil  
Of tasks in portions fair, or these by lot  
Was drawing, when Æneas suddenly  
Sees Antheus, and Sergestus, and the brave  
Cloanthus, drawing nigh with throng im-  
mense,

And others of the Teucri, whom o'er sea  
The inky hurricane had wide dispersed,  
And carried far away to other coasts.

At once he was amazed himself, at once  
Achates both with joy and fear was thrilled.  
In eagerness they burned to link right  
hands; 751

But their uncertain state disturbs their  
minds.

They keep disguised, and by the hollow cloud

717. "I'll take to me  
The spirit of a man, borrow his boldness,  
And force my woman's fears into a madness."  
J. Fletcher, *The Island Princess*, iii. 3.

726. "A miracle!  
I mean of goodness; for, in beauty, madam,  
You make all wonders cease."  
Dryden, *All for Love*, iii. 1.

Enveloped, watch what chance [befalls]  
the men ;

Upon what shore the fleet they leave ; why  
come :

For deputies from all the galleys went,  
Entreating favor, and amid a shout  
The temple sought. As soon as entered in,  
And in the presence of [the queen] was  
deigned

The liberty of speech, with gentle breast  
Ilioneus their chieftain thus began : 761

“O queen, to whom hath Jove vouch-  
safed to build

A city new, and haughty hordes to curb  
In equity, we wretched sons of Troy,  
By tempests carried over every sea,  
Beseech thee,—from our vessels bid avaunt  
Their cursed blazes, spare a holy race,  
And take a nearer view of our estate.

We come not, either with the sword to  
waste 769

The household-gods of Libya, or to turn  
The booties rifled from you to the shores :  
[Dwells] no such violence within our soul,  
Nor such high insolence in conquered men.  
There is a spot,—‘Hesperia’ do the  
Greeks

By name entitle it,—an ancient land,  
Puissant in arms and richness of its soil :  
Ænotrian swains inhabited it [erst] ;  
Now rumor [tells] that moderns ‘Italy’  
Have called the nation from their leader’s  
name. 779

Our course was hitherward, when in a trice  
Uprising from the billow, rife in storm,  
Orion flung us upon viewless shoals,  
And far with wanton Austers e’en thro’  
waves,—

Salt ocean mast’ring,—and through wayless  
rocks,

Dispersed us. Hither to your coasts we few  
Have floated on. What race of men is this ?  
Or what so wild a country tolerates  
This usage ? From a hostelry of sand  
Are we debarred ; wars wake they, and  
forbid 789

782. “When with fierce winds Orion arm’d  
Hath vex’d the Red Sea coast.”

Milton, *P. L.*, b. i.

“The roughening deep expects the storm, as sure  
As red Orion mounts the shrouded heaven.”  
Armstrong, *Health*, b. iii.

789. “The air’s as free for a fly as an eagle.”

Ben Jonson, *The New Inn*, ii. 2.

“A handful of poor naked men we are,  
Thrown on your coast, whose arms are only  
prayer,  
That you would not be more unmerciful  
Than the rough seas, since they have let us live  
To find your charity.”

Shirley, *St. Patrick for Ireland*, i. 1.

Our setting foot upon the foremost shore.  
If ye the race of man, and mortal arms  
Disdain, yet look for gods that mind [the  
deeds]

Of right and wrong. Æneas was our king,  
Than whom none else more upright [lived],  
Nor greater was in piety, or war  
And arms ; which hero if the Weirds preserve,  
If he is feeding on the breath of heaven,  
Nor yet reposes with the grisly ghosts,  
No fear there is, lest it should thee repent  
That thou had’st been the foremost to  
compete 800

In courtesy. [We] likewise cities have  
Within the bourns of Sic’ly, aye and fields,  
And famed Acestes from the blood of Troy.  
Be it allowed our tempest-shattered fleet  
To draw ashore, and timbers in the woods  
To fit, and oars to dress ; if it is deigned  
For Italy, with mates and king restored,  
To steer ; that Italy and Latium we  
In joy may seek. But if our safety all  
Is left away, and thee, most worthy sire  
Of Teucris, doth the sea of Libya hold, 811  
Nor hope of our Iulus now remains,—  
Still to the straits of Sicily at least,  
And to our settlements prepared, where-  
from

We have been carried hither, and to king  
Acestes, [grant] we may repair.” In such  
Ilioneus : together all at once  
The Dardans muttered with their voice  
[assent].

Then briefly Dido, downcast in her look,  
Speaks forth : “Alarm dismiss ye from  
your heart, 820

792. “The eagle frowned, and shook his royal  
wings,

And charged the fly

From hence to hie :

Afraid, in haste the little creature flings,

Yet seeks again,

Fearful, to perk him by the eagle’s side :

With moody vein,

The speedy post of Ganymede replied :

“Vassal, avaunt ! or with my wings you die :

Is’t fit an eagle seat him with a fly ?”

R. Greene, *Menaphon’s Roundelay*. See note  
on line 820.

Ben Jonson thus winds up his tragedy of *Sejanus* :

“Let this example move the insolent man,  
Not to grow proud and careless of the gods.  
It is an odious wisdom to blaspheme,  
Much more to slighten, or deny their powers :  
For whom the morning saw so great and high,  
Thus low and little fore the even doth lie.”

816. *Liccat*, v. 531, is still understood.

820. “The fly craved pity ; still the eagle frowned :  
The silly fly,  
Ready to die,  
Disgraced, displaced, fell grovelling to the ground :

O Teucer's sons, solitudes shut out.  
My painful state, and infancy of realm,  
Such measures force me to devise, and wide  
My frontiers with a sentry to defend.  
Who knows not th' Æneads' race? Troy's  
city who?

Their gallantry alike and gallant men,  
Or conflagrations of so great a war?  
Nor breasts so blunted do we Tyrians bear,  
Nor yokes the Sun his coursers, turned  
aloof

So far from Tyrus' city. Whether ye 830  
The great Hesperia and Saturnian fields,  
Or Eryx' bourns and king Acestes, choose,  
Safe through my succor I will you dismiss,  
And aid you with my means. And do ye  
list

On equal terms with me to settle down  
In these my realms?—The city which I  
build is yours;

Draw up your ships; the child of Troy  
and Tyre

With no distinction shall by me be used.  
And would to heav'n your king himself  
were here,—

Æneas, driven by the selfsame blast! 840  
Assuredly throughout the shores true men  
Will I despatch, and Libya's utmost bounds  
Bid them examine, if a castaway  
In any of its woods or towns he roams."

By these her words excited in their  
soul,

The eagle saw,  
And with a royal mind said to the fly:  
'Be not in awe;

I scorn by me the meanest creature die;  
Then seat thee here.' The joyful fly up flings,  
And sat safe-shadowed with the eagle's wings."

R. Greene, *Menaphon's Roundelay*. See note  
on line 792.

834. If the hypothetical idea contained in *seu* and  
*sive* is to be continued in *vultis et*, of which con-  
struction there are many examples, the translation  
must be altered thus:

"And if you list  
On equal terms with me to settle down  
In these my realms, the city which I build  
Is yours."

"Come in, then, take possession of your own:  
My lands, my house, my goods, and all is your's."  
Webster, *The Weakest goeth to the Wall*, iv. 2.  
The Trojans might safely have said:

"Do your pleasure, Sir:  
Beggars must not be choosers."  
Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Honest Man's For-  
tune*, v. 3.

840. *Notus* here must mean a strong wind in  
general, as the south wind would drive them *from*  
and not *to* Africa.

842. "A century send forth;  
Search every acre in the high-grown field,  
And bring him to our eye."  
Shakespeare, *King Lear*, iv. 4.

Alike the brave Achates, and the sire  
Æneas, now were burning long ere this  
To burst away the cloud. Achates first  
Æneas [thus] accosts: "O goddess-born,  
What thought is now arising in thy mind?  
All safe thou see'st, thy fleet and mates  
restored. 851

One absent is, whom we ourselves saw  
whelmed

Amid the billow: to thy mother's words  
All else replies." He scarce had spoken  
these,

When suddenly the mantling cloud itself  
Asunder splits, and melts to open air.  
Still stood Æneas, and in crystal sheen  
Gleamed forth, in face and shoulders like  
a god.

For on her son his mother had herself  
Becoming locks, and blooming light of  
youth, 860

And in his eyes her sprightly graces,  
breathed:

Such beauty as to iv'ry hands impart;  
Or when is silver, or the Parian stone,  
In yellow gold encased around. Then thus  
The queen does he accost, and, unforeseen  
By all, upon a sudden he exclaims:

"I, whom ye seek, am in your presence  
here,

Trojan Æneas, snatched from Libyan  
waves.

O [lady], who alone hast pity felt  
For Troy's unutterable woes; who us,  
A remnant from the Greeks, now wearied  
out 870

By all the hazards both of land and sea,  
In want of all things, in thy city, home,  
Thy partners makest! throughly thee to  
pay

857. "Not great Æneas stood in plainer day,  
When, the dark mantling mist dissolved away,  
He to the Tyrians show'd his sudden face,  
Shining with all his goddess mother's grace:  
For she herself had made his countenance bright,  
Breathed honour on his eyes, and her own purple  
light."

Dryden, *Britannia Rediviva*, 128-133.

858. "Not Lollia Paullina, nor those blazing stars,  
Which make the world the apes of Italy,  
Shall match thyself in sun-bright splendency."  
Machin, *The Dumb Knight*, i. 1.

869. "Dearest lady,  
Great in your fortune, greater in your goodness,  
Make a superlative in excellence,  
In being greatest in your saving mercy."  
Massinger, *The Duke of Milan*, iii. 3.

"Her goodness does disdain comparison,  
And, but herself, admits no parallel." *Ib.*, iv. 3.

873. "'Tis I am poor,  
For I have not a stock in all the world  
Of so much dust, as would contrive one narrow  
Cabin to shroud a worm."

Shirley, *The Brothers*, iv. 5.



Meet thanks is not, O Dido, in our power,  
Nor that of Dardan race,—where'er 'tis  
found

In any spot,—which scattered is thro'out  
The mighty globe. O may the gods on  
thee

(If any pow'rs of heav'n regard the good,  
If righteous dealing anywhere be aught,  
A soul, too, that is conscious to itself 881  
Of right,) the guerdons, thy desert, confer!  
What so propitious ages gave thee birth?  
What such high parents gendered such [a  
child]?

While rivers to the seas shall run, while  
shades

Shall sweep the mountains' jutting sides,  
while heaven

Shall feed the stars, [thy] glory and thy  
name, 887

And praises aye shall last, whatever lands  
Call me." Thus having said, he clasps  
His friend Ilioneus with his right hand,  
And with his left Serestus; then the rest;  
Brave Gyas also, and Cloanthus brave.

Sidonian Dido was in wonder lost,  
First at the presence of the hero, next  
At his so striking fortune, and she thus  
Spake from her lip: "What fortune,  
goddess-born,

Pursues thee onward through such grievous  
risks?

What power drives thee to our savage  
coasts?

Art thou that [world-renowned] Æneas,  
whom

To Dardan-sprung Anchises Venus boon

875. "Would thou hadst less deserved,  
That the proportion both of thanks and payment  
Might have been more! Only I have left to say  
More is thy due than more than all can pay."

Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, i. 4.

878. "But to those powers above, that can requite,  
That from their wasteless treasures heap rewards,  
More out of grace than merits, on us mortals,  
To those I'll ever pray, that they would give you  
More blessings than I have skill to ask."

May, *The Heir*, iv.

"Angels reward the goodness of this woman!"  
Massinger, *The Duke of Milan*, i. 3.

881. "As high and hearty as youth's time of inno-  
cence,

That never knew a sin to shape a sorrow by:  
I feel no tempest, nor a leaf wind-stirring  
To shake a fault; my conscience is becalmed."

Middleton, *A Game at Chess*, iv. 1.

"Every good deed sends back its own reward  
Into the bosom of the enterpriser." *Id.*, iii. 1.

884. "Happy the parents of so fair a child!"  
Shakespeare, *Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 5.

894. "There is a minute,  
When a man's presence speaks in his own cause,  
More than the tongues of twenty advocates."

Massinger, *The Fatal Dowry*, i. 1.

Bare at the wave of Phrygian Simois? 901  
Yea sooth I call to mind that Teucer  
came

To Sidon, banished from his country's  
bourns,

New kingdoms seeking by the aid of Bel:  
Then Bel, my sire, was wasting Cyprus  
rich,

And conq'r'r holding it beneath his sway.  
From that time forward has to me been  
known

The Trojan city's fortune, and thy name,  
And kings Pelagic. He, thy foe, himself  
Was used with praise distinguished to extol  
The Teucris, and would have it he was  
sprung 911

From th' ancient stock of Teucrians. Then  
come,

O youths, advance ye underneath our roofs.  
Like fortune me, too, tossed through many  
a toil,

Hath willed at last to settle on this land.  
Not unacquainted with misfortune, I  
The wretched learn to aid." Thus speaks  
she forth:

At once Æneas to the royal roofs  
She leads; at once within the fanes of gods  
A sacrifice enjoins. Nor less meanwhile  
She sends his mates on shore a score of  
bulls, 921

A hundred bristly backs of burly swine,  
A hundred fatted lambkins with their dams,  
The gifts and merry-making of the god.

But gorgeously with royal pomp the dome  
Within is furnished, and amid the halls  
The banquets they provide:—cloths  
wrought with skill,

And haughty scarlet; massy silver plate  
Upon the tables, and, embossed in gold,  
The brave achievements of her sires, a chain  
Of great occurrences, exceeding long, 931

Extended thro' so many [gallant] men,  
From the commencement of her ancient  
race.

Æneas (for a father's love his mind  
To be at rest allowed not), to the ships

916. "One, too, acquainted with calamities,  
And from that apt to pity. Charity ever  
Finds in the act reward, and needs no trumpet  
In the receiver."

J. Fletcher, *The Sea Voyage*, ii. 2.

"I hate to leave my friend in his extremities."  
J. Fletcher, *The Woman Hater*, ii. 1.

Gray, happily, of Virtue when schooled by  
Adversity:

"Stern, rugged nurse! thy rigid lore  
With patience many a year she bore:  
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,  
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others'  
woe." *Hymn to Adversity*.



Despatches fleet Achates in advance,  
These [tidings] to Ascanius to report,  
And to the town to lead [the youth] him-  
self :

Stands [centred] in Ascanius every thought  
Of his fond parent. Presents, furthermore,  
Rescued from Ilium's wreck, he bids him  
bring ;— 941

A kirtle stiff with figures and with gold,  
And, woven round with saffron-hued  
acanth,

A veil, the Argive Helen's brave attire,  
Which from Mycenæ she, when Pergamus  
She sought, and nuptials disallowed, had  
brought

Away, her mother Leda's wondrous gift.  
Moreo'er, a sceptre, which Ilione,  
Of Priam's daughters eldest, erst had  
borne ;

And for the neck a necklace strung with  
beads, 950

And, double with its jewels and with gold,  
A diadem. Despatching these [behests],  
His journey to the ships Achates bent.

But Cytherea machinations new,  
New schemes, is turning over in her breast ;  
That Cupid, changed in figure and in looks,  
Should in the place of sweet Ascanius come,  
And with the presents set the raging queen  
Afire, and in her bones inweave his flame ;  
Since sooth a house equivocal she fears,  
And Tyrians double-tongued : fell Juno  
stings, 961

And towards the night unrest returns again.  
She therefore in these words winged Love  
accosts :

“ O son, my strength, my mighty pow'r  
alone,

O son, who bolts Typhæan of the highest  
sire

Disdaine'st, I to thee for refuge fly,  
And humbly thy divinity entreat.

How brother thine, Æneas, round all shores  
Is tossed upon the ocean, through the hate  
Of Juno the unjust, is known to thee, 970  
And in my grief thou oftentimes hast  
grieved.

Him the Phœnician Dido entertains,  
And stays with luring accents ; and I dread  
What turn Junonian hospitage may take :  
In such a grave conjuncture of affairs  
She will not be at rest. On which account  
To trap the queen beforehand with my  
wiles,

And with the flame to vest her, I design,

961.

“ They shall find,  
That to a woman of her hopes beguiled,  
A viper trod on, or an asp's mild.”

J. Fletcher, *The Spanish Curate*, iv. 1.

Lest she through any influence of heaven  
May change her [feelings], but in potent  
love 980

For my Æneas may with me be chained.  
Now understand my notion [of the means],  
Whereby thou may'st be able to effect  
This [end]. The royal boy, my chief con-  
cern,

At summons of his darling sire prepares  
To go to Sidon's city, bearing gifts,  
The remnants from the deep and flames of  
Troy.

Him I, when drowsed in sleep, upon the  
high

Cythera, or upon Idalia's [mount],  
Within my hallowed seat will hide away ;  
Lest he in any wise avail to learn 991  
My plots, or thwart them in the midst.

Do thou  
His mien, for not beyond a single night,  
With cunning counterfeit, and, boy [thy-  
self],

The well-known features of the boy assume ;  
That when shall Dido, in the height of  
bliss,

Thee welcome to her bosom, in the midst  
Of royal banquets and Lyæan juice ;  
When she shall grant embraces, and im-  
print

Her luscious kisses, thou thy hidden fire  
May'st inly breathe, and dupe her with thy  
bane.” 1001

The words of his dear mother Love obeys,  
And doffs his wings, and in Iulus' gait  
Rejoicing trips along. But Venus o'er  
Ascanius' limbs a stilly rest bedews,  
And, nestled in her breast, the goddess lifts  
[The sleeper] to Idalia's lofty groves,  
Where downy marjoram, exhaling [scent],  
Imbosoms him in flow'rs and balmy shade.

And now, her word obeying, Cupid  
paced, 1010

And to the Tyrians bore the royal gifts,  
Blithe, with Achates for a guide. When he  
Arrives, beneath a prideful canopy,  
The queen has just reposed her on a couch  
Of gold, and throned her in the midst.

Now sire  
Æneas, now too Troja's youth collect,  
And on the outspread purple all recline.

1006.

“ Sleep, sleep, young angel !  
My care shall wake about thee.”  
Middleton, *The Spanish Gipsy*, iii. 3.

“ When Venus would her dear Ascanius keep  
A prisoner in the downy bands of sleep,  
She odorous herbs and flowers beneath him  
spread,

As the most soft and sweetest bed ;  
Not her own lap would more have charmed his  
head.”  
Cowley, *The Garden*.

The serving-men give waters for their  
hands,  
And Ceres from the baskets fetch they  
forth,  
And towels bring with shaven nap. Within  
Handmaidens fifty, with whom rests the  
charge 1021

In long array the viands to dispose,  
And magnify the household-gods with fires;  
A hundred others, and as many youths  
Of service, matches in their age, with cates  
The boards to burden, and to set the cups.  
Yea, too, the Tyrians thro' the merry halls  
Together flocked in numbers, [e'en] en-  
joined

Upon the broidered sofas to recline.  
They gaze in wonder at Æneas' gifts;  
In wonder at Iulus do they gaze, 1031  
And at the glowing features of the god,  
And his feigned accents; at the kirtle too,  
And veil, embroidered with the saffron-  
hued

Acanthus. Chief of all, the hapless one,  
Abandoned to the coming plague, her soul  
Cannot have sated, and by gazing grows  
The hotter,—[she,] Phœnicia's dame,—and  
is alike

Excited by the boy and by his gifts.  
When he upon Æneas's embrace 1040  
And neck has hung, and cloyed the mighty  
love

Of his pretended sire, he seeks the queen.  
She with her eyes, with all her soul she  
hangs

On him, and fonds him to her breast at  
times;—

[She,] Dido,—wareless what a potent god  
Was rooting down within her wretched self.  
But mindful of his Açalian mother he  
By slow degrees Sychæus to efface  
Begins, and by a living passion aims  
To prepossess affections, now long since  
At quiet, and a heart unused [to love].

As soon as in the banquet was a pause,  
And boards were cleared, huge wassail-  
bowls they set, 1053  
And crown the wine. A din throughout the  
courts

Arises, and along the spacious halls  
Their voice they roll. Down burning  
cressets hang

From gilded ceilings, and the night with  
flames

1039. Or, perhaps: "deluded."

1056. "From the arched roof,  
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row  
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed  
With Naphtha and Asphalt, yielded light  
As from a sky." Milton, *P. L.*, b. 1.

Wax-torches overpower. Here the queen  
A bowl, with jewels weighty and with  
gold,

Required, and brimmed it up with taintless  
wine,— 1060

Which Bel, and all from Bel were wont [to  
brim].

Then silence was observed throughout the  
courts.

"O Jove (for that thou grantest rights to  
guests

They tell), that this a happy day alike  
To Tyrians, and the voyagers from Troy,  
May prove, be it thy pleasure, and that this  
May our descendants in remembrance hold.  
Be present Bacchus, giver of delight,  
And Juno kind; and Tyrians, O do ye  
The union solemnize in friendly mood."

She said, and of the liquors spilled a gift  
Upon the board, and first, when spilled,  
[the rest] 1072

She reached as far as to her tip of lip;  
Then, rallying him, she it to Bitias gave.

He, nothing slack, drained off the foaming  
bowl,

And swilled him from the brimming gold.  
Next [drank]

The other nobles. On his gilded lute  
The tressed Iopas warbles o'er [the lay],  
Which highest Atlas taught him. Chants  
this [bard]

The rambling Moon and travails of the  
Sun;

Whence race of men, and flocks; whence  
rain, and fires; 1081

Arcturus, and the rainy Hyades,  
And twain Triones; wherefore speed so  
fast

To dip them in the ocean wintry Suns,  
Or what delay withstands the laggard  
nights.

"As heaven with stars, the roof with jewels glows,  
And ever living lamps depend in rows."

Pope, *Temple of Fame*.

"Her room  
Outbraved the stars with several kinds of lights."  
Webster, *Vittoria Corombona*, iii. 2.

1075. "Did I not find thee gaping, like an oyster  
For a new tide? Thy very thoughts lie bare,  
Like a low ebb; thy soul, that rid in sack,  
Lies moored for want of liquor."  
Beaumont and Fletcher, *Bonduca*, i. 2.

1078. Bards in ancient times wore their hair very  
long. The reader may, perhaps, readily call to  
mind this element in the grand description of one  
of their number, in Gray's noble *Ode*:

"Robed in the sable garb of woe,  
With haggard eyes the poet stood;  
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair  
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air,  
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,  
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre."

Redouble with acclaim the men of Tyre,  
And Trojans second them. Yea too, the night  
With diverse talk unhappy Dido eked,

1086. The enthusiasm of his auditors, in so warmly clapping Iopas, shows that they would not have come under the lash of Lorenzo; Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, v. 1:

"Therefore the poet  
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;

Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,  
But music for the time doth change his nature:  
The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus:  
Let no such man be trusted."

And deep[ly] drank [of] passion, as she asks  
Much about Priam, about Hector much;  
Now, in what arms Aurora's son had come;  
Now what were Diomedes' coursers; now,  
How puissant was Achilles. "Nay then  
come, 1093

And from the first commencement tell us,  
guest,

The stratagems of Danai,"—she cries,—  
"And hazards of thy [friends], and wan-  
d'rings thine;

For now the seventh summer wafts thee on,  
A roamer over every land and wave."

1089. "My ears, my greedy eyes, my thirsty soul,  
Drank gorging in the dear delicious poison,  
Till I was lost, quite lost."

Smith, *Phadra and Hippolytus*, i. 1.

## BOOK II.

ALL dropped to silence, and their faces kept  
[Firm fixed], on him attent. Then thus  
began

The sire Æneas from his lofty throne:  
"Unspeakable, O queen, the grief thou  
bid'st

Renew; how Troja's wealth and piteous  
realm

The Greeks uprooted, and those saddest  
[scenes],

Which I myself have witnessed, and  
wherein

A leading part I bore. Such [miseries]  
In telling, who of Myrmidons, or Dolopes,  
Or [who,] the soldier of Ulysses stern, 10  
Could keep from tears? And now the  
moistful night

Posts downward from the sky, and setting  
stars

Are urging slumbers. But if [thee enthral's]

Line 2. "And Expectation, like the Roman eagle,  
Took stand, and called all eyes."

J. Fletcher, *The Prophetess*, iii. 1.

11. "Then, sighing soft awhile, at last she thus:  
O lamentable fall of famous towne,  
Which raigned so many years victorious,  
And of all Asia bore the soveraigne crowne,  
In one sad night consumd and thrown downe!  
What stony hart, that beares thy haplesse fate,  
Is not empierst with deepe compassionwe,  
And makes ensample of mans wretched state,  
That floures so fresh at morne, and fades at evening  
late!" Spenser, *F. Q.*, iii. 9, 39.

"My tears, like ruffling winds, locked up in caves,  
Do bustle for a vent."

Ford, *The Lover's Melancholy*, v. 1.

13. "For now the streaky light began to peep,  
And setting stars admonish'd both to sleep."  
Dryden, close of *Hind and Panther*.

So strong a passion our mishaps to learn,  
And briefly hear of Troja's latest pang,  
Although my soul at recollection quails,  
And hath in woe recoiled, I will begin.

"Worn out by war, and baffled by the  
fates,

The chiefs of Danai,—so many years  
Now gliding past,—a horse of mountain-  
size 20

By heav'nly handicraft of Pallas build,  
And overlay its ribs with plank of fir:  
An off'ring they pretend for their return.  
That rumor spreads. Herein the chosen  
frames

Of heroes, culling them by lot, in stealth  
Do they imprison in its darksome side,  
And throughly its colossal vaultages,  
And womb, with weaponed soldiery they  
fill.

"Within the view lies Tenedos, an isle  
Full widely known by rumor, rich in  
wealth, 30

While Priam's realm endured, now but a  
bay,

And post of lame dependance for the ships.  
Transported hither, on the lonely beach  
They masked themselves. We deemed  
that they had gone,

And with the breeze had for Mycenæ made.  
All Teuciria therefore from her lengthened  
woe

Herself releases; opened are the gates;  
It joys to go and view the Doric camp,

16. "Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,  
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain."  
Goldsmith, *Deserted Village*.



And spots forsaken, and a quitted shore.  
Here the Dolopians' hosts, here pitched  
[his tent] 40

The fell Achilles; for their galleys here  
The station; here in battailous array  
To combat were they wont. Some stand  
amazed

At unespoused Minerva's deathful gift,  
And marvel at the hugeness of the horse.  
And first Thymœtes moves that it be  
brought

Inside the walls, and in the castle lodged;  
Whether in guile, or now the fates of Troy  
Decreed it so. But Capys and [the rest],  
Within whose mind a sounder judgment  
[dwelt], 50

Or in the sea the ambush of the Greeks,  
And their mistrusted off'rings, bid to fling,  
And burn them up with blazes underlaid;  
Or of the womb the vaulted lurking-holes  
To bore and probe. The commons, un-  
resolved,

Into conflicting sentiments is split.

"There first ahead of all, with throng  
immense

Attending him, Laocoon, afire,  
Down from the summit of the castle runs;  
And from afar: 'O wretched citizens, 60  
What such wild frenzy [this]? Do ye  
believe

Our foes withdrawn? Or think ye any gifts  
Of Grecians are devoid of craft? Is thus  
Ulysses known? Or, prisoned in this wood,  
Achéans are concealed, or this is framed  
An engine 'gainst our walls, to overpeer  
Our homes, and on the city from on high  
To pounce; or lurking lies some trick.  
The horse

44. It is very stiff to make *Minerva*, v. 31, the dative case; nor is it at all according to the usage of Virgil, who continually uses the genitive under such circumstances; e. g., *Templum conjugis antiqui*, *Æn.* iv. 457. See also *Æn.* xi. 4, *Vota Deum*.

53. It is not meant that the same individuals recommended destruction both by water and fire; but that, of those who advocated the total destruction of the horse, some proposed the one and some the other; or, if this should not be consented to, at least *terebrare et tentare*, &c. This explains the use of *que*, for which if *ve* be read, an awkward uncertainty results from the use of the following *aut*.

66. "The prince's espials have informed me,  
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,  
Wont, through a secret grate of iron bars  
In yonder tower, to overpeer the city;  
And thence discover, how, with most advantage,  
They may vex us with shot, or with assault."

Shakespeare, *i Henry VI.*, i. 4.

68. "There is a devilish cunning  
Expressed in this black forgery."

Webster, *Appius and Virginia*, iii. 2.

Trust not, O Trojans! whatsoe'er that be,  
I dread the Grecians, even bringing gifts.  
Thus having spoken, his prodigious spear  
With lusty pow'rs upon the monster's side,  
And on its paunch, with joinings arched,  
he hurled. 73

It quiv'ring stood, and from the womb  
convulsed

The vaults rang hollow, and gave forth a  
groan.

And if the gods' decrees, if reason not  
obtuse,

Had been [our blessèd lot], he had enforced  
The marring of th' Argolic shrouds with  
steel;

And, Troy, thou would'st be standing now,  
and thou,

O Priam's stately castle, would'st remain.

"Behold, meanwhile, a stripling, with  
his hands 81

Pinioned behind his back, with lusty shout  
Were Dardan shepherds haling to the king;

Who had, a stranger, of his free accord  
Himself presented to them as they came,

That he this very [plot] might carry out,  
And open Troja to Achaia's sons;—

Self-confident in spirit, and prepared  
For either issue,—or to work his wiles,

Or fall before indubitable death. 90

From every quarter, in the zeal to see,  
Poured round, the youth of Troja tides  
amain,

And vie in making of the prisoner sport.  
Now hear the stratagems of Danaï,

And from a single outrage learn them all.  
For when amid our gaze, confused, un-

armed,  
He stood, and with his eyes the Phrygian  
hosts

Beheld around: 'Ah! now what land,'  
he cries,

'What seas can welcome me? Or what  
doth now

For hapless me at last remain, for whom  
With Greeks no further is there any place;

Yea, too, the very Dardans in their rage  
Vengeance with blood demand?" By which  
his moan 103

Our minds were wholly changed, and all  
assault

100. "Your melancholy mole is happy now;  
He fears no officers, but walks invisible.

Would I were chamber-fellow to a worm!

The rooks have princely lives that dwell upon

The tops of trees; the owls and bats are gentlemen,

They fly, and fear no warrants; every hare

Outruns the constable; only poor man,

By nature slow and full of phlegm, must stay,

And stand the cursed law."

Shirley, *The Imposture*, v. 4.



Was stifled. We encourage him to speak :  
From what blood sprung, or what he brings,  
to say,

Where his reliance as a pris'ner rests.  
He these,—alarm at last discarded,—  
speaks :

“ ‘Yea all to thee, O king, whate'er  
result,

Will I,' saith he, 'acknowledge in their  
truth ;

Nor that I am of Argive race disown.

This first : nor if hath Fortune Sinon  
shaped

A wretch, shall she, unscrupulous, beside  
Shape him a hollow and a lying [knave].  
If haply in discourse hath reached thine ears  
Such name as that of Palamede, from Bel  
Descended, and his rumor-noised renown,  
Whom the Pelasgi, 'neath a baseless charge,  
Un guilty under evidence accursed,  
Since he discountenanced their wars, sent  
down

To death :—they mourn him now when left  
of light :—

Me as his comrade, e'en by link of blood  
Allied, a needy father, hither sent  
To warfare from its earliest date. While  
he

Stood firmly in his puissance unimpaired,  
And flourished in the cabinets of kings,  
We, too, both some repute and dignity  
Have borne. As soon as through the jea-  
lous hate

Of cozening Ulysses,—[matters] not un-  
known

I speak,—from upper regions he withdrew,  
Heart-broken, I my life in gloom and grief  
Dragged out, and inly with resentment  
viewed

The downfall of my unoffending friend ;

107. Or : “ We encourage him to tell  
From what blood sprung, or [message] what he  
brings,  
To say what meant his confidence when caught.”

113. “ I am unfortunate, but not ashamed  
Of being so : No ! let the guilty blush.”  
Southern, *Oroonoko*, i. 2.

“ What ! because we are poor  
Shall we be vicious ?”  
Webster, *Vittoria Corombona*, i. 2.

“ To seem to be, and not to be what I seem,  
Are things my honest nature understands not.”  
Dryden, *Cleomenes*, iii. 1.

130. Or : “ jealousy.”

131. “ I could so roll my pills in sugared syllables,  
And strew such kindly mirth o'er all my mischief,  
They took their bane in way of recreation.”  
Middleton, *A Game at Chess*, i. 1.

“ Of all wild beasts preserve me from a tyrant,  
And of all tame a flatterer.”  
Ben Jonson, *Sejanus*, i. 2.

Nor held my peace,—a madman !—yea I  
vowed

That I, if any chance allowed, if e'er  
To my paternal Argos I returned  
A conqueror, would his avenger prove ;  
And by my words a bitter hate aroused.  
Hence [fell] on me misfortune's earliest  
blight ;

Hence ever used Ulysses to alarm 140  
With fresh impeachments ; hence he used  
to strew

Equivocal expressions through the mob,  
And seek in complot means of [harm] ;  
nor, sooth,

He rested till, with Calchas for a tool,—  
But yet why these distasteful truths do I  
In vain unfold ? Or wherefore you detain ?  
If all Achæans in one rank ye hold,  
And this it is enough to hear, at once  
Take vengeance : this the Ithacan would  
wish,

And Atreus' sons at heavy cost would buy.  
“ But then we burn to question, and to  
seek 151

The reasons, unaware of villainies  
So deep, and craft Pelasgic. Quaking he  
Proceeds, and from a traitor-bosom speaks :

“ ‘ Oft longed the Danai their flight to  
plan,  
Troy left behind, and with the lengthened  
war

Outwearied, to retire ;—and would to  
heaven

That they had done so ! Often shut them in  
A felon storm of ocean ; Auster, too,  
Alarmed them on their setting out. In  
chief, 160

When now this horse stood framed with  
maple beams,

All thro' the welkin thundered squalls of rain.  
We, poised in doubt, Eurypylus despatch,  
Who Phœbus' oracles consults, and he

136. “ Wrath covered carries fate :  
Revenge is lost if I profess my hate.”  
Ben Jonson, *Sejanus*, i. end.

142. “ Your faith freighted  
With lies, malicious lies ; your merchant Mischief ;  
He that ne'er knew more trade than tales, and  
tumbling  
Suspensions into honest hearts.”

J. Fletcher, *Thierry and Theodoret*, i. 1.

So Satan in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, b. v. :

“ And casts between  
Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound  
Or taint integrity.”

149. “ Truth laughs at death,  
And terrifies the killer more than killed ;  
Integrity thus armless seeks her foes.”  
J. Fletcher, *The Queen of Corinth*, iv. 3.

159. Milton so applies “ felon ” to the winds in  
*Paradise Lost*, b. i., and *Lycidas*.

These drear announcements from the shrines  
brings back :

“By blood and by a butchered maid ye  
stilled

The winds, when first, O Greeks, to Ilium's  
shores

Ye came ; by blood must your return be  
sought,

And by an Argive life atonement made.”

Which sentence, when it reached the com-  
mons' ears, 170

Their souls were mazed, and through their  
inmost bones

An icy shudder ran,—for whom the Fates

Decree it, whom Apollo may demand.

Hereon the Ithacan, with vast ado,

Drags forth the prophet Calchas to the  
midst :—

What mean those intimations of the gods

He importunes. And many now to me

The knave's unfeeling villainy presaged,

And silently the coming [issues] saw.

He twice five days is dumb, and, cloistered  
up, 180

Refuses to surrender any man

By word of his, and subject him to death.

He scarce at last, enforced by lusty calls

From th' Ithacan, by concert gives to voice

A vent, and for the altar me appoints.

All acquiesced ; and [woes], which for  
himself

Each held in dread, when shifted from  
[themselves]

For ruin of a single wretch, they bore.

And now the cursed day drew nigh ; for me

Were holy rites prepared, and salted grains,

And fillets [to entwine] around my brows.

Myself I rescued, I avow, from death, 192

And burst my bonds ; and in an oozy pool

Through night-time hidden in the sedge I

lurked,

Till they should grant their canvas [to the  
gale],

If haply they would grant it. Nor with me

[Rests] any hope of seeing furthermore

My ancient country, nor my darling boys,

172. “I have a faint cold fear thrills through my  
veins,  
That almost freezes you the heat of life.”

Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, iv. 3.

174. “Art thou a statesman,  
And canst not be a hypocrite? Impossible!”  
Dryden, *Don Sebastian*, ii. 1.

186. “What man, when condemned,  
Did ever find a friend? Or who dares lend  
An eye of pity to that star-crossed subject,  
On whom his sovereign frowns?”  
Massinger, *The Emperor of the East*, v. 1.

192. “To cheat the cheater, was no cheat, but  
justice.”  
Ben Jonson, *The Staple of News*, v. 1.

And parent sore-desired ; whom they per-  
chance

E'en forfeits will exact for my escape, 200

And this my fault by death of hapless ones

Aton. Then thee by gods above and  
Powers,

Who know my truth, by— (if there any be,

Which anywhere to mortals may abide),—

Unsullied faith, I pray compassionate

Such grievous woes, compassionate a soul

That undergoes [distresses] not deserved.’

“To these his tears do we vouchsafe him  
life,

And freely pity him. E'en first himself

From off the man his handcuffs, and the  
bonds 210

Tight-straitened, Priam orders to be loosed,

And thus in words of kindness he speaks :

‘Whoe'er thou art, the Grecians, lost, hence-  
forth

Do thou forget ; thou shalt be ours ; and  
these

At my inquiry in their truth explain :

With what intent this pile of monster-horse

Have they erected? Who the architect?

Or what seek they? What is the holy end?

Or what the enginery of war? He said.

The other, versed in wiles and Grecian

craft, 220

Uplifted to the stars his bond-stript hands :

‘Ye, deathless fires, and your divinity,

That may not be profaned, do I,’ he cries,

205. “Do pity me!  
Pity's akin to love.” Southern, *Oroonoko*, ii. 2.  
Laocoon might have said :

“Pray heaven it be no fault!  
For there's as much disease, though not to th' eye,  
In too much pity as in tyranny.”  
Middleton, *The Phoenix*, i. 1.

206. “The quality of mercy is not strained :

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven

Upon the place beneath ; it is twice blessed :

It blesteth him that gives and him that takes ;

‘Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes

The throned monarch better than his crown.”

Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, iv. 1.

207. “If powers divine  
Behold our human actions,—as they do,—  
I doubt not, then, but innocence shall make  
False accusation blush, and tyranny  
Tremble at patience.”  
Shakespeare, *Winter's Tale*, iii. 2.

208. “A free confession of a fault wins pardon ;  
But, being seconded by desert, commands it.”  
Massinger, *The Bondman*, iii. 4.

222. So Iago attests the stars ; Shakespeare,  
*Othello*, iii. 3 :

“Witness, you ever-burning lights above!  
You elements that clip us round about!”

“Then hear me, heaven, to whom I call for right,  
And you, fair twinkling stars, that crown the  
night.”

J. Fletcher, *The Faithful Shepherdess*, iv. 4.

' Attest ; ye, altars and accursèd swords,  
Which I escaped, and fillets of the gods,  
Which I a victim bare ; 'tis free to me  
The hallowed obligations of the Greeks  
To cancel ; it is free to me to loathe the  
men,  
And all [their plans] to bring beneath the  
light,  
If any they disguise ; nor am I tied 230  
By any laws of country. Do but thou  
By thy engagements stand, and when  
thou'rt saved  
Save thou thy credit, Troy, if I true [facts]  
Adduce, if large [returns] I thee repay.  
" ' The Grecians' every hope and con-  
fidence  
Upon the war commenced, for ever stood  
By Pallas' aid. But truly from the [hour,]  
That Tydeus' godless son, Ulysses, too,  
Crime-planner, the Palladium, big with  
fate,  
Essaying from her hallowed fane to wrest,—  
The sentries of the highest tower slain,—  
Engrasped the holy image, and with hands  
Of blood the goddess' maiden wreaths  
presumed 243  
To taint, thenceforth began to ebb away,  
And, slowly sinking, to be carried back,  
The hope of Grecians ; shattered were  
their powers ;  
Estranged the goddess' mind. Nor tokens  
these  
With doubtful omens did Tritonia deign.  
The image scarce was planted in the  
camp :—  
Flared bick'ring fires from its erected eyes,  
And briny sweat coursed o'er its limbs ;  
and thrice 251  
She,—wondrous to be told,—from earth  
sprang up,  
Both buckler wielding and a quiv'ring lance.  
Straight Calchas chanteth that the seas in  
flight  
Should be attempted ; nor that Pergamus  
Should be uprooted by Argolic arms,  
Unless the omens they should seek anew  
At Argos, and the deity restore,  
Which o'er the main, and in their bending  
barks,

232.

" For great men,  
Till they have gained their ends, are giants in  
Their promises, but, those obtained, weak pigmies  
In their performance."

Massinger, *The Great Duke of Florence*, ii. end.

233. " Oh heaven ! oh earth ! bear witness to this  
sound,

And crown what I profess with kind event,  
If I speak true ; if hollowly, invert  
What best is boded me to mischief !"

Shakespeare, *Tempest*, iii. 1.

They with them have conveyed away.  
And now, 260  
Seeing that with the breeze they have  
sought out  
Their home Mycenæ, arms and comrade-  
gods  
Are they preparing, and upon the main,  
Repassed, will unexpectedly be here :  
So Calchas methodises the portents.  
This figure for Palladium's sake, for sake  
Of the offended godship, they, when warned,  
Erected, to atone their rueful guilt.  
Howbeit Calchas ordered to upraise  
[Of] monster [bulk] this pile, with car-  
pentry 270  
Of sturdy woods, and stretch it out to  
heaven,  
That through the gates it might not be  
received,  
Or brought within the city ; nor the race  
Beneath the ancient veneration guard.  
For, if your hand profaned Minerva's gifts,  
Then vast destruction (which presage may  
gods  
The rather turn against himself !) to sway  
Of Priam, and to Phrygians, would ensue.  
But if by your own hands it mounted up  
Upon the city, Asia uncompelled 280  
With mighty war to Pelops' walls would  
come,  
And these decrees our children's children  
wait.  
" By such a stratagem, and artifice  
Of perjured Sinon is the tale believed ;  
And they are caught by craft and forcèd  
tears,  
Whom neither did the son of Tydeus,  
Nor did Achilles, of Larissa [s] land],  
No, not ten years reduced, no, not a thou-  
sand keels.  
" Here to us wretches is another [scene]  
Presented, graver, and more terrible by  
far, 290  
And it disarms our unforeseeing breasts.  
Laocoon, for Neptune fixed by lot  
The priest, was butchering a giant bull

265. Though *digerit*, v. 182, seems scarcely to  
bear it, yet the context almost requires the line to  
be rendered thus :

" 'Tis thus that Calchas construes the portents."

276. " That, O ye Heavens, defend ! and turne  
away

From her unto the miscreant himselfe !"

Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, v. 8, 19.

280. Or, according to Wagner and Forbiger :  
" from afar."

283. " Be murderous still ;  
But, when thou strik'st, with unseen weapons kill."

Webster, *Appius and Virginia*, ii. 3.

" Treason has done his worst."

Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, iii. 2.



Hard by the reverend altars. But, behold!  
From Tenedos, along the calmy deeps,  
(I shudder as I tell [the tale],) two snakes  
With coils enormous lean upon the main,  
And towards the shores at even pace advance ;

Whose breasts, among the billows reared aloft,

And crests blood-tinted, overtop the waves ;  
Their other part sweeps ocean in the rear,  
And arches in a fold their boundless chins :  
A roar arises, with the briny flood 303

In foam. And now the lands they reached,  
and, stained

O'er eyes of flame with blood and fire, they licked

Their hissing mouths with bick'ring tongues.  
We fly

In all directions, bloodless at the sight.  
They seek Laocoon in steady march ;

And first the tiny frames of his two sons  
Each serpent, clipping them, infolds, and preys 310

Upon their wretched members with his fang.

Next, him [the father], coming up with aid,  
And weapons bringing, do they clutch, and swathe

With giant rings. And now his midriff twice

Embracing, twice entwining round his neck  
Their scaly backs, o'ertop him with their head

And necks on high. He straightway with his hands

To tear the knots asunder strains, bedrenched

Upon the wreaths with gore and sable bane ;  
At once dread cries he raises to the stars :

Such roarings as, what time a bull hath fled

The altar, struck with wounds, and from his neck 322

Hath shaken out the undecisive axe.

But to the temple's summit with a glide  
The dragons twain escape away, and seek

The tow'r of fell Tritonis, and beneath  
The goddess' feet, and 'neath her disc of shield,

Are screened. Then sooth throughout their frightened breasts

Creeps strange alarm on all ; and for his crime

Laocoon they say had duly paid, 330

Who with his spear-head marred the holy wood,

And hurled against its back an impious lance.

That to its seat the image should be brought,

And power of the goddess be implored,  
They shout at once. We rive the walls,  
and ope

The bulwarks of the city. Gird them all  
To toil, and lay beneath its feet the roll

Of wheels, and hempen fetters on its neck  
They strain. The fateful engine mounts  
the walls,

Teeming with weapons. Round it do the lads, 340

And lasses unespoused, chant holy [hymns],  
And with their hand delight to touch the rope.

It steals along, and tow'ring up it glides  
Upon the city's heart. O native land !

O Ilium, home of deities, and walls  
Of Dardan sons renowned in war ! Four times

Within the very threshold of the gate  
It halted, and from out the womb a clank

Four times the weapons gave. Yet press we on,

Unthinking, and with frenzy blind, and bring 350

The evil-omened monster to a stand  
Within the hallowed citadel. Then, too,

With fates to come Cassandra opes her lips,

By mandate of the god not e'er believed  
By Trojans. We the temples of the gods,

Ill-starred, to whom was that our latest day,

With festal leafage through the city deck.

"Meanwhile the heav'n is wheeled  
around, and Night

Swoops on from ocean, wrapping deep in gloom

Both earth, and sky, and Myrmidons' de-  
ceits. 360

Thro'out the city spread, to silence dropped  
The Trojans : sleep infolds their jaded

limbs.

And now the Argive host in marshalled ships

Was moving on from Tenedos, amid

---

353. Cassandra might have said :

"How you stand, gaping all  
On your grave oracle, your wooden god there !"

But they would have replied :

"Then, sir, I'll tell you a secret :  
Suspicion's but at best a coward's virtue."  
Otway, *Venice Preserved*, iii. end.

358. "Ere the bat hath flown  
His cloistered flight ; ere to black Hecate's  
summons

The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,  
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be  
done

A deed of dreadful note."

Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, iii. 2.

The kindly stillness of the silent Moon,  
In quest of the familiar shores, what time  
Its fires the royal ship had hoisted up ;  
And, shielded by unfair decrees of gods,  
The Danaï, imprisoned in its womb,  
The fir-wood bars too, Sinon frees by  
stealth. 370

These doth the opened horse to air restore,  
And blithe withdraw them from the hollow  
wood

Thessander, Sthenelus too, foremost [they],  
And dread Ulysses, sliding down a rope  
Let fall, and Achamas, and Thoas,  
And Peleus' grandson, Neoptolemus,  
And first Machaon, Menelaus too,  
And e'en Epeos, framer of the fraud.  
They storm the city, buried in its sleep  
And wine ; the sentinels are put to death ;  
And thro' the open portals all their friends  
Do they admit, and join their complice  
bands. 382

"The hour it was, wherein their maiden  
rest

Begins with heart-sick mortals, and steals  
on,  
By gift of gods thrice-welcome. In my  
sleep,  
Behold ! before mine eyes in deepest woe

365. "Up ! I beseech thee,  
Thou lady regent of the air, the Moon,  
And lead me by thy light to some brave vengeance !"  
Middleton, *The Spanish Gipsy*, i. 3.

"Queen, and huntress, chaste and fair,  
Now the sun is laid to sleep,  
Seated in thy silver chair,  
State in wonted manner keep :  
Hesperus entreats thy light,  
Goddess, excellently bright.

"Earth, let not thy envious shade  
Dare itself to interpose ;  
Cynthia's shining orb was made  
Heav'n to clear, when day did close :  
Bless us then with wished sight,  
Goddess excellently bright."

Ben Jonson, *Cynthia's Revels*, v. 3.

386, &c. So Shakespeare makes Cassandra cry,  
when she sees Hector going to battle for the last  
time ; *Troilus and Cressida*, v. 3 :

"O farewell, dear Hector.  
Look, how thou diest ! Look, how thy eye turns  
pale !  
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents !  
Hark, how Troy roars ! How Hecuba cries out !  
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth !  
Behold, destruction, frenzy, and amazement,  
Like witless antics, one another meet,  
And all cry—Hector, Hector's dead, O Hector !"

"O Hamlet, what a falling off was there."  
Hamlet, i. 5.

"What a mockery hath death made thee ! Thou  
look'st sad.  
In what place art thou ? in yon starry gallery ?  
Or in the cursed dungeon ?"

Webster, *Vittoria Corombona*, v. 1.

Seemed Hector to be near me, and outpour  
A flood of tears, dragged onward by the  
car,

As erst, and coaly-black with gory dust,  
And through his swollen feet transpierced  
with thongs. 390

Ah, woe is me ! in what a plight he was !  
How altered from that Hector, who re-  
turns

Garbed in Achilles' spoils, or having hurled  
Upon the ships of Greeks the Phrygian  
fires !—

A frowsy beard, and blood-beclotted locks,  
Those wounds, too, wearing, which, full  
many a one,

Around his native walls did he receive.  
Weeping myself, I, unaddressed, appeared  
The hero to accost, and forth to draw  
The mournful accents : 'O Dardania's light,  
O stanchest hope of Trojans, what delays  
So great have held thee back ? From re-  
gions what, 402

O Hector sore-desired, dost come ? How  
thee,

After the many deaths of thy own [friends],  
After the changeful toils, alike of men,  
And city, do we, worn to death, behold !  
What shameful cause hath marred thy gentle  
looks ?

Or why these wounds do I descry ? He  
naught ;

Nor heeds me as I bootless [questions] ask :  
But deeply from the bottom of his breast  
Groans heaving : 'Ah ! escape, O goddess-  
born, 411

And snatch thee from these blazes,' he ex-  
claims ;

'The foe is in possession of the walls ;  
Down topples Troja from her stately height.  
Enough for Priam and for country done.  
Could Pergamus by right hand have been  
screened,

It even had been screened by this. To thee  
Her holy rites and her Penates Troy  
Intrusts : these take the comrades of thy  
fates ;

403. It seems very stiff to connect *ut*, v. 283, with  
*defessi*, 285. Nor does the view seem consistent  
with the context, which in various ways expresses  
the desire to see Hector, with surprise and delight  
at the sight.

410. "Could words express the story I've to tell  
you,  
Fathers, these tears were useless, these sad tears,  
That fall from my old eyes. But there is a cause  
We all should weep, tear off these purple robes,  
And wrap ourselves in sackcloth, sitting down  
On the sad earth, and cry aloud to heaven :  
Heaven knows, if yet there be an hour to come,  
Ere Venice be no more."

Otway, *Venice Preserved*, iv. 2.

With these a city seek, [that city] grand,  
Which, ocean traversed, thou shalt rear at  
last.<sup>421</sup>  
So speaks he; and the fillets with his  
hands,  
And Vesta puissant, and her deathless fire,  
From th' inmost sanctuaries forth he brings.  
“Meanwhile the city is by wide-spread  
woe  
Turmoiled; and more and more,—although  
withdrawn,  
And bowered in trees, the dwelling of my  
sire  
Anchises stood retired,—wax bright the  
sounds,  
And fear [ful din] of arms assails. From  
sleep  
Am I aroused, and by ascent surmount<sup>430</sup>  
The roof-top's battlements, and stand  
thereby  
With ears erected: as what time a blaze  
On growing corn, with Austers fuming,  
falls;  
Or torrent, rav'ning with a mountain flood,  
The fields is whelming, whelming merry  
crops,  
And toils of beeves, and woods sweeps  
headlong off,  
The wareless shepherd all aghast is struck,  
While hearing from a lofty crest of rock  
The din. Then sooth the certainty was  
clear,  
And open lie the stratagems of Greeks.<sup>440</sup>  
Now the vast palace of Deiphobus,  
Through mastery of Vulcan, gave a crash;  
Now next him is Ucalegon ablaze;  
Sigeum's friths gleam far and wide with  
fire.  
Out bursts both shriek of men, and clang  
of trumps:  
Arms mad I seize; nor sense enough in  
arms;  
But to collect a band for fight, and rush  
In concert with my comrades to the tower,  
My very soul is burning. Rage and wrath

434. This description of the rush of a mountain-torrent is imitated by Spenser; *Faerie Queene*, ii. 11, 18:

“Like a great water-flood, that tumbling low  
From the high mountaines, threatens to overflow  
With sudden fury all the fertile playne,  
And the sad husbandmans long hope doth throw  
Adowne the streame, and all his vowes makes  
vayne;  
Nor bounds nor banks his headlong ruine may  
sustayne.”

444. So Dryden, of the Fire of London; *Annus Mirabilis*, 231:

“A key of fire ran all along the shore,  
And lightn'd all the river with a blaze.”

My mind drive headlong, and [the thought]  
occurs,<sup>450</sup>  
That glorious [is the end], to die in arms.  
“But lo! Pantheus, from darts of Greeks  
escaped,  
Pantheus, the son of Othrys, of the tower  
And Phœbus priest, himself, with his own  
hand,  
The holy [vessels], and the conquered gods,  
His little grandson, too, is dragging on,  
And wildly presses to my doors with speed.  
‘In what position [stands] our highest weal,  
Pantheus? What citadel are we to seize?’  
I scarce had spoken these, when with a  
groan<sup>460</sup>  
He such returns: ‘To Dardanie has come  
Her final day, and her avoidless hour.  
We have been Trojans, Ilium has been,  
And the colossal fame of Teucer's sons.  
Fierce Jove to Argos has translated all;  
Greeks lord it in the burning town. Aloft,  
Amid the city standing, men in arms  
The horse outpours, and Sinon, conqueror,  
Is blending conflagrations, while he scoffs.  
Others are present at the double-op'ning  
gates,<sup>470</sup>  
As many thousands as have ever come  
From great Mycenæ. Others have with  
arms  
Blocked up the narrow passes of the streets,  
Arrayed against us; stands the falcon's edge  
With flashing point, drawn, ready for the  
death.  
Scarce the first warders of the gates essay  
Encounters, and, with blindfold Mars, op-  
pose.’  
By such announcements of Othryades,  
And the [impulsive] power of the gods,  
Upon the flames and weapons am I borne,  
Whither the fell Erinys, whither din<sup>481</sup>  
Is summoning, and shriek upraised to  
heaven.

451. “Death gives eternity a glorious breath:  
O to die honoured who would fear to die?”  
Marston, *The Malcontent*, v. 3.

“When our souls shall leave this dwelling,  
The glory of one fair and virtuous action  
Is above all the scutcheons of our tomb,  
Or silken banners o'er us.”  
Shirley, *The Traitor*, v. 1.

463. “Ay, thus we are; and all our painted glory  
A bubble that a boy blows into the air,  
And there it breaks.”  
Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Knight of Malta*,  
iv. 2.

“O horror, horror!  
Egypt has been! our latest hour is come!  
The queen of nations from her ancient seat  
Is sunk for ever in the dark abyss;  
Time has unrolled her glories to the last,  
And now closed up the volume.”  
Dryden, *All for Love*, v. 1.



Attach themselves [to me as warrior-] mates  
 Rhipeus, and Epytus, all-great in arms,  
 Presented by the moon, and Hypanis,  
 And Dymas, and they cluster to my side,  
 The young Corcebus also, Mygdon's son.  
 He in those days to Troy by chance had  
 come,

With frantic passion for Cassandra fired,  
 And as a son-in-law his succor brought  
 To Priam and the Phrygians;—hapless  
 [youth]!

Who heeded not the warnings of his bride,  
 In frenzy. Whom when, serried close, I  
 saw

To be for battle bold, I furthermore  
 Begin with these: 'O youths, ye breasts,  
 thrice-brave

In vain, if [dwells] in you a fixed desire  
 To follow him who dares the last attempts,  
 What stands the fortune of the state ye see;  
 All have withdrawn, their shrines and altars  
 left,—

The deities, by whom this realm had stood;  
 Ye help a burning city: let us die, 501  
 And charge upon the centre of the frays.  
 The only safety is for vanquished men  
 No safety to expect. 'Twas thus that madness  
 Was in the young men's souls infused.

Thereon,—

As wolves, freebooters in a murky mist,  
 Whom hath the felon rage of appetite  
 Unkennelled, blindfold, and their quitted  
 cubs

Look out for them with thirsty jaws,—  
 through darts,

Thro' foes, on no uncertain death do we 510

495. "Fortune's browe hath frowned,  
 Even to the utmost wrinkle it can bend:"  
 "Fortune my fortunes, not my minde shall shake."  
 Marston, *Antonio and Mellida*, P. 1, iii.

"Fall what can fall, I dare the worst of fate.  
 Though the foundation of the earth should shrink,  
 The glorious eye of heaven lose his splendour,  
 Supported thus, I'll stand upon the ruins,  
 And seek for new life here."

Massinger, *The Duke of Milan*, i. 3.

499. "When our great monarch into exile went,  
 Wit and religion suffer'd banishment;—  
 Thus once, when Troy was wrapp'd in fire and  
 smoke,  
 The helpless gods their burning shrines forsook;  
 They with the vanquish'd prince and party go,  
 And leave their temples empty to the foe."

Dryden, *To the Lord Chancellor Hyde*, 17-23.

504. "In our courage  
 And daring lies our safety."

Massinger, *The Bondman*, iii. 3.

So Denham of the hunted stag in *Cooper's Hill*:  
 "Wearied, forsaken, and pursued, at last  
 All safety in despair of safety placed,  
 Courage he thence resumes, resolved to bear  
 All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear."

Advance, and keep the central city's route:  
 Round hovers ebon Night with vaulted  
 shade.

Who that night's havoc, who its deaths in  
 speech

Develop may, or with his tears can match  
 Its sufferings? Down the aged city falls,  
 That held dominion through so many years;  
 Full many corpses motionless are strewn  
 At every step alike throughout the streets,  
 And thro' the houses, and the holy fanes  
 Of gods. Nor is it Teucer's sons alone 520  
 That pay amercements with their blood:

at times,  
 E'en to the hearts of vanquished men re-  
 turns

Their prowess, and their Grecian victors  
 fall.

Grim woe on every side, on every side  
 Alarm, and many, many a shape of death.

"Androgeus first, with mighty throng of  
 Greeks

Escorting him, presents himself to us,  
 In ignorance supposing we were troops  
 Allied, and, unaddressed, with friendly  
 words

Accosts us: 'Hasten on, ye heroes! Pray  
 What sloth so late delays you? Others  
 sack 531

And plunder burning Pergamus, [while] ye  
 Are now first coming from the lofty ships!"

He said, and in a trice (for no replies  
 Were granted, worthy of sufficient trust),

Perceived that he was fallen on the midst  
 Of enemies. He stood aghast, and back

His foot along with voice he checked, like  
 one,

517. "Behold those slaughters  
 The dry and withered bones of Death would bleed  
 at!"

Beaumont and Fletcher, *Valentinian*, iv. 4.

525. "I know death hath ten thousand several  
 doors  
 For men to take their exits."

Webster, *The Duchess of Malfi*, iv. 2.

"The rugged Charon fainted,  
 And asked a navy, rather than a boat,  
 To ferry over the sad world that came."

Ben Jonson, *Catiline*, i. 1.

533. It is a question whether the interrogative  
 form here would not be more effective:

"Are ye

Now first arriving from the lofty ships?"

"Where was your soldiership? Why went not  
 you out,

With all your right honourable valour with you?"

J. Fletcher, *The Loyal Subject*, iv. 5.

536. "You put too much wind to your sail:  
 discretion  
 And hardy valour are the twins of honour,  
 And, nursed together, make a conqueror."

Beaumont and Fletcher, *Bonduca*, i. 1.

Who, as he presses on the ground, hath  
crushed

A snake, unlooked for in the thorny brakes,  
And in his consternation suddenly 541

Hath started from him back, as he his  
wrath

Upraises, and his azure neck distends :

Not otherwise Androgeus, at the sight

Fear-smitten, was retreating. On we  
charge,

And on their serried arms are poured  
around,

And wareless of the place, and panic-seized,  
In every quarter do we lay them low :

Upon the maiden effort Fortune breathes.

And here, in transport with success and  
soul, 550

Exclaims Coræbus : 'O my mates, where  
first

The path of safety Fortunes shows, and where  
Herself propitious she displays, let us

Pursue ; change shields, and fit upon our-  
selves

The badges of the Grecians : [whether]  
guile,

Or gallantry, who questions in a foe ?

Themselves shall give us arms.' Thus  
having said,

Thereon Androgeus' hairy-tufted helm,

And comely scutcheon of his shield he dons,  
And suits an Argive's falchion to his side.

This Rhipæus, this [doth] Dymas e'en him-  
self, 561

And [this] doth all the youth in merry  
mood ;

With fresh [-won] spoils each arms himself.  
We march,

Mixed up with Greeks,—the deity not  
ours ;—

And many a battle through the darksome  
night,

Together hurtling, fight we hand to hand ;  
Numbers of Greeks we hurry down to hell.

Some fly in all directions to the ships,  
And seek with speed the trusty shores.

Some mount

Once more in craven fear the giant horse,  
And are ensconced in its familiar womb.

"Alas ! 'tis nothing right that one pre-  
sume 572

On deities unwilling. Lo ! was dragged  
With streaming locks the Priamean maid,

Cassandra, from Minerva's fane and shrines,  
Stretching to heav'n her burning eyes in

vain :—

Her eyes,—for bonds confined her dainty  
hands.

Brooked not this sight in his bemaddened  
soul

Coræbus, and he flung himself, death-  
doomed,

Upon the centre of the squadron. One  
and all 580

We follow on, and charge with serried  
arms.

Here first from out the temple's stately cope  
By darts of our own [friends] we're over-

whelmed,

And a most pitiable massacre

Arises from the figure of our arms,

And misconception of our Grecian crests.

Then do the Danai with groanful sound,

And in their wrath at rescue of the maid,

Mustered from every quarter, make as-  
sault,—

Thrice-eager Ajax, and th' Atridæ twain,

And all the army of the Dolopes : 591

As, on the bursting of a hurricane,

The hostile winds at times in tourney meet,

Both Zephyrus, and Notus, Eurus too,

Blithe with his eastern steeds ; the forests  
howl,

And with his trident foamy Nereus storms,  
And wakes the waters from their lowest

bed.

They too,—if any in the darkling night

By stratagem we routed thro' the gloom,

And chased all through the city,—[these]  
appear. 600

The first are they to recognize our shields,  
And lying weapons, and to mark our tones,

As in their accent diff'ring from their own.  
Straight by their number are we whelmed :

and first

Coræbus, under Peneleus' right hand,

At th' altar of the goddess strong in war,

Sinks down ; and Rhipæus falls, who stood  
among

The Teucrians the one most righteous man,  
And carefullest of honor :—to the gods

It otherwise seemed good. Die Hypanis  
Alike, and Dymas, by their mates trans-

pierced. 611

Nor did thy deep religion, nor the wreath  
Of Phœbus screen thee, Pantheus, in thy

fall.

O Ilian ashes, and thou latest fire

579. " 'Tis godlike in you to protect the weak."

Southern, *Oroonoko*, ii. 2.

608. "A goodness set in greatness :—how it  
sparkles

Afar off, like pure diamonds set in gold."

Middleton, *Women beware Women*, v. 1.

613. Or :

"Neither did thee, O Pantheus, in thy fall,  
Thy deep religion, or Apollo's illet, screen."

558. *Induitur*, v. 393, seems to be used in a middle sense.

Of my own [friends]! I you to witness  
 take,  
 That at your setting neither did I shun  
 The darts, nor any hazards from the  
 Greeks;  
 And if the fates had [doomed] that I should  
 fall,  
 I earned it by my hand. We thence are  
 forced  
 Asunder: Iphitus and Pelias with myself;  
 Of whom was Iphitus now weighed with  
 age, 621  
 And Pelias, lagging from Ulysses' wound:—  
 Straight called to Priam's palace by a  
 shriek.  
 "But here vast fighting (as if no where  
 else  
 Were other frays, none dying all thro'out  
 The city); Mars so unappeased, and  
 Greeks,  
 On dashing to the palace, we descri; ;  
 The gates, too, leagured by a tortoise-roof,  
 Advanced. The ladders grapple to the  
 walls,  
 And at the very door-posts up the steps  
 They struggle, and their bucklers to the  
 darts, 631  
 By their left hands o'ercanopied, oppose:  
 They grasp the battlements within their  
 right.  
 The Dardans, on the other hand, the towers  
 And covered rooftops of the dome uproot.  
 With these for weapons, when the last  
 they see,  
 Already at the very verge of death,  
 To guard them they prepare, and gilded  
 beams,  
 The lofty beauties of their ancient sires,  
 Roll down. The rest with falchions drawn  
 beset 640  
 The doors below; these [same] do they  
 defend  
 In serried host. Our spirits are refreshed,  
 To give assistance to the king's abode,  
 With succor, too, the heroes to relieve,  
 And vigor to the vanquished to impart.  
 "There was an entrance, and mysterious  
 doors,  
 And passage free thro' Priam's halls, from  
 one

615. So Milton similarly makes Satan say; *Paradise Lost*, b. i.:

"For me be witness all the host of Heaven,  
 If counsels different, or dangers shunn'd  
 By me, have lost our hopes."

640. It should be particularly observed that verses 449, 450, allude to guards *inside* the doors; otherwise they would have been involved in the slaughter described in v. 465. This view makes v. 485 intelligible.

To other, and a portal in the rear,  
 Neglected; where Andromache ill-starred,  
 So long as the imperial sway endured, 650  
 Time after time, unretinued, was wont  
 To hasten to the parents of her spouse,  
 And to his father's sire to draw the lad  
 Astyanax. I mount the battlements  
 Of th' highest roof, whence Teucer's  
 wretched sons  
 Were hurling from the hand effectless darts.  
 A tower,—standing up in steepy [height],  
 And from the roof-tops stretched beneath  
 the stars,  
 Whence used all Troy and galleys of the  
 Greeks  
 To be descried, and the Achaian camp,—  
 Assailing it around with iron [there], 661  
 Where upmost stories offered weak'ning  
 joints,  
 We root from its high bed, and force along.  
 This, toppling on a sudden, with a crash  
 Trails demolition, and upon the troops  
 Of Greeks far-wide falls down: but other  
 [Greeks]  
 Succeed them; neither stones, nor any form  
 Of weapons in the meanwhile cease [to fly].  
 "Before the very entrance-court itself,  
 And at the outmost portal Pyrrhus bounds,  
 In weapons gleaming, and the sheen of  
 bronze: 671  
 Such as when into light of day a snake,  
 On baleful grasses fed, whom, swollen out,  
 Cold winter was concealing 'neath the  
 earth,  
 Now fresh from casted slough, and sleek  
 with youth,  
 Rolls on his slippery chine with lifted chest,  
 Erected to the sun, and in his mouth  
 Is quiv'ring with a triply-cloven tongue.  
 Along with him the giant Periphas,  
 And, of Achilles' coursers charioteer, 680  
 His squire Automedon; along with him  
 All Scyros' youth advance beneath the  
 dome,  
 And blazes volley to the roofs. Himself  
 Among the foremost, with his battle-axe  
 Engrasped, is bursting through the stub-  
 born gates,  
 And tearing down the doors from off their  
 hinge,  
 [Though] bound with bronze; and now,—  
 when hewed away  
 The [cross]-beam,—hath he hollowed out  
 the planks,  
 [Though] stable oak, and with a spacious  
 gap

666. "When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the  
 tug of war." Lee, *Rival Queens*, iv. 1.



A mighty op'ning made. Appears the  
dome 690  
Within, and lengthful courts lie ope ;  
appear  
The private halls of Priam and the kings  
Of olden days ; and [warriors] clad in arms  
Behold they standing in the foremost gate.  
“ But th' inner palace is with moanful  
sound,  
And hubbub sad turmoiled, and in its  
depths  
With women's wails the vaulted chambers  
shriek :  
Their howling strikes the golden stars.  
Then dames  
In panic thro' the vast apartments stray,  
And, hugging, grasp the posts, and kisses  
print. 700  
On presses Pyrrhus with his father's might ;  
Nor him can bolts nor guards themselves  
sustain.  
Gives way the gate before the frequent ram,  
And, wrenched from off the hinge, down  
sink the doors.  
By pow'r a path is made : the Greeks, in-  
poured,  
An entrance force, and massacre the first,  
And wide with soldiery each spot they fill.  
Not so [resistless], when from bursten dams  
The foamy river hath escaped away,

694. *Vident*, v. 485 ; *i.e.*, the besiegers see. See note on line 640.

697. “ The tragic voice of women strikes mine ear.”  
Shirley, *The Brothers*, v. 1.

698. “ As he that strives to stop a sudden flood,  
And in strong banks his violence enclose,  
Forceth it swell above his wonted mood,  
And largely overflow the fruitful plaine,  
That all the country seems to be a maine,  
And the rich furrowes flote, all quite fordonne ;  
The wofull husbandman doth lowd complaine  
To see his whole yeares labor lost so soone.”

Spenser, *F. Q.*, iii. 7, 34.

“ So from the hills, whose hollow caves contain  
The congregated snow and swelling rain,  
Till the full stores their ancient bounds disdain ;  
Precipitate the furious torrent flows :  
In vain would speed avoid, or strength oppose :  
Towns, forests, herds, and men, promiscuous  
drown'd,

With one great death deform the dreary ground ;  
The echo'd woes from distant rocks resound.”

Prior, *Solomon*, b. ii.

“ Well did he know

How a tame stream does wild and dangerous grow  
By unjust force : he now with wanton play  
Kisses the smiling banks, and glides away ;  
But, his known channel stopped, begins to roar,  
And swell with rage, and buffet the dull shore ;  
His mutinous waters hurry to the war,  
And troops of waves come rolling from afar ;  
Then scorns he such weak stops to his free source,  
And overruns the neighbouring fields with violent  
course.”  
Cowley, *Dauides*, b. i.

And mastered in its gulf the barrier-  
mounds, 710

'Tis carried onward frantic in a pile  
Upon the fields, and all throughout the  
plains

The cattle with their cotes it sweepeth off.  
I Neoptolemus beheld myself

Insane with butchery, and in the gate  
Atreus' twain sons ; I Hecuba beheld,  
And her one hundred daughters ; Priam,  
too,

Among the altars staining with his blood  
The fires, which he himself had sanctified.  
Those fifty nuptial chambers, hope so great  
Of children's children ; doors, with foreign  
gold 721

And trophies haught, down tumbled to the  
ground :

Possess the Danaï, where fails the flame.

“ Perchance, too, what was Priam's  
doom thou may'st

Demand. What time the captured city's  
fall,

And palace-gates demolished, he beheld,  
The foeman, too, amid his private halls,  
His armor, long disused, the aged [sire]  
Around his shoulders, shivering with eld,  
Throws idly, and in bootless sword is girt,  
And on the serried foemen is he borne, 731  
Death-doomed. Amid the courts, and  
underneath

The naked vault of heav'n, an altar vast  
There stood, and nigh, a very ancient bay,  
O'er th' altar bending, and the household  
gods

Imbosoming in shade. Here Hecuba,  
Her daughters, too, in vain the altars  
round,

As headlong pigeons in a murky storm,  
Close nestled, and the figures of the  
gods

Embracing, sat. But Priam, e'en himself,  
In youthful arms assumed when she be-  
held :— 740

‘ What such dread aim, O most unhappy  
spouse,

Hath driv'n thee to be harness'd in these  
arms ?

Or whither rushest ?” cries she : ‘ No such  
aid,

717. *Nurus*, v. 501, of course properly means  
“ daughters-in-law ;” of which, however, as Hecuba  
had only fifty, the word must be taken in a sense  
to include her fifty daughters as well. It evidently  
means the same as *nate*, v. 515. In the same loose  
way *patres* is used, v. 579.

721. “ Or where the gorgeous East with richest  
hand

Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.”  
Milton, *P. L.*, b. ii.

Nor guardians such as these, the crisis  
needs ;

No, not if e'en my Hector now were here.  
Hither, I pray, repair ; this altar all  
Will shield, or thou shalt die along with  
us.'

Thus having from her lips out-spoken, she  
Recovered to her [side] the aged [king],  
And set him down upon the holy seat. 750  
"But lo ! from Pyrrhus' butchery es-  
caped,

Polites, one of Priam's sons, through darts,  
Through foes, flies o'er the lengthful colon-  
nades,

And, wounded, traverses the empty halls.  
Him fiery Pyrrhus with a hostile wound  
Pursues, and now, this moment, in his  
hand

He clutches him, and spears him with his  
lance.

When he at last before his parents' eyes  
And presence came, he dropped, and life  
outpoured

With floods of blood. Here Priam, though  
he now 760

Is grappled in the [very] midst of death,  
Nathless forbore not, nor his voice and  
wrath

He spared : 'Yet may to thee for [this thy]  
guilt,'

He cries, 'for such audacious deeds, the  
gods

(If dwells there any righteousness in  
heaven,

Which may concern itself about the like),  
Repay meet thanks, and guerdons due  
return ;

Who in my presence forced me to behold  
The murder of my son, and with his death  
Hast fouled a father's sight. But ne'er  
was he, 770

From whom thou falsely sayest thou art  
sprung,—

Achilles,—such to Priam, [though] a foe,  
But he a suitor's rights and trust revered,  
And Hector's lifeless body for the grave  
Restored, and passed me to my kingdom  
back.'

So spake the aged [monarch], and a dart,

744. "This fighting fool wants policy."  
Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Maid's Tragedy*,  
iii. end.

"Duke. Dost thou not shake ?  
Bianca. For what ? to see a weak,  
Faint, trembling arm advance a leaden blade ?  
Alas ! good man, put up, put up ; thine eyes  
Are likelier much to weep, than arms to strike."  
Ford, *Love's Sacrifice*, v. 1.

747. "Who would not die with all the world about  
him ?" Ben Jonson, *Catiline*, iii. 1.

A feeble [dart], without a stroke, he hurled,  
Which by the grating bronze was straight  
rebuffed,

And on the buckler's boss-tip idly hung.  
T' whom Pyrrhus : 'Therefore these thou  
shalt report, 780

And go a messenger to Peleus' son,  
My sire ; to him my barbarous exploits,  
And Neoptolemus degenerate,  
Mind thou to tell. Now die !' He, saying  
this,

Up to the very altars dragged him on,  
[All] in a quake, and slipping on his son's  
Abundant blood, and in his left hand he  
His tresses interlaced, and in his right  
A flashing sword upraised, and plunged it  
deep

Up to the very handle in his side. 790  
This the conclusion was of Priam's fates ;  
This end through fortune swept him off,  
while he

Beholds his Troy ablaze, and Pergamus  
In ruins, o'er so many tribes and lands  
Of Asia erst proud ruler. On the shore  
His giant trunk is lying, and the head  
Torn from the shoulders, e'en a nameless  
corse.

777. "Breathes there a spirit  
In such a heap of age?"  
Middleton, *The Spanish Gipsy*, v. 2.

784. A less cruel man than he might have said :  
"The rigour and extremity of law  
Is sometimes too, too bitter, but we carry  
A chancery of pity in our bosom."  
Ford, *Perkin Warbeck*, ii. 2.

797. The ideas in verses 557, 8, are partly em-  
bodied by Thomson in Massinissa's address to  
Sophonisba, act iv. 5 :

"Nor a world combined  
Shall tear thee from me, till outstretch'd I lie,  
A nameless corse."

The same expression occurs in Spenser, *F. Q.*, iv.  
8, 49 :

"Therefore Corflambo was he cald aright,  
Though namelesse there his bodie now doth lie."

There was none to cry over the hapless Priam :  
"Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,  
Since o'er shady groves they hover,  
And with leaves and flowers do cover  
The friendless bodies of unburi'd men,  
Call unto his funeral dole  
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,  
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,  
And, when gay tombs are robbed, sustain no  
harm."

Webster, *Vittoria Corombona*, v. 1.

His fate must call to mind Shirley's noble song :  
"The glories of our blood and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things ;  
There is no armour against fate ;  
Death lays his icy hand on kings :

"But then it was that terrible dismay  
First compassed me around. I stood  
aghast. 799

Occurred the picture of my darling sire,  
When I the king, in age his fellow, saw  
His life outbreathing from a grisly wound;  
Occurred the lorn Creusa, and a home  
Dismantled, and the young Iulus' fate.  
I look abroad, and what about me be the  
force

Examine. All have left me, wearied out,  
And with a spring their bodies to the earth  
Have launched, or giv'n them feeble to  
the fires.

"And thus I now the single one survived,  
When by the gates of Vesta harb'ring close,  
And noiseless skulking in a lone retreat,  
I Tyndaris espy. The brilliant fires 812  
Gave me their light while wand'ring, and  
around

Thro' every [object] carrying on mine eyes.  
She at the Teucri, 'gainst herself incensed,  
Upon account of Pergamus o'erthrown,  
And at the vengeance of the Greeks, and  
wrath  
Of her abandoned spouse, in previous  
dread,—

Of Troja [she], and of her native land  
The common Fury,—had concealed herself,  
And by the altars, loathed, was sitting down.  
Fires kindled up within my soul; succeeds  
A rage my sinking country to avenge, 823  
And penalties inflict, by guilt deserved.  
'Forsooth shall she her Sparta, free from  
harm,  
Mycenæ of her fathers, too, behold,

Scepter and crown

Must tumble down,

And in the dust be equal made

With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

"Some men with swords may reap the field,

And plant fresh laurels where they kill;

But their strong nerves at last must yield;

They tame but one another still:

Early or late,

They stoop to fate,

And must give up their murmuring breath,

When they, pale captives, creep to death.

"The garlands wither on your brow,

Then boast no more your mighty deeds!

Upon Death's purple altar now,

See, where the victor-victim bleeds:

Your heads must come

To the cold tomb;

Only the actions of the just

Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust."

*The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses.*

820. "Sith women's wits work men's unceasing

woes."

Peele, *The Arraignment of Paris*, iv. 1.

821. Surely there has been enough said of secrecy  
already. *Secreta, latentem, and abdiderrunt* may  
fairly relieve *invisa* from a weakness.

And with a triumph won proceed a queen?  
Alike a nuptial union, and a home,  
Her parents and her children shall she see,  
Escorted by a bevy of the dames 830  
Of Ilium, and by Phrygian serving-men?  
Shall Priam 'neath the falcon have suc-  
cumbed?

Shall Troy have burnt with fire? The  
Dardan strand

So many times have reeked with blood?  
Not so!

For though there's no renown, for mention  
meet,

In chastisement of woman, nor enjoys  
The conquest [any] honor, ne'ertheless,  
For having quenched a guilty soul, and ta'en  
The vengeance it deserves, shall I be  
praised;

And it will be a pleasure to have cloyed  
A passion for retributory fire, 841

And satisfied the ashes of my friends.'  
I such was casting, and in rage of soul  
Was hurried onward, when my mother boon,  
Never before so brilliant in mine eyes,  
Herself presented visibly to me,  
And 'mid the gloom in crystal sheen she  
beamed;

Displaying all the goddess, and in guise  
And stature such as she is wont t' appear  
To denizens of heav'n; and me, engarped  
By my right hand, did she restrain, and  
these 851

Moreover added from her rubied lip:

835. "Twas a manly blow:  
The next thou giv'st, murder some sucking infant,  
And then thou wilt be famous."

Webster, *Vittoria Corombona*, v. 2.

"Tis a woman;

A subject not for swords, but pity."

Beaumont and Fletcher, *Valentinian*, v. 8.

839. "Fie! Your sword upon a woman?"

Shakespeare, *Othello*, v. 2.

"And none so much as blame the murderer,

But rather praise him for that brave attempt,

And in the chronicle enrol his name,

For purging of the realm of such a plague."

Marlowe, *Edward the Second*.

Yet most people would have applied to him what  
we are told by Q. Curtius (8, i. 52) that Clytus said  
to Alexander:

"Philip fought men, but Alexander women."

Lee, *Rival Queens*, iv. 2.

840. *Expleo* in Virgil, and it would seem in all  
other authors, always takes an accusative. In the  
very next line, v. 587, *satiassæ* commands the same  
case. To resort, then, to a *Gracism* is worse than  
needless. However, it must be confessed that  
*animum flammæ* is a very awkward expression.

848. Literally, of course: "Owning herself a  
goddess."

852. *Roseo ore*, v. 593, would so be rendered by  
Milton. See *Comus*:

"Thrice upon thy finger's tip,

Thrice upon thy rubied lip."



‘My son, what such deep anguish rouseth up  
Thy uncontrolled resentments? Why dost  
rage?  
Or whither hath thy love of us withdrawn?  
Wilt thou not first consider where thy  
sire  
Anchises, worn with age, thou may’st have  
left?  
Whether thy spouse Creusa be alive,  
Ascanius, too, thy boy? round all of  
whom  
The Grecian troops from every quarter  
rove; 860  
And, did not my solicitude withstand,  
Already would the flames have swept them  
off,  
And hostile sword have drained them. Not  
for thee  
Doth Spartan Tyndaris’ detested face,  
Or Paris, the rebuked;—the ruthlessness  
Of gods, of gods,—this realm doth over-  
throw,  
And razes Troja from its crest. Behold!—  
For all the mist, which now o’er thee  
dispread,  
While gazing, dims thy mortal ken, and  
dank  
Around bedarks thee, will I clear away; 870  
Do thou no mandates of thy parent fear,  
Nor her injunctions to obey refuse:—  
Here, where dissattered heaps, and stones  
from stones  
Asunder wrenched, thou viewest, and the  
smoke,  
Upsurging with commingled dust, the walls  
And their foundations, torn away,  
With his colossal trident Neptune shakes,  
And the whole city from its bed uproots.  
Here Juno, trebly-furious, in the van  
Maintains [possession of] the Scean gates,  
And, frantic, from the ships her fed’rate  
force, 881  
With falcon girt, is calling. Now, observe,  
Tritonian Pallas on the castle heights  
Has ta’en her post, in storm-cloud gleam-  
ing forth  
And Gorgon’ grim. The Sire himself to  
Greeks  
Courage and prosp’ring arms supplies;  
himself  
The gods awakes against the Dardan arms.

864. “Was this the face that launched a thousand  
ships,

And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?”

Marlowe, *Doctor Faustus*.

“Why did Nature

Empty her treasure in thy face, and leave thee  
A black, prodigious soul?”

Shirley, *The Wedding*, ii. 3.

865. Or: “Paris the condemned.”

Snatch flight, my son, and put an end to toil:  
On no occasion shall I stand aloof,  
And safe will set thee in thy father’s gate.’  
She said, and in the clustered shades of  
night 891  
Herself she buried. Spectres dread appear,  
And, foes to Troy, the mighty pow’rs of  
gods.  
“Then, sooth, all Ilium seemed to me  
to sink  
Upon the fires, and from its base Nep-  
tunian Troy  
To be o’erturned: as e’en on mountain  
heights  
An aged ash, when hewed around by steel  
And many an axe, in rivalry the swains  
Press on to overthrow; it ever threatens,  
And, forced to quiver, on its shaken crest  
Its locks it nods, until, by slow degrees 901  
Thro’ wounds subdued, it deep hath groaned  
its last,  
And, wrested from the brows, hath trailed  
a wreck.

I downward pass, and—deity my guide—  
Amid the fire and foes am I brought clear:  
Give place the weapons, and the flames  
retreat.

“And when I now am at the door ar-  
rived

Of my paternal seat, and ancient home,  
My father, whom in chief I yearned to bear  
Off to the lofty mounts, and chief I sought,  
His life,—Troy razed,—refuses to prolong,  
And banishment to brook. ‘O ye, with  
whom 912

Your blood in age is unimpaired,’ he cries,  
‘And firmly stand your pow’rs in native  
might,

Plan ye escape. If heav’n’s inhabitants  
Had willed that I should lengthen out my  
life,

This residence for me they would have saved.  
Enough, and more!—one wreck have we  
beheld;

A captured city, too, survived. Oh! thus,  
My corpse, thus laid, addressing, ye depart.  
I by [some] hand myself a death will find:

893. “Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:  
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;  
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.  
Upon my death the French can little boast;  
In your’s they will, in you all hopes are lost.  
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won,  
But mine it will, that no exploit have done.  
You fled for vantage every one will swear,  
But if I bow, they’ll say it was for fear.  
There is no hope that ever I will stay,  
If the first hour I shrink and run away.  
Here on my knee, I beg mortality,  
Rather than life preserved with infamy.”  
Shakespeare, *K. Henry V.*, iv. 5.

The foe will pity me, and seek the spoils.  
Easy the loss of grave. This long time past  
I, loathed by gods and worthless, stay the  
years, 924

Since me the sire of gods and king of men  
Hath blasted with his levin-storms, and  
scathed

With fire.' In saying such he stiffly stood,  
And fixed continued. On the other hand,  
Dissolved in tears are we,—alike my spouse  
Creusa, and Ascanius, even all 930

The household, lest my sire should be  
content

Our all to ruin with himself, and press  
Upon the doom that hastens. He declines,  
And to his aim, and in the selfsame seat,  
He clings. Once more I'm hurried on to  
arms,

And deeply wretched do I long for death.  
For what device, or what the chance was  
now

Vouchsafed? 'That I could stir a foot, O  
sire,

When thou wert left behind, could'st thou  
expect?

And hath so dark a guilt a father's lips 940  
Escaped? If pleaseth it the gods above,  
That out of so immense a city naught

Be left, and this [resolve] within thy mind  
Is seated, and to Troja, doomed to die,  
It joys to link alike thyself, and thine,—  
The gate lies open to a death [like] that,  
And Pyrrhus will anon be present here  
From Priam's plenteous blood, [the mis-  
creant,]

Who slays a son before a father's eyes,  
The father at his altars. Was't for this, 950  
O mother boon, that me through darts,  
through fires,

Thou sav'st, that [I] amid our private halls  
[Should look upon] a foeman; yea, that I  
Ascanius, and my father, and Creusa near,  
One butchered in the other's blood, should  
see?

Arms, heroes, bring my arms: their latest  
light

The conquered calls. Restore me to the  
Greeks;

Let me again go see the fights renewed:  
We ne'er shall all this day die unavenged.'

"Thereon with steel am I begirt once  
more; 960

And I was introducing my left hand  
Within my shield, adjusting it [thereto],  
And bearing me outside the halls: but lo!  
My feet embracing, in the threshold clung  
My spouse, and young Iulus to his sire

936. "'Tis time to die when 'tis a shame to live."  
Middleton, *The Changeling*, v. 3.

Held out. 'If thou dost go to meet thy  
doom,

Snatch us too with thyself to every [risk]:  
But if, from trial, any hope in arms

Assumed thou retest, first this home de-  
fend.

To whom is young Iulus, t' whom thy sire,  
[To whom] am I too left, once called thy  
wife? 971

"Such venting loud, with moaning all  
the house

She filled, when rises up a prodigy,  
A sudden one, and marv'llous to be told.

For 'mid his mourning parents' hands and  
lips,

Lo! from the summit of Iulus' head  
A filmy tuft is seen to shed a light,  
And, harmless at the touch, a flame to lick  
His silky locks, and round his brows to  
feed.

We, flurried, quake with terror, and shake  
out 980

The blazing hair, and quench the holy fires  
From water-springs. But sire Anchises  
His eyes uplifted to the stars, in glee, and  
forth

He stretched his hands to heav'n with his  
voice:

'Almighty Jove, if thou by any prayers  
Art swayed, regard us,—[I entreat] but  
this;—

And if by goodness we deserve it, deign  
Thy aid, then, sire, and stablish these  
portents.'

"Scarce these the agèd [man] had said:  
forthwith

With sudden crash it thundered on the left,  
And, from the welkin shooting through the  
gloom, 991

A meteor, trailing on a link [of light],  
With plenteous sheen careered. This,  
gliding on

Above the highest roof-tops of the dome,  
In Ida's forest do we see enshroud  
Its brilliant form, and marking out the  
paths.

Then in long track its furrow sheds a gleam,  
And wide the spots around with sulphur  
smoke.

Here sooth my sire, o'erpowered, to the  
air

Uplifts himself, and he accosts the gods, 1000  
And venerates the holy star: 'Now, now

985. "Can men's prayers,  
Shot up to Heaven with such a zeal as mine are,  
Fall back like lazy mists, and never prosper?"  
J. Fletcher, *Beggar's Bush*, iii. 4.

989. "Forthwith" is the true force of *que*, v. 672.

996. More literally: "Its brilliant self."

Is no demur ; I follow you, and where  
Ye lead am present. O my father's gods,  
Save ye my family, my grandson save !  
Yours this presage, and in your heav'nly  
will

Troy rests. I sooth submit, nor, son,  
do I

In company with thee decline to go.'

"He said. And through the city now the  
fire

Is heard in greater plainness ; closer, too,  
The conflagrations roll along the heat. 1010  
'Then come, dear father, place thee on my  
neck :

Myself will on my shoulders thee support ;  
Nor shall that travail weigh me down.

Howe'er events

Shall fall, a single and a common risk,  
A single safety, shall there be for both.

Let young Iulus my companion be,  
And from afar my consort watch our steps.  
Do ye, ye servants, in your minds give  
heed

To what I say. When from the city passed  
There stands for you a knoll, and aged fane  
Of Ceres lorn, and, nigh, a cypress-tree,  
Time-honored, by the reverence of our sires  
Preserved through many a year. To this  
one spot 1023

From different [directions] will we come.  
Do thou, my father, take within thy hand  
The holy [emblems] and our country's gods :  
For me, departed from so sore a war,  
And slaughter fresh, to touch them were a  
crime,

Till I have washed me in a living stream.'  
These having spoken, on my shoulders  
broad, 1030

And neck submissive, with a robe and hide  
Of tawny lion am I overlaid,  
And undertake my load. In my right hand  
The young Iulus twined himself, and he  
His father follows with no even steps :  
Behind creeps on my consort. We are borne  
Through spots of shade ; and me, whom  
heretofore

No weapons, showered on me, would affect,  
Nor clustered Grecians from a hostile band,  
Now every breath alarms ; starts every  
sound 1040

1002.

"Oh ! a cherubim  
Thou wast, that did preserve me. Thou didst  
smile,  
Infused with a fortitude from heaven."

Shakespeare, *Tempest*, i. 2.

1026. *Sacra*, v. 717, evidently refers to the image  
of Vesta, the fillets and the fire, mentioned in  
verses 296, 7.

1040. Dryden borrows the idea in these lines,  
when speaking of the anxiety of Prince Rupert at

One poised [in doubt], and equally in dread  
Alike for his companion and his load.

And now was I approaching to the gates,  
And all the way appeared t' have over-  
passed,

When suddenly a frequent din of feet  
Seemed to be present at my [very] ears ;  
My father, too, forth peering through the  
gloom,

Cries out, 'Son, fly, my son ! they're draw-  
ing nigh !

Their blazing shields and gleaming bronze  
I see !

'Twas here that, flurried [as I was], from  
me 1050

Some Power, ill my friend, (I know not  
what,)

Robbed my bewildered mind. For in my  
course

While I the by-ways track, and pass aside  
Without the public quarter of the streets,  
Ah ! whether reft away from me, ill-starred,  
By destiny, my spouse Creusa paused ;  
Or wandered from the path ; or, faint, sat  
down ;—

Is unresolved : thenceforward ne'er was she  
To eyes of ours restored ; nor e'er did I  
Upon the lost one cast a look behind, 1060

hearing the noise of battle, before his junction  
with the Duke of Albemarle :

"With such kind passion hastes the prince to fight,  
And spreads his flying canvas to the sound ;  
Him whom no danger, were he there, could fright,  
Now, absent, every little noise can wound."

*Annus Mirabilis*, 109.

So Denham of the hunted stag in *Cooper's Hill* :

"Now every leaf, and every moving breath,  
Presents a foe, and every foe a death."

1044. Weise, with other editors, reads *vicem*  
instead of *viam* ; an emendation which yields a  
better sense, though it has been attacked as bad  
Latin. In answer to this objection it may be  
observed, in the first place, that Heyne, Brunck,  
Markland, and Weise ought to know good Latin  
from bad ; and, in the second, that even if they did  
not, it does not at all follow that, because Virgil  
has used *evitasse* in connection with *vices* else-  
where, he should be confined to such a conjunction  
for ever. He himself seems to apply *evado* to an  
exactly similar expression in book x., v. 316 :

"Casus evadere ferri

Quod licuit parvo."

However, the reading *viam* is adhered to, not  
because *vicem* would be bad Latin, or because  
there is any indifference to its yielding a far better  
sense, but because it seems to have no authority  
whatever from manuscripts.

1049. "I see the blaze of torches from afar,  
And hear the trampling of thick-beating feet :  
This way they move."

Dryden, *Don Sebastian*, iv. 1.

1060. It is quite true that he would not have  
seen her if he had ; but he speaks of her according  
to his subsequent experience ; as if he had said :



Or turn a thought, until we are arrived  
At ancient Ceres' hill and hallowed seat.  
All being mustered here at last, 'twas she  
Alone was missing, and her mates, and  
son,

And consort, failed. Whom both of men  
and gods

In frenzy did I not upbraid? Or what  
More bitter in the city razed did I  
Behold? Ascanius, and my sire Anchises,  
And Teucrian Penates to my mates  
Do I entrust, and in a winding glen 1070  
Secrete them: I myself the city seek  
Once more, and am begirt in gleaming arms.  
Resolved am I all hazards to renew,  
And all through Troja to return, and fling  
Once more my head in face of risks. At  
first

The walls and darkling thresholds of the  
gate,

Whence I had issued forth, I seek again,  
And backward trace my steps, marked  
through the gloom,  
And scan them with my eye. The dread  
[of night] all round,

At once the very stillness fright my soul.  
Thence home, if haply she her foot, if she  
Had haply [thither] moved, do I myself 1082  
Betake. The Danaï had rushed within,  
And all the dwelling occupied. Forthwith  
The glutton fire is vollied by the wind  
To the roof-crests; up mount the flames;  
the tide

Is raving to the breezes. I advance,  
And Priam's dome revisit and the tower.  
And now within the empty colonnades,  
In Juno's sanctuary, sentries choice, 1090  
Phoenix and cursed Ulysses, were the spoil  
Close-guarding. Hither, [drawn] from every  
side,

Troy's treasure, rifled from the burning  
shrines,

E'en boards of gods, and massy bowls of  
gold,

And plundered gear, are heaped together.  
Boys,

And quaking dames, in long array stand  
round.

"I did not turn my eyes back to see if Creusa  
were behind, who was really missing, though I did  
not know it at the time." The translators, gene-  
rally, fall into what appears to be a weakness, by  
their taking *respicio* in its tropical meaning.  
Freund, however, adopts what seems to be the  
right view. The poet means Æneas to say: "I  
never turned a look, nor a thought, behind upon  
my missing wife."

1080. "No! all is hushed, and still as death: 'tis  
dreadful!"

Congreve, *Mourning Bride*, ii. 1.

Yea, daring e'en to fling my words thro'out  
The darkness, with a cry I filled the streets,  
And in my grief redoubling all in vain,  
Creusa o'er and o'er again I called. 1100  
While searching, and in endless rage among  
The city buildings, fraught with woe [to  
me],

The spectre and the phantom of herself,  
Creusa, loomed upon me 'fore my eyes,  
And larger than the [life-] known [form]  
her ghost.

Aghast was I, and stood my hair on end,  
And clave articulation to my jaws.

She then on this wise me accosts,  
And takes away my troubles by these words:  
'Why joys it thee to give such ready way  
To madding sorrow, O delightful spouse?  
These happen not without the will of gods;  
Nor is it granted thee to carry off' 1113

Creusa as thy comrade, nor doth he,  
The lord of high Olympus [this] allow.

For thee protracted wand'rings [are in  
store],

And ocean's spacious surface must be  
ploughed;

And thou shalt at Hesperia's land arrive,  
Where Lydian Tiber thro' the wealthy fields

Of heroes with a gentle current runs. 1120  
There glad estate, and realm, and queenly  
bride,

Are purchased for thee: drive away thy  
tears

For thy beloved Creusa. Ne'er shall I  
The Myrmidons', or Dolopes' proud seats  
Behold, or shall I go to be a thrall  
To Grecian matrons,—[I,] a Dardan dame,  
And spouse to th' son of Venus the divine;  
But me the sovereign mother of the gods  
Holds back within these coasts. And now  
farewell,

And guard affection for our common son.  
These words when she delivered, me in  
tears,

1105. "All which when he unto the end had heard,  
Like to a weak faint-hearted man he fared  
Through great astonishment of that strange sight;  
And, with long locks upstanding stiffly, stared  
Like one adawed with some dreadful sight."  
Spenser, *F. Q.*, v. 7, 20.

1125. Cleopatra felt as Creusa:

"Know, sir, that I  
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;  
Nor once be chastised with the sober eye  
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,  
And show me to the shouting varletry  
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt  
Be gentle grave to me! Rather on Nilus' mud  
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies  
Blow me into abhorring! Rather make  
My country's high pyramids my gibbet,  
And hang me up in chains!"  
Shakespeare, *Ant. and Cleop.* v. 2.

And longing many a [thought] to speak,  
 she left, 1132  
 And back retreated into filmy air.  
 Three times I there essayed to throw my  
 arms  
 Around her neck ; three times in vain en-  
 grasped,  
 The phantom-form escaped my hands, a  
 match  
 For wanton winds, and likest wingy sleep.  
 “ Thus I at length my mates,—the night  
 far spent,—

1135. So Savage, in the *Wanderer*, canto ii.  
 The Hermit, on the sight of the shadow of his  
 wife Olympia, says :

“ Still thus I urge (for still the shadowy bliss  
 Shuns the warm grasp, nor yields the tender kiss)  
 Oh, fly not ! fade not ! Listen to Love’s call ;  
 She lives !—no more I’m man !—I’m spirit all !  
 Then let me snatch thee !—press thee !—take me  
 whole !  
 Oh, close !—yet closer ! closer to my soul !  
 Twice round her waist my eager arms entwined,  
 And, twice deceived, my frenzy clasp’d the wind !”

Revisit. And I here in wonder find  
 A mighty number of companions strange  
 Had tided in, both dames and men,—a  
 throng 1141  
 Mustered for banishment, a piteous horde.  
 From every side they flocked, in mind and  
 means  
 Prepared [to voyage] to whatever lands  
 I pleased to lead them off across the  
 main.  
 And now upon the brows of Ida’s cope  
 The star of morn was rising, and the day  
 Was ush’ring in ; the Greeks, too, held the  
 gates’  
 Beleaguered thresholds ; nor was any hope  
 Of succor granted [to us] : I gave way,  
 And with my sire upraised the mountains  
 sought.” 1151

1151. “ This is the chance of fickle Fortune’s  
 wheel :

A prince at morn, a pilgrim ere’t be night.”  
 Robert Greene, *Alphonsus*, iv.

## BOOK III.

“ AFTER it seemed to heav’nly Powers meet  
 To raze the realm of Asia, and the race  
 Of Priam that deserved it not, and fell  
 Proud Ilium, and is smoking from the  
 ground  
 All Neptune’s Troja,—climes of banish-  
 ment  
 Wide-severed, and unpeopled lands, are we  
 Enforced to seek by omens of the gods ;  
 And underneath Antandros’ self, and  
 mounts  
 Of Phrygian Ida, we a navy build,  
 In doubt where fates may bear us, where  
 ’tis deigned 10  
 To settle down : and muster we our men.  
 Thedawning summer scarcely had begun,—  
 Straight sire Anchises to resign the sails  
 To fates commanded ; when the shores and  
 ports  
 Of my paternal land in tears I leave,  
 The plains, too, where [once] Troja stood.  
 I’m borne  
 A banished man upon the deep with mates,  
 And son, Penates, and the mighty gods.

Line 4. “ Troy, that art now nought but an idle  
 name,  
 And in thine ashes buried low dost lie,  
 Though whilome far much greater then thy fame,  
 Before that angry gods and cruell skie  
 Upon thee heapt a direful destinie.”

Spenser, *F. Q.*, iii. 9, 33.

“ A martial land afar with spacious  
 plains  
 Is peopled ; (Thracians till it ;) whilom  
 ruled 20  
 By fierce Lycurgus, hostelry of yore  
 To Troy, and their Penates leagued [with  
 ours],  
 While Fortune stood. I’m hither borne,  
 and found  
 Upon the winding shore my earliest walls,  
 With fates unfriendly ent’ring, and the  
 name,  
 ‘ Æneadæ,’ from my own name I coin.  
 “ I was performing their religious rites  
 In honor of my Dionean mother,  
 And gods, the patrons of my tasks com-  
 menced ;  
 And to the lofty monarch of the powers 30  
 That haunt the heav’ns, was slaying on the  
 shore  
 A glossy bull. By chance a mound was  
 nigh,

32. This whole legend of Polydorus is finely  
 imitated by Spenser, *F. Q.*, i. 2, 30, 31 :

“ And thinking of those branches greene to frame  
 A girlond for her dainty forehead fit,  
 He pluckt a bough ; out of whose rife there came  
 Smal drops of gory bloud, that trickled down the  
 same.

“ Therewith a piteous yelling voice was heard  
 Crying, ‘ O spare with guilty hands to teare

On top whereof were cornel shrubs, and  
bush  
Of myrtle, bristling with the serried shafts  
Of lances. I approached; and from the  
ground

As I an effort make to wrench away  
A verdant thicket, that I might imbower  
The altars with its branches rife in leaves,  
A fearful prodigy do I behold,  
And marvellous for story. For the tree,  
Which first from out the ground with  
bursten roots

41  
Is torn,—from this flow drops of jetty  
blood,

And with the gore the earth distain. My  
limbs

Chill terror shakes, and, icy-cold, my  
blood

Curdles with fear. Again do I press on  
E'en of another [bush] a limber twig  
To wrench away, and thoroughly to explore  
The lurking reasons:—of [this] other, too,  
The jetty blood comes coursing from the  
bark.

I, waking many [a thought] within my  
mind,

50  
The rural Nymphs adored, and father  
Mars,

Who o'er the Getic fields presides, that they  
Might duly to the visions grant success,  
And lighten the portent. But when the  
third

Lance-shafts with greater effort I assail,  
And strain with knees against opposing  
sand;—

Shall I speak out, or shall I hold my  
peace?—

From the mound's base a tearful groan is  
heard,

And voice, sent forth, is wafted to my ears:  
'Why, O Æneas, manglest thou a wretch?  
Forbear thee from [a corse] now tombed;  
forbear

61

Polluting thy religious hands. To thee  
No stranger, me hath Troja brought to  
light;

[N]or is this blood-stream dripping from a  
tree.

Ah! fly fell regions, fly a miser shore.  
For I am Polydorus. Here transpierced  
An iron crop of weapons me hath screened,  
And grown upon me with their pointed  
darts.

Then sooth, with doubting fear in spirit  
crushed,

Aghast was I, and stood my hair on end,  
And clave articulation to my jaws.

71

"This Polydore, with mighty weight of  
gold,

Unhappy Priam whilom had by stealth  
Consigned to Thracia's monarch to be  
reared,

When now mistrusted he Dardania's arms,  
And saw the city circled by a siege.

He, when the Trojans' pow'r was broken  
up,

And Fortune ebb'd away, the interests  
Of Agamemnon, and his conqu'ring arms,  
Pursuing, thro' all obligation bursts,

80

Slays Polydore, and gains the gold by force.  
To what dost thou not drive the hearts of  
men,

Cursed greed of gold! When shudd'ring  
left my bones,

Long on these mould'ring bones have beat  
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,  
The drenching dews, and driving rain!  
Let me, let me sleep again.  
Who is he, with voice unblest,  
That calls me from the bed of rest?"

Gray, *Descent of Odin*.

64. "Forbear, if thou hast pity. Ah! forbear!  
These groans proceed not from a senseless plant,  
No spouts of blood run welling from a tree."

Dryden, *King Arthur*, iv. 1.

77. "Our hopes all come to this! our mighty  
hopes,

Huge as a mountain, shrunk into a wart."

Shirley, *Honorio and Mammon*, iii. 4.

83. "That cart arrest, and raise a common cry,  
For sacred hunger of my gold I die."

Dryden, *Cock and Fox*, 253, 4.

Both here and in his translation of the *Æneid*,  
Dryden renders *sacer* by "sacred;" surely this is  
to mislead. Chaucer merely says:

"My gold caused my mordre, soth to saïne."

*The Nonnes Preestes Tale*.

"But when the bowels of the earth were sought,  
Whose golden entrails mortals did espy,  
Into the world all mischief then was brought,  
This framed the mint, that coined our misery."

Dayton, *Pastorals*, iv. 22.

Timon of Athens was of a different stamp from  
Polymestor:

"What is here?

Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious gold! No, gods,

My tender sides in this rough rynd embard;  
But fly, ah! fly far hence away, for feare  
Least to you hap, that happened to me heare,  
And to this wretched Lady, my dear love;  
O too deare love, love bought with death too  
deare!

Astond he stood, and up his heare did hove;  
And with that suddain horror could no member  
move."

40. Or: "wondrous to be mentioned."

61. "Forbear! What art thou that dost rudely  
press

Into the confines of forsaken graves?

Hath death no privilege?"

Ford, *Love's Sacrifice*, v. 4.

"What call unknown, what charms presume  
To break the quiet of the tomb?  
Who thus afflicts my troubled spire,  
And drags me from the realms of night?



To chosen leaders of the populace,  
And to my sire the first, the gods' portents  
do I

Report, and what may be their judgment  
ask.

With all the same decision :—to withdraw  
From land by guilt profaned ; that hos-  
pitage

Defiled should be abandoned ; and that we  
Should grant the southern breezes to the  
ships. 90

So Polydorus' fun'ral we perform,  
And on the mound a heap of earth is piled.  
The altars to the Manes mourning stand  
With dun festoons, and cypress swart ;  
and, round,

The Trojan women with dishevelled hair,  
According to the custom. We present  
Boats frothing with warm milk, and bowls  
of holy blood ;

The spirit, too, we bury in the grave,  
And with loud voice the last [of calls]  
arouse.

"Then, when dependance first upon the  
main 100

Is [placed], and winds vouchsafe us seas  
appeased,

And woos soft chiding Auster to the deep,  
My comrades launch the ships, and fill the  
shores :

Away from port we're swept, and lands and  
towns

I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear Heavens !  
Thus much this will make black white ; foul, fair ;  
Wrong, right ; base, noble ; old, young ; coward,  
valiant.

Ha ! you gods ! why this ? What this, you gods ?  
Why this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides,  
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads :  
This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions ; bless th' accurs'd ;  
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd ; place thieves,  
And give them title, knee, and approbation,  
With senators on the bench."

Shakespeare, *Timon of Athens*, iv. 3.

"Though I must grant,  
Riches, well got, to be a useful servant,  
But a bad master."

Massinger, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, iv. 1.

"Conscience, my friends,  
And wealth, are not always neighbours."  
*The City Madam*, v. 2.

94. Or: "sombre wreaths."

97. So Dryden, of the funeral rites of Arcite:

"Full bowls of wine, of honey, milk, and blood,  
Were pour'd upon the pile of burning wood,  
And hissing flames receive, and hungry lick the  
food.

Then thrice the mounted squadrons ride around  
The fire, and Arcite's name they thrice resound,  
'Hail and farewell ! they shouted thrice amain,  
Thrice facing to the left, and thrice they turn'd  
again." *Palamon and Arcite*, 2265-71.

Retreat. A holy region 'mid the sea  
Is peopled, full delightsome to the mother  
Of Nereids, and Ægean Neptune, which,  
While straying erst around the coasts and  
shores,

The Bowman with the lofty Gyaros  
And Myconus enchained, and, unremoved,  
Gave to be peopled, and to scorn the winds.  
I'm wafted hither : this thrice-peaceful  
[land] 112

The wearied safely welcomes in its port.

Debarbed, Apollo's city we adore.  
King Anius, he, the same, the king of  
men,

And Phœbus' priest, with wreaths and holy  
bay

Brow-bound, comes up ; Anchises, his old  
friend,

He recognizes. We unite right hands  
In hospitage, and pass beneath his roof.

"The temple of the god, of agèd stone  
Upread, I prayed : 'A home, our own,  
vouchsafe, 121

Thymbraean ! walls vouchsafe to weary  
[souls],

A lineage, too, and city that will last,  
Guard thou the second Pergamus of Troy,  
A remnant from the Greeks and fell  
Achilles.

Whom follow we ? Or whither biddest thou  
To wend our way ? Where settlements to  
plant ?

Vouchsafe, O sire, thine oracle, and steal  
Within our souls.' I scarce had spoken these:  
Upon a sudden all appeared to quake, 130  
Alike the fane and bay-tree of the god,  
And the whole mount to be convulsed  
around,

The tripod, too, to rumble in the shrines,  
Unveiled. We reverently fall to earth,  
And voice is wafted onward to our ears :

108. Spenser seems to have drawn the idea of his  
*Wandering Islands* from this legend about Delos :

"For those same Islands, seeming now and than,  
Are not firme land, nor any certein wonne,  
But stragling plots, which to and fro doe runne  
In the wide waters ; therefore are theyight  
The Wandering Islands." *F. Q.*, ii. 12, 11.

Milton alludes to it in illustration of a grand  
idea :

"The aggregated soil  
Death, with his mace petrific, cold and dry,  
As with a trident smote, and fix'd as firm  
As Delos, floating once." *P. L.*, b. x.

124. Or :

"Guard thou her second Pergamus for Troy."

134. "But of all, the burst  
And the ear-deafening voice o' th' oracle,  
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpriz'd my sense,  
That I was nothing."

Shakespeare, *Winter's Tale*, iii. 1.

'Ye hardy sons of Dardanus, what land  
First bare you from your parents' stock,  
the same

Within its fruitful lap shall welcome you,  
Returned. Seek out your ancient mother.  
Here

Æneas' house shall rule o'er every coast,  
And his sons' sons, and they who shall  
from them 141

Be born.' These Phœbus : and with  
mingled stir

Vast rose the joy, and all the body ask  
What be that city, whither Phœbus calls  
The rovers, and enjoins them to return?

My sire then, turning o'er the record-tales  
Of men of old, cries : ' Listen, O ye chiefs,  
And learn your hopes. Crete, isle of  
mighty Jove,

Amid the ocean lies, where [stands] the  
mount

Of Ida, and the cradle of our race. 150

A hundred mighty cities do they haunt,  
Thrice-fruitful kingdoms, whence our eldest  
sire,—

If I aright remember [legends] heard,—  
Teucer, to coasts Rhœtean first was borne,  
And for his kingdom chose the site. Nor yet  
Had Ilium and the tow'rs of Pergamus  
Stood forth : they harbored in the lowest  
glens.

Hence [sprang] the mother, [she,] the  
denizen

Of Cybela, the bronzes, too, of Corybants,  
And grove of Ida ; hence in holy [rites]

A trusty secrecy ; and lions, yoked, 161  
The chariot of their mistress underwent.

Then come, and where the mandates of  
the gods

Are leading follow we : let us appease  
The Winds, and for the realms of Gnosus  
make.

Nor are they distant by a lengthful route :  
Only let Jove be with us,—[day's] third dawn

Shall land our navy on the Cretan coasts.  
Thus having spoken, for the altars he

The dueful sacrifices slew,—a bull 170

136. " But what have been thy answers, what but  
dark,

Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding,  
Which they who ask'd have seldom understood,  
And not well understood as good not known?"

Milton, *P. R.*, b. i.

146. Or : " chronicles."

157. Or : " valley-depths."

170. So Dryden, on the Restoration of King  
Charles the Second :

" A bull to thee, Portunus, shall be slain,  
A lamb to you, ye tempests of the main :  
For those loud storms, that did against him roar,  
Have cast his shipwreck'd vessel on the shore."

*Astrea Redux*, 121-4.

To Neptune, unto thee a bull, Apollo  
fair,

A sable victim to [the god of] Storm,  
To favorable Western gales a white.

" A rumor flies, that, from his father's  
realms

Expelled, Idomeneus the chief was gone,  
And that abandoned were the shores of

Crete,  
Its homes from foeman free, and that its  
seats

Were standing for us all forlorn. We quit  
Ortygia's havens, and across the deep

We fly, and, revelled over on its brows,  
Naxos, and green Donusa, Olearos, 181

And snow-white Paros, and the Cyclad-  
isles,

Sprent o'er the main, and friths, with clus-  
tered lands

Thick-sown, we coast. Up springs the  
sailor-shout

In changeful rivalry ; the crews they  
cheer ;—

' To Crete and our progenitors let us  
Repair !' A breeze, uprising from astern

Attends us as we go, and we at last  
Glide gently to the Curets' ancient coasts.

So, eagerly, the wished-for city's walls  
I plan, and ' Pergamean ' title it ; 191

The nation, too, rejoicing in the name,  
I urge to love their hearths, and rear  
aloft

The castle with its roofs. And now the  
sterns

Were just up-hauled upon the thirsty beach ;  
In marriage-rites, and new [ly granted]

fields

The youth were tasked ; their rights and  
homes was I

Dispensing ;—when upon a sudden swooped  
From [some] attained region of the sky

On limbs a wasting, and alike on trees,  
And seeded crops a pitiable plague, 201

And season rife with death. Their precious  
lives

They left, or healthless bodies trailed along.  
Then Sirius 'gan to scorch the barren fields ;

Grass withered, and its food the sickly corn  
Denied. Once more t' Ortygia's oracle

And Phœbus,—ocean meted back,—my  
sire

Advises to resort, and grace to crave ;  
What close to our distressed estate he  
brings ;

Whence he enjoins our trying [to obtain]  
Relief from suff'rings ; whither veer our  
course.

191. Or : " call it after Pergamus."

" 'Twas night, and things of life thro'out  
 the lands 212  
 Sleep held. The holy figures of the gods,  
 And Phrygian tutelars, which I with me  
 From Troy, and from amid the city-fires,  
 Had brought away, appeared before mine  
 eyes  
 To stand hard by, in slumbers as I lay,  
 Plain in a flood of light, where full the moon  
 Through the inserted casements poured her  
 [rays] ;  
 On this wise then t' accost me, and to take  
 Solicitudes away by these their words :  
 ' Whate'er to thee, what time t' Ortygia  
 borne 222  
 Apollo is prepared to utter, here  
 He chants, and sends us to thy dwelling-  
 place,  
 Lo! unentreated. We,—Dardania burnt,—  
 Thee and thine arms who've followed ;  
 under thee  
 Who have the heaving ocean in thy ships  
 O'er-traversed ; [we], the same, thy sons  
 of sons,  
 That are to issue, to the stars will raise,  
 And to thy city sovereignty vouchsafe. 230  
 Do thou for giant [heroes] giant walls  
 Prepare, and quit not flight's protracted toil.  
 Thy homesteads must be changed : 'tis not  
 these shores  
 Delian Apollo hath advised for thee,  
 Or hath he bid thee settle down in Crete.  
 There is a spot, (' Hesperia ' do the Greeks  
 Entitle it by name ; ) an ancient land,  
 Puissant in arms and richness of its soil :  
 Ænotrian swains inhabited it [erst] ;  
 Now rumor [tells], that moderns ' Italy '  
 Have called the nation from the leader's  
 name. 241  
 These are the rightful settlements for us ;  
 Hence Dardanus was sprung, (sire Jasius,  
 too ; )  
 From the which chieftain [came] our race.  
 Come ! rise !  
 And blithely to thy agèd sire these words,  
 Not to be called in doubt, report : ' Let him  
 Deep-search for Coryth and Ausonian  
 lands :  
 The fields of Dicte Jove denies to thee.'  
 Thunderstruck by such sights and voice of  
 gods,— 249

212. " Night, clad in black, mourns for the loss of  
 day,  
 And hides the silver spangles of the air,  
 That not a spark is left to light the world ;  
 Whilst quiet sleep, the nourisher of life,  
 Takes full possession of mortality :  
 All creatures take their rest in soft repose."  
 Machin, *The Dumb Knight*, ii. 1.

228. Or: "O'er-measured."

Nor lethargy was that ; but in my sight  
 To recognize their looks, and banded hair,  
 And features present to me, did I seem :  
 Then trickled icy sweat from all my  
 frame ;—  
 I snatch my body from the couch, and  
 spread  
 To heav'n my hands uplifted with my  
 voice,  
 And off'rings pour untainted on the  
 hearths.  
 The homage to completion brought, in joy  
 I certify Anchises, and the tale  
 Develop in its order. He avowed  
 The pedigree of doubt, and double sires,  
 Himself, too, by a modern misconceit 261  
 Of ancient spots misled ; then saith : ' O  
 son,  
 Experienced in the destinies of Troy,  
 Alone to me such fates Cassandra sang.  
 Now do I recollect that she foretold  
 That these were to our nation due, and oft  
 Hesperia, oft Italian realms, she named.  
 But who could fancy that the Teucer-race  
 Were to Hesperia's shores to come ? Or  
 whom  
 Could then the prophetess Cassandra move ?  
 To Phœbus let us yield, and, warned [by  
 him], 271  
 His better [counsels] follow.' Thus he  
 speaks,  
 And we, exulting, in a throng obey  
 His word. This home, too, we forsake,  
 and,—few  
 Behind us left,—give sail, and scud across  
 The waste of water in our hollow bark.  
 " Soon as the galleys occupied the deep,  
 Nor further now do any lands appear ;  
 Sky all around, and all around the main ;—  
 Then o'er my head a dingy rain-cloud came  
 To a nearstand, night bringing on and storm,  
 And 'gan the wave to crisp beneath the  
 gloom. 282  
 Forthwith the winds roll on the sea, and rise  
 The mountain waters. Scattered here and  
 there,  
 Thro'out the mighty ocean are we tossed.  
 Storm-clouds enwrapped the day, and dark-  
 ness dank

250. See note on *Ecl.* v. 58.

253. " How he shook the king,  
 Made his soul melt within him, and his blood  
 Run into whey ! It stood upon his brow  
 Like a cold winter-dew."  
 Beaumont and Fletcher, *Philaster*, i. 1.

263. " O be of comfort !  
 Make patience a noble fortitude,  
 And think not how unkindly we are used :  
 Man, like to cassia, is proved best being bruised."  
 Webster, *The Duchess of Malfi*, iii. 5.



Reft heav'n away, and from the rifted clouds  
The fires redouble. From our course are we  
Thrown out, and wander in the blindfold  
waves.

E'en Palinure himself denies that he 290  
Can day from night discriminate in heaven,  
Nor recollect his path amid the surge.  
Three suns, thus doubtful from the dark-  
some murr,

We wander on the deep, as many nights  
Without a star. Upon the day, the fourth,  
Land first was seen to lift it [s form] at last,  
To ope afar the mounts, and wreath the  
smoke.

Sails lower; to the oars we rise; no stay;  
The crews in straining whirl the foam, and sweep

The azure [waters]. Rescued from the  
waves, 300  
The shores of Strophads welcome me the  
first.

The Strophads stand (by Grecian title  
called,)

Isles in the great Ionian, which the dread  
Celæno, and the other Harpies haunt,  
Since Phineus' palace was against them  
barred,

And former boards in terror they forsook.  
No more distressful monster-form than  
these,

Nor any feller plague and scourge of gods  
Hath reared it [s form] above the Stygian  
waves.

Maiden the faces of the wingèd [fiends],  
All-foul their belly's flux, and pounced their  
hands, 311

Their features, too, with craving ever wan.  
When, hither wafted, enter we the port,  
Behold! in every spot blithe droves of  
beeves

We see along the champagnes, and a flock  
Of goats, with keeper none, throughout the  
grass.

We charge them with the falcon, and the  
gods,

And Jove himself, invite to share and prey.  
Then on the bending beach we both upraise  
Our seats, and banquet on the rich repast.  
But on a sudden with a fearful swoop 321  
Down from the mountains stand the Har-  
pies by,

And with prodigious whizzings do they flap  
Their wings, and rifle the repast, and all  
Befoul with touch uncleanly: then [is heard]

308. More literally: "wrath of gods."

310. Spenser, in the *Faerie Queene*, ii. 12, 36,  
calls them:

"The hellish harpyes, prophets of sad destiny."

314. Or: "fat droves."

An awful screaming 'mid a noisome smell.  
Once more, within a far retreat, beneath  
A vaulted rock, incloistered round with trees  
And dreadful shadows, lay we out the  
boards,

And on the altars place anew the fire: 330  
Once more from forth a diff'rent side of  
heaven,

And darksome shrouds, the whirling crew  
flits round

The prey with hooky claws; with lips defile  
The banquet. Then the order to my mates  
I issue forth, that they should take their  
arms,

And with the cursèd nation war be waged.  
Nor otherwise than as enjoined do they,  
And range their falcions, screened among  
the grass,

And hide away their bucklers out of sight.  
So when, in swooping down, a din they  
raised 340

Along the winding shores, Misenus gives  
A signal from his lofty post of watch  
Upon his hollow bronze. My comrades  
charge,

And strange encounters they essay, to mar  
The filthy birds of ocean with the sword.

But neither on their feathers any dint,  
Nor wounds upon their backs do they re-  
ceive;

And, gliding 'neath the stars in sweepy  
flight,

The prey half-eaten, and their foot-tracks  
foul,

They leave. Alone upon a cliff all-high 350  
Celæno perched, ill-boding prophethess,  
And from her bosom vents she forth this  
strain:

'War, too, for slaughter of our beeves, and  
steers

Laid low, descendants of Laomedon,  
Is't war to bring upon us ye prepare,  
And th' unoffending Harpies to expel  
From their ancestral realm? Receive ye,  
then,

346. Shakespeare makes Ariel and his company  
equally invulnerable; *Tempest*, iii. 3:

"You fools, I and my fellows  
Are ministers of fate: the elements,  
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well  
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs  
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish  
One dowle that's in my plume: my fellow-  
ministers  
Are like invulnerable."

351. Spenser torments Guyon with the same  
fiend:

"Whiles sad Celeno, sitting on a clifte,  
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,  
That hart of flint asonder could have rifte."  
*F. Q.*, ii. 7, 23.

Within your souls, and these my words  
imprint :

What [fates] to Phœbus the almighty sire,  
Phœbus Apollo hath to me foretold ; 360  
To you do I, of Furies eldest, [these]  
Disclose. Italia in your course ye seek,  
And,—winds invoked,—Italia shall ye  
reach,

And it will be allowed to enter port ;  
But ne'er shall ye the granted city gird  
With walls, till fearful hunger, and the  
wrong

Of our blood-shedding force you with your  
jaws

Your tables to demolish, gnawed around.'  
She said. And to the forest, on her wings  
Upborne, flew back. But in my mates,  
ice-cold 370

With sudden horror, did the blood congeal :  
Their spirits fell ; nor further now with  
arms,

But vows and orisons, they beg me sue  
For peace ; or whether goddesses they be,  
Or fate-announcing and ill-boding birds.  
My sire Anchises, too, with hands out-  
stretched

From shore, the great divinities invokes,  
And sacrifices due appoints : ' Ye gods,  
Their threat'nings bid avaunt ! gods, turn  
aside

The like disaster, and, propitious, save 380  
The holy.' Then the cable from the shore  
To wrench away, and sheets uncoiled to  
slack,

He orders. Southern gales the canvas swell :  
We scud along upon the yesting waves,  
Where wind alike and pilot wooed a course.  
Now looms amid the billow, rife in woods,  
Zacynthus, and Dulichium, Same too,  
And Neritos, sublime with crags. Weshun  
The rocks of Ithaca, Laertes' realms,  
And ban the fell Ulysses' foster-land. 390  
Soon, too, the Mount Leucata's stormy  
crests,

And, feared by mariners, is opened out  
Apollo. Him we weary seek, and reach  
The humble town. The anchor from the bow  
Is cast ; the sterns are resting on the shore.

371. "The pith of oracles  
Is to be then digested, when th' events  
Expound their truth, not brought as soon to light  
As uttered: 'Truth is child of Time.'"  
Ford, *The Broken Heart*, iv. 3.

373. "For the dearth,  
The gods, not the patricians, make it ; and  
Your knees to them, not arms, must help."  
Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*, i. 1.

390. "Ban'd be those cosening arts that wrought  
our woe,  
Making us wandering pilgrims to and fro."  
Anonymous, *The Returne from Pernassus*, ii. 1.

"Thus having gained at last a land un-  
hoped,

We both perform the cleansing rites to  
Jove,

And light the altars up for vows, and fame  
The shores of Actium with the sports of  
Troy.

My stript companions with the streaming  
oil 400

Practise their native wrestlings. Joy it is  
To have escaped so many Argive towns,  
And through the midst of foes maintained  
a flight.

Meanwhile around the mighty year the sun  
Is wheeled, and icy winter frets the waves  
With northern blasts. A shield of hollow  
bronze,

Great Abas' load, upon the fronting posts  
I fix, and mark the action with the verse :  
'THESE ARMS ÆNEAS FROM THE VICTOR  
GREEKS.' 409

I bid them then to quit the port, and take  
Their seats upon the thwarts. In rivalry  
The crews lash ocean, and the waters sweep.  
Straight put we out of sight the skye peaks  
Of the Phæaces, and Epirus' shores  
We coast, and enter the Chaonian port,  
And the tall city of Buthrotus reach.

"Here, past belief, a rumor of events  
Lays hold upon our ears :—that Helenus,  
The son of Priam, rules thro' Grecian towns,  
He having gained the spouse and sceptral  
sway 420

Of Pyrrhus, sprung from Æacus's strain ;  
And that Andromache had now once more  
Passed to a husband of her native land.  
I was astounded, and my bosom burned  
With strange desire the hero to accost,  
And ascertain events of such concern.  
From port I sally, quitting ships and shores :  
When yearly feasts, by chance, and gifts of  
woe,

Before the city in a grove, fast by  
The billow of pretended Simois, 430  
Andromache was pouring to his ash [es]  
Libations, and was calling on the Shades  
At Hector's tomb, which of the em'rald  
turf,—

An empty [tomb],—a pair of altars, too,  
A fountain-head for tears, she'd sanctified.  
When she descried me coming, and around  
The Trojan weapons in distraction saw,  
Scared by the mighty wonders, stiff she  
grew

Amid the sight ; the heat her bones for-  
sook ;

She falls ; and after a protracted time 440  
Scarce speaks at last ; 'Dost thou, a real  
shape,

A real messenger, present thyself  
To me, O goddess-born? Art thou alive?  
Or if from thee boon light hath fled away,  
Where is my Hector? [Thus] she spake,  
and tears

Outpoured, and every spot with shrieking  
filled.

Scarce few [replies] to her, [in] frantic  
[mood],

Do I throw in, and troubled, with stray  
words

Ope wide [my lips]: 'Alive I am indeed,  
And life thro' all extremities prolong. 450  
Doubt not: for thou realities dost see.

Alas! what chance succeeds to thee, de-  
throned

From such a noble spouse? Or fortune what  
Again doth visit, meet enough for thee?

Dost thou, Andromache of Hector, guard  
The wedded bonds of Pyrrhus? Down  
she cast

Her visage, and with lowered voice she  
spake:

'O singularly blest before all else,  
The Priamean maid, at foeman's tomb,  
'Neath Troja's stately walls decreed to die,  
Who bore not any castings of the lot, 461  
Nor, pris'ner, touched a conqu'ring mas-  
ter's bed!

We,—country burnt,—o'er severed waters  
borne,

The arrogance of th' Achillean brood,  
And [that] disdainful youth, in slavery  
A mother proving, have endured: who then,  
Pursuing Leda-sprung Hermione,  
And Spartan nuptials, me, his handmaid,  
e'en

To Helenus his lacquey handed o'er  
To be possessed. But him, by mighty love  
Of his betrothed, reft from him, set afire,  
And hounded by the Furies of his crimes,  
Orestes intercepts when off his guard, 473  
And butchers at the altars of his sire.

At Neoptolemus' decease, a share  
Of his dominions, ceded to him, fell  
To Helenus; who, by their name, the plains  
"Chaonian," and "Chaonia" all [the land]  
From Trojan Chaon called; and Pergamus,  
And this his Ilian castle on the heights 480  
Erected. But to thee what winds, what  
fates,

445.

"Hector is gone!

Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?  
Let him, that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,  
Go into Troy, and say there—Hector's dead:  
There is a word will Priam turn to stone;  
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,  
Cold statues of the youth; and in a word,  
Scare Troy out of itself."

Shakespeare, *Troilus and Cressida*, v. 11.

Thy course have deigned? Or pray what  
god hath driven

Thee, wareless, to these coasts of ours?  
How [fares]

The boy Ascanius? Does he [still] survive,  
And feed upon the air? Whom hath to thee,  
Now Troy — — — Yet in the boy  
Dwells any feeling for a mother lost?

Say whether to the gallantry of old,  
And manly courage, do alike his sire

Æneas, and his uncle Hector rouse him up?"  
Such poured she forth in tears, and weep-

ings long 491  
In vain awaked: when, [issued] from the  
walls,

The hero-son of Priam, Helenus,  
With numbers in his train, presents himself,  
And recognises his own [friends], and blithe  
Conducts us towards the palace, and his  
tears

Between his every word profusely sheds.

I move me forward, and a petty Troy,  
And, made to ape the great, a Pergamus,  
And thirsty brook with Xanthus' name,  
perceive, 500

And clasp the portals of a Scæan gate,  
And none the less do Teucer's sons with me  
Enjoy the friendly city. These the king  
Within the wide piazzas entertained:  
Amid the hall they tasted Bacchus' cups,—  
With viands dished on gold,—and platters  
held.

"And now a day, and second day, passed  
by,

And breezes court the sails, the canvas, too,  
Is puffed by swelling Auster:—in these  
words

Do I accost the prophet, and prefer 510

The like requests: 'O thou, of Troja born,  
Interpreter of gods, who dost the will  
Of Phœbus, who the tripods, Clarius' bays,  
Who constellations dost perceive, and  
tongues

Of birds, and omens of the flighty wing,  
Come tell; (for all my voyage hath to me  
Religion fav'ring told, and, one and all,  
The gods have urged me by their will to seek  
Italia, and essay sequestered lands:

A strange portent, and fearful to be told,

509.

"We owe this happiness

To you, fair princess, for whose safer passage  
The breath of heaven did gently swell our sails,  
The waves were proud to bear so rich a lading,  
And danced to the music of the winds."

Shirley, *The Young Admiral*, ii. 2.

520. "Thus like the sad presaging raven, that tolls  
The sick nian's passport in her hollow beak,  
And in the shadow of the silent night

Doth shake contagion from her sable wings."  
Marlowe, *The Jew of Malta*, i.



Harpy Celæno chants alone, and threats  
Disastrous anger and a famine foul;) 522  
What the chief dangers I am to avoid;  
Or, what pursuing, can I overcome  
Distresses so intense? Here Helenus,—  
Steers slaughtered first in wonted form,—  
entreats

With earnestness the favor of the gods,  
And slacks the fillets of his hallowed head,  
And me, O Phœbus, to thy thresholds he  
Himself conducted by the hand, o'erawed  
At thy abundant presence, and these  
[strains] 531

Then chants the priest from out his heav'nly  
lips:

“O goddess-born (for that thou dost  
proceed

With higher auspices throughout the deep,  
Clear my conviction: thus the king of gods  
The destinies allots, and rolls along  
Thy fortunes; such the cycle that is wheeled:)  
A few to thee from many a response,  
That thou may'st safer traverse kindly seas,  
And be enabled in Ausonia's port 540  
To settle down, will I unfold; for Fates  
Bar Helenus the knowledge of the rest,  
Saturnian Juno, too, forbids to speak.  
First, Italy, which now thou deemest nigh,  
Its ports, too, as at hand, O unaware,  
To enter dost prepare, a distant route,  
Unpathed, divides afar by distant lands.  
First, e'en upon Sicilia's wave thy oar  
Must needs be bent, and traversed in thy  
ships

The surface of Ausonia's briny main, 550  
And hellish lakes, and Æan Circe's isle,  
Ere thou canst rest thy city in a land  
Secure. To thee the tokens will I name;  
Do thou preserve them treasured in thy  
mind.

What time by thee, [all] anxious, at the  
wave

Of a sequestered river, found beneath  
The holms upon its bank, a monstrous sow,  
That has produced a brood of thirty young,  
Shall lie, white, on the ground reclining,  
white 559  
Around her digs the litter;—that shall be  
Thy city's site; *that*, rest assured from toils.  
Nor do thou fear the future meal of boards:  
The Weirds will find a way, and, when  
invoked,

Apollo will be with you. But these lands,  
And border this of [yon] Italian shore,  
Which, next thee, by our ocean's tide is  
drenched,

Avoid thou: one and all, by felon Greeks  
The towns are peopled. Likewise here  
their walls

The Locri of Narycium have upreared,  
And plains of Sallentines with soldiery 570  
Lycian Idomeneus beset. Here [stands]  
That small Petelia, leaning on the wall  
Of Philoctetes, Melibœan chief.  
Yea, too, when wafted on across the seas;  
Thy barks shall have reposed, and now thy

vows,  
With altars reared, on shore shalt thou  
discharge,

Be kerchiefed o'er thy tresses, muffled up  
In crimson hood; lest any adverse sight,  
'Mid holy fires in homage to the gods,  
Meet thee, and trouble the portents. This  
form 580

Of sacrifices let thy comrades, this  
Thyself maintain; in this religious rite  
Let thy devout posterity abide.

But when set forward [on thy course] the  
wind

Shall thee have wafted to Sicilia's coast,  
And strait Pelorus' narrows shall begin  
To ope apart, the land upon thy left,  
And left-side seas by doubling long be  
sought;

The shore upon the right hand, and its  
waves,

Avoid. These spots, erst shattered by a  
shock, 590

And wreck enormous,—such a mighty change  
Can long antiquity of age effect,—

Asunder sprang do they report, what time  
Both lands uninterrupted were one:  
Into the midst with fury flushed the deep,  
And rifted with its waves Hesperia's side  
From Sic'ly's, and between the fields and  
towns,

Dissevered by a shore, with narrow tide  
It flushes. Scylla doth the side upon the  
right,

The left Charybdis unappeased blockades,  
And with its pit's profoundest whirl thrice  
sucks 601

575. More literally: “stood still.”

599. Spenser gives a grand description of his  
parallels to Scylla and Charybdis, the “Gulfe of  
Greedinesse,” and “Rock of Reproach;” *Faerie  
Queene*, ii. 12, 3-9:

“On th' other syde an hideous Rock is pight  
Of mightie magnes stone, whose craggie clift  
Depending from on high, dreadfull to sight,  
Over the waves his rugged armes doth lift,  
And threateneth downe to throw his ragged rift:  
On whoso cometh nigh; yet nigh it drawes  
All passengers, that none from it can shift:  
For, whiles they fly that Gulfe's devouring lawes  
They on the rock are rent, and sunck in helpless  
waves. . . .

“They, passing by, that grisely mouth did see  
Sucking the seas into his entralles deepe,  
That seemd more horrible than hell to bee,  
Or that darke dreadfull hole of Tartare steepe.”

The mountain billows into the abyss ;  
Again, too, in succession shoots them up  
Beneath the air, and lashes with the surge  
The constellations. But in darksome  
shrouds

A cave incloses Scylla, stretching out  
Her jaws, and trailing ships upon the rocks.  
Above,—her figure, that of human kind,  
A damsel e'en, with beauteous bosom far  
As to the groin ; below,—of monster frame  
A *Pistrix*, with the tails of dolphins linked  
To womb of wolves. It meeter is for thee  
Thro'out Trinacrian *Pachynus*' bounds 613  
To coast, a loiterer, and tedious routes  
To wheel around, than once to have  
descried

The hideous Scylla in her monstrous cave,  
And cliffs that thunder with the dingy dogs.  
Moreo'er, if any skill in Helenus  
There dwell, if any credit in the seer,  
If with the true Apollo stores his mind,  
This single [warning], goddess-born, to  
thee 621

E'en before all, this single [warning] I  
Will pre-declare, and re-announcing [this],  
Again, and o'er again, will thee advise :  
Great Juno's deity in chief with prayer  
Adore ; to Juno freely chant thy vows,  
And overcome with gifts of humble suit  
The puissant mistress : thus shalt thou at  
last,

In triumph, with Trinacria left astern,  
Upon the bourns of Italy be launched.  
When, hither wafted, thou shalt have  
attained 630

The Cuman city, and the sacred lakes,  
And [depths] *Avernian*, booming with  
their woods,

The madding prophetess shalt thou behold ;  
Who in her deepest [seat of] rock the fates  
Chants forth, and trusts to leaves her marks  
and words.

Whatever verses on the leaves the maid  
Hath scored, she ranges into rhythmic form,

616. Grander than Virgil is Milton's imitation of  
him in the description of Sin ; *P. L.*, b. ii. :

" Before the gates there sat

On either side a formidable shape ;  
The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair ;  
But ended foul in many a scaly fold,  
Voluminous and vast ; a serpent armed  
With mortal sting : about her middle round  
A cry of Hellhounds never ceasing bark'd  
With wide Cerberian mouths full loud, and rung  
A hideous peal ; yet, when they list, would creep,  
If aught disturb'd their noise, into her womb,  
And kennel there ; yet there still bark'd and  
howl'd  
Within, unseen."

633. " Poetic fury, and historic storms."

Ben Jonson, *The Fox*, iv. 1.

And quits them, cloistered up within the  
grot.

Abide they in their places undisturbed,  
Nor from their rank depart. But [these]  
the same, 640

What time, upon the turning of the hinge,  
A gentle breeze hath driven, and the gate  
Deranged the tender leaflets, ne'er thence-  
forth

To catch them flutt'ring through the vaulted  
rock,

Nor to recall their postures, or unite

The verses, does she care : without advice  
[Men] pass away, and loathe the Sibyl's  
seat.

Here be not any waste of time to thee  
Of such concern,—though mates upbraid,  
and loud

The voyage summon to the deep the sails,  
And their propitious bosoms thou canst  
fill,— 651

That thou should'st not the prophetess  
approach,

And with thy prayers entreat that she her-  
self

May chant the heav'nly answers, and un-  
lock

Her voice and lips with favor. She to  
thee

Italia's tribes, and battles doomed to come,  
And by what means thou mayest every  
toil

Or shun, or suffer, will unfold, and grant,  
When worshipped, a successful course.

These [truths]  
Be they, whereof it is by voice of ours 660  
Permitted thee to be advised. Up ! quick !  
And, great by thine exploits, raise Troy to  
heaven.'

" Which when the prophet thus with  
friendly lip

Spake forth, gifts thereupon, of weight  
with gold

And the veneer of iv'ry, to the ships  
He bids be borne ; and packs within their  
holds

A mass of plate, and basins of Dodone,  
A coat of armor interlinked with rings,  
And wrought with gold in triplet, and the  
cone

And waving plumes of helm distinguished,  
arms 670

Of Neoptolemus. There likewise be  
His presents for my father. Steeds he  
adds,

And adds he guides ; a rower-train sup-  
plies ;

My mates the same time furnishes with  
arms.

"Meanwhile the navy to equip with sails  
Anchises gave command, that no delay  
Might be presented to a leading wind.  
Whom Phœbus' seer with deep respect  
accosts :

'Anchises, honored with the haught embrace

Of Venus ! O solicitude of gods ! 680

Twice rescued from the wrecks of Pergamus,

Behold ! Ausonia's land before thee [lies] :  
This seize thou by thy sails. And yet past  
this

There's need for thee to glide along the  
deep.

That region of Ausonia is afar,  
Which opes to thee Apollo. Go,' saith he,  
'O blest in the devotion of thy son.

Why further am I carried on, and stay  
By talk the rising southern gales ?' Nor  
less

Andromache, at latest parting sad, 690  
Brings robes embroidered with a thread of  
gold,

And Phrygian mantle for Ascanius ;  
Nor of the compliment comes short ; and  
loads

[The youth] with woven gifts, and such  
she speaks :

'Accept these also, which to thee may  
stand

Memorials of my hands, my boy, and prove  
The long affection of Andromache,  
The spouse of Hector. Take thy [friends']  
last gifts,

O thou, to me the only picture left  
Of my Astyanax ! Thus eyes, thus hands,  
Thus he his lips was wont to move ; and  
now 701

In equal age along with thee would he  
Be rip'ning into man.' On parting I, with  
tears

Upstarting, these addressed : 'Live happy  
ye,

675. "Lay her before the wind ! Up with her  
canvas,

And let her work ! The wind begins to whistle :  
Clap all her streamers on, and let her dance,  
As if she were the minion of the ocean !  
Let her bestride the billows till they roar,  
And curl their wanton heads !"

J. Fletcher, *The Double Marriage*, ii. 1.

677. It is plain, from verse 481, that the wind was  
a "leading" one.

693. Or : "Nor of his dignity."

703. Classical heroes seem greatly addicted to  
tears, forgetting that a watery grief is scarce as  
deep as a dry :

"Think not the worse, my friends, I shed not tears :  
Great griefs lament within."

J. Fletcher, *Valentinian*, iv. 4.

Whose fortune is accomplished, now their  
own :

From one fate to another we are called.  
For you is rest secured : no ocean-plain  
Must needs be ploughed, nor have Ausonia's  
fields

Retreating ever backward, to be sought.  
The likeness of the Xanthus, and a Troy  
Ye see, which your own hands have shaped,  
beneath 711

More happy auspices, I pray to heaven !  
And which may prove less open to the  
Greeks.

If ever Tiber, and the neighb'ring fields  
Of Tiber, I shall enter, and the walls,  
That are vouchsafed my nation, I shall view,  
Our kindred cities in the days to come,  
And neighbor peoples,—in Epirus [you],  
[We] in Hesperia,—who have Dardanus  
The selfsame founder, and the selfsame  
fates, . 720

Both Troys will render in affection one :  
Let this concern our children's children  
wait.'

"We're wafted forth along the deep,  
hard by

The neighb'ring heights Ceraunian, whence  
there [lies]

The path to Italy, and the shortest route  
Across the waves. The sun swoops down  
meanwhile,

And darkling mounts are shaded o'er.  
We're stretched

Upon the bosom of a wished-for land,  
Fast by the bellow, having lotted oars,  
And all around, along the droughty beach,  
Our frames we tend : sleep dews our jaded  
limbs. 731

Nor yet upon her central circle Night,  
Chased onward by the Hours, advanced :—  
not slow

Uprises Palinurus from his couch,  
And searches all the winds, and in his ears  
The breeze he catches ; all the stars he  
marks,

As on they glide across the silent heaven,—  
Arcturus, and the rainy Hyades,  
And twin Triones ; and he scans around  
Orion armed with gold. What time he sees  
That all lies settled in the calmy sky, 741  
He gives a brilliant signal from the stern :  
We strike th' encampment, and essay our  
route,

731. "Gallants, the night growes old, and downy  
sleep

Courts us to entertain his company ;  
Our tyred limbes, brused in the morning fight,  
Intreat soft rest, and gentle husht repose."

Marston, *Antonio and Melinda*, P. i. 2.



And spread the pinions of the sails. And  
 now  
 Aurora was blushing, with the stars chased  
 off,  
 When far away we see the glooming hills,  
 And lowly Italy. 'ITALIA!' first  
 Achates shouts aloud; 'ITALIA hail  
 My comrades with a blithe hurrah! Then  
 sire  
 Anchises with a coronal bedecks 750  
 A mighty wassail-bowl, and brimmed it up  
 With taintless wine, and called upon the  
 gods,  
 While standing on the lofty stern: 'Ye  
 gods,  
 Of sea, and land, and storms the rulers,  
 lend  
 A ready voyage by the wind, and breathe  
 Propitious.' 'Gin to swell the wished-for  
 gales,  
 And opens out the haven, closer now,  
 And looms Minerva's fane upon the height.  
 The crews furl sails, and veer the prows to  
 shore.  
 The haven by the billow from the East  
 Is bent into an arch; the jutting cliffs 761  
 Are foaming with the briny spray. Itself  
 Lies hid; launch out their arms with  
 double pier  
 Rocks tower-shaped, and from the strand  
 withdraws the fane.  
 Four horses here upon the grass, the first  
 Portent, perceived I browsing on the  
 plain  
 At large, of snowy whiteness. And my sire  
 Anchises: 'War it is, O foreign land,  
 Thou dost forebode! for war are horses  
 armed; 769  
 War threat these beasts. But still at times  
 The selfsame quadrupeds are wont to pass  
 Beneath the chariot, and harmonious reins  
 To suffer in the yoke: hope e'en of peace,'  
 He cries. We then entreat the holy powers  
 Of Pallas, thund'ring in her armor, who

745. "Light, the fair grandchild to the glorious sun,  
 Opening the casements of the rosy morn,  
 Makes the abashed heavens soon to shun  
 The ugly darkness it embraced before,  
 And at his first appearance puts to flight  
 The utmost relics of the hell-born night."

Brewer, *Lingua*, iii. 6.

756. "The waves were proud to entertain our  
 navy;  
 The fish in amorous courtship danced about  
 Our ship, and no rude gale from any coast  
 Was sent to hang upon our linen wings,  
 To interrupt our wishes; not a star  
 Muffled his brightness in a sullen cloud  
 Till we arrived."

Shirley, *The Young Admiral*, ii. 2.

758. Or: "shews."

First welcomed us rejoiced, and o'er our  
 heads,  
 Before the altars, we with Phrygian hood  
 Are muffled; and by rules of Helenus,  
 Which he had granted as of chief concern,  
 We duly to the Argive Juno burn 780  
 The ordered sacrifices. No delay:  
 Straight,—vows completed in due form,—  
 the arms  
 Of the sail-mantled yards we [sea-] ward  
 veer,  
 And quit the homesteads of the sons of  
 Greeks,  
 And their mistrusted fields. Therefrom  
 the bay  
 Of the Herculean—(if report be true),—  
 Tarentum is descried. Uplifts her [form]  
 Lacinium's goddess in the front, and heights  
 Of Caulon, and shipwrecking Scyllace. 789  
 Then far, [uprising] from the surge is kenned  
 Trinacrian Ætna, and the thund'ring growl  
 Of ocean, and the stricken rocks we hear  
 Far off, and broken noises at the shores;  
 And deeps leap up, and with the tide the  
 sands  
 Are mingled. And my sire Anchises:  
 'Sooth  
 This that Charybdis; Helenus these cliffs,  
 These rocks of terror chanted. Rescue us,  
 O crews!  
 And rise in even measure to your oars.'  
 No less than as enjoined do they: and first  
 His creaking prow did Palinurus veer 800  
 To the left waves; the left with oars and  
 winds  
 The squadron in a body sought. To heaven  
 Are we uplifted on the arch'd gulf,  
 And we the same,—the billow drawn  
 away,—  
 Pass downward to the lowest Shades.  
 Three times  
 The cliffs gave thunder 'mid the hollow  
 rocks,

803-9. "If after every tempest come such calms,  
 May the winds blow till they have wakened  
 death;

And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,  
 Olympus-high, and duck again as low  
 As hell's from heaven!"

Shakespeare, *Othello*, ii. 1.

804. "What sands, what shelves, what rocks do  
 threaten her;

The forces and the natures of all winds,  
 Gusts, storms, and tempests; when her keel  
 ploughs hell,  
 And deck knocks heaven:—then to manage her,  
 Becomes the name and office of a pilot."

Ben Jonson, *Catiline*, iii. 1.

806. "For do but stand upon the foaming shore,  
 The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;  
 The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous  
 main,

Three times the spray, dashed up, and  
dewy stars

We saw. Meanwhile the wind hath with  
the sun

The weary left; and wareless of the path,  
We towards the shores of Cyclops drift  
along. 810

“The port [lies] stirless from approach of  
winds,

And spacious in itself; but Ætna near  
With awful wrack is thund’ring, and at  
times

Flings forth a cloud of blackness to the sky,  
In smoke with pitchy whirl and glowing  
ash,

And shoots up balls of flames, and licks  
the stars.

At times the rocks and rifted bowels of the  
mount

It, belching, spouts aloft, and molten stones  
Beneath the heav’ns with rumbling rolls  
around,

And from the bottom of its bed seethes up.  
There is a legend, that, by leven-flash 821

Half-burnt, the body of Enceladus  
Is whelmed beneath this pile, and, o’er him  
laid,

Huge Ætna blasts out flame from forges  
burst;

And, often as he shifts his weary side,  
That all Trinacria with a growling quakes,  
And overcasts the welkin with the smoke.

That night, in forests bowered, fell portents  
We suffer, nor what cause creates the din  
Perceive. For neither were there lights of  
stars, 830

Nor sheeny in the stellar firmament  
The heav’ns, but fogs thro’out the sullen sky,

And dismal night confined the moon in  
cloud.  
“And now the following day with infant  
Dawn

Was rising, and Aurore from heaven had  
chased

Dank shade; when suddenly from out the  
woods,

Wasted away by meagreness extreme,

Seems to cast water on the burning bear,  
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:  
I never did like molestation view  
On th’ unchafed flood.”

Shakespeare, *Othello*, ii. 1.

812. Spenser briefly but finely alludes to Ætna,  
*F. Q.*, i. 11, 44:

“As burning Ætna from his boyling stew  
Doth belch out flames, and rockes in peeces  
broke,

And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,  
Enwrapt in coleblacke clouds and filthy smoke,  
That all the land with stench, and heaven with  
horror, choke.”

The novel figure of an unknown man,  
And pitiable in its garb, comes forth,  
And humbly to the shores outspreads its  
hands. 840

We gaze upon him. Dread his filthiness,  
His beard, too, wild, his wrapper tacked  
with thorns:

But in the rest a Greek, and ere the while  
To Troy in native armor sent. And he,  
What time the Dardan dress, and arms

Of Troy, he spied afar, awhile stopped  
short,

Affrighted by the sight, and stayed his step.  
Anon he flung him headlong to the shores,  
With weeping and entreaties: ‘By the stars

Do I conjure you, by the gods above, 850  
And this life-giving light of heav’n, away,  
O Teucri, take me; to whatever lands

Transport me; this will be enough. I  
know

That I am one from out the Grecian ships,  
And own that I the Ilian gods of home  
In war assaulted: for the which, if be

So heinous the demerit of our crime,  
Fling me in atoms on the waves, and ’neath  
The mighty ocean plunge me; if I die,

’Twill be a pleasure to have died by hands  
Of men.’ He said, and folding round our  
knees, 861

And, writhing, to our knees he clinging  
held.

Who he may be we counsel him to tell,  
From what descent he may have sprang;  
thereon,

What fortune hunts him onward to avow.  
My sire himself, Anchises, his right hand,  
No great delays presenting, gives the youth,

And with the ready pledge his mind assures.  
These speaks he,—terror laid aside at last:  
‘I am from Ithaca, my native land, 870

The comrade of Ulysses evil-starred.  
My name is Achemenides, to Troy,  
My father Adamastus being poor,

838. The account of Achemenides somewhat  
resembles Spenser’s description of “Despair;”  
*F. Q.*, i. 9, 35:

“His griesie lockes, long growen and unbound,  
Disordred hong about his shoulders round,  
And hid his face: through which his hollow eyne  
Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound;

His raw-bone cheekes, through penurie and pine,  
Were shronke into his iawes, as he did never dine.  
His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,  
With thornes together pind and patched was:” &c.

846. “As children wading from some river’s bank,  
First try the water with their tender feet;  
Then, shudd’ring up with cold, step back again,  
And straight a little further venture on,  
Till at the last they plunge into the deep,  
And pass at once what they were doubting long.”

Dryden, *The Maiden Queen*, v. i.

(And would my fortune had remained !) set forth.

Here me, while they in consternation quit  
The bar'rous dwelling, my unthoughtful mates

Abandoned in the Cyclop's monster den.  
The home it is of gore and bloody feasts ;  
Inside obscure, stupendous. He himself  
Of giant height, and smites the lofty stars ;  
(Gods, such a plague, O bid avault from earth !)

881

Nor in his aspect bearable, nor meet  
To be addressed by any one in speech.  
Upon the entrails and the sable blood  
Of hapless [wights] he feeds. I saw myself,  
When from our number bodies twain, en-  
grasped

Within his monstrous hand, amid the den  
He, bending backward, smashed against a  
rock,

And, spattered with the blood, the chamber  
swam.

I saw, when, dripping with the jetty gore,  
Their limbs he craunched, and, warm be-  
neath his fangs,

891

Their joints they quivered. Neither un-  
chastised,

In sooth ; nor did the like Ulysses brook,  
[N] or was the Ithacan forgetful of himself  
In such grave crisis. For the moment he,  
Gorged with the cates, and buried in his  
wine,

His bended neck laid down, and stretched  
along

The cave, enormous, spewing up the gore,  
And gobbets intermixed with bloody wine,  
Throughout his slumber ;—we, when we  
had prayed

900

The mighty Pow'rs, and lotted [each] their  
parts,

At once, on all sides, round are poured,  
and drill

With sharpened tool the eye, the monster  
[eye].

Which skulked alone beneath a scowling  
brow,

As Argive shield, or Phœbus' cresset huge ;  
And blithesome at the last our comrades'  
shades

Do we avenge. But fly, O wretched, fly,  
And from the shore your cable burst away.

881. Or, perhaps more strongly :

" Gods, banish such a nuisance from the earth !"

899. If Virgil is somewhat coarse here, Spenser, in his description of *Errour*, has no difficulty in being still coarser ; *Faerie Queene*, i. 1, 20 :

' Therwith she spewd out of her filthie maw  
A flood of poyson horrible and blacke  
Full of great lumps of flesh, and gobbets raw."

For what in guise, and howsoever vast,  
Doth Polypheme within his vaulted cave  
Pen in his fleecy flocks, and squeeze their  
teats,

911

A hundred other cursèd Cyclops dwell  
In every quarter by these winding shores,  
And through the lofty mountains rove.

Third horns

Of Luna fill them now with light,  
Since life in woods, among the lonely lairs  
And haunts of savage creatures, do I drag,  
And on the giant Cyclops from a cliff  
I look abroad, and shudder at the din  
Of feet and voice. An unnutritious food,—  
Berries and stony cornels,—boughs purvey,  
And grasses feed me with their roots up-  
torn.

922

Surveying all around, this fleet I first  
Spied coming to the shores. To this did I  
Resign myself, whatever it might prove.  
Enough to have escaped the cursèd crew ;  
Do ye the rather take away this life  
By any death whate'er.' He scarcely these  
Had said, when from the mountain-crest  
himself

Perceive we, moving him among his flocks  
With giant bulk,—the shepherd Poly-  
pheme,—

931

And seeking the familiar shores :—a mon-  
ster dread,

Misshapen, huge, whose eye is reft away.  
A branchless pine within his hand controls,  
And renders sure, his steps. His woolly  
ewes

920. If the secondary meaning of *infelicitum*, verse 649, be preferred, "miserable" can be substituted for "unnutritious," or "wretched sustenance" for *victim infelicitum*.

" Behold, the earth hath roots ;  
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs :  
The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips ;  
The bounteous housewife, Nature, on each bush  
Lays her full mess before you."

Shakespeare, *Timon of Athens*, iv. 3.

931. " Behold the monster, Polypheme ;  
See what ample strides he takes,  
The mountain nods, the forest shakes ;  
The waves run frighten'd to the shores :  
Hark ! how the thundering giant roars."

Gay, *Acis and Galatea*.

934. Grander is Milton, *P. L.*, b. i. :

" His spear, to equal which the tallest pine  
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast  
Of some great admiral, were but a wand,  
He walk'd with."

Milton, however, may have borrowed the idea from Cowley, as Dr. Johnson remarks on the passage in the third book of his *Deuicide* :

" His spear the trunk was of a lofty tree,  
Which Nature meant some ship's tall mast  
should be."



Attend upon him ;—that the only joy  
 And comfort of his woe. Soon as he  
     touched  
 The deepsome billows, and the waters  
     reached,  
 The dripping gore of his uprooted eye  
 Therefrom he washes, gnashing with his  
     teeth 940  
 With groan [s] ; and now he stalks through  
     middle sea,  
 Nor yet the surge his tow'ring sides be-  
     dewed.  
 We far therefrom our flight in horror  
     haste,—  
 Our suitor welcomed thus thro' his desert,—  
 And silently the cable cut away ;  
 And, bending forward, sweep with rival oars  
 The waters. He perceived, and towards  
     the sound  
 Of voice his steps he veered. But when no  
     power  
 Is giv'n of reaching us with his right hand,  
 Nor is he able in pursuit to match 950  
 Ionian waves, a thund'ring yell he lifts,  
 Wherewith the deep and all its billows  
     quaked,  
 And inly startled was Italia's land,  
 And bellowed Ætna through his winding  
     vaults.  
 But from the forests and the lofty mounts  
 The Cyclops' brood, forth summoned, to  
     the ports  
 Come swooping downward, and the strands  
     they fill.  
 Descry we, vainly standing side by side,  
 With scowling eye-ball, Ætna's brother-  
     train,  
 Porting to heav'n their tow'ring heads,—  
     a dire 960  
 Assembly : as when on some lofty crest  
 Sky-mounting oaks, or cone-rife cypresses,  
 Have stood in group, the stately wood of  
     Jove,  
 Or grove of Dian. Headlong drives us on  
 A keen alarm, for any point whate'er  
 T' uncoil the sheets, and spread the sails to  
     winds  
 Of favor. Warn them, on the other hand,  
 The orders [giv'n] of Helenus that they  
 'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis,—either route  
 With trifling odds of death,—hold not their  
     course. 970

936. "The day abhors me, and from me doth fly,  
 Night still me follows, yet too long doth stay ;"  
 "But what availeth either night or day ?  
 All's one to me, still day, or ever night ;  
 My light is darkness, and my darkness light."  
     Drayton, *First Legend*.

946. Or : "vying."

Decreed it is that backward we direct  
 The canvas. But, behold ! the northern  
     gale,  
 From out Pelorus' narrow mansion sent,  
 Is present with us. I am wafted past  
 Pantagia's outlets in the living rock,  
 And Megaran bays, and Thapsus lying  
     [low].  
 Such shores roamed over, coasting back  
     again,  
 [To us] did Achemenides reveal,  
 The comrade of Ulysses evil-starred.  
 "Outstretched before Sicania's bay, there  
     lies 980  
 An isle against Plemmyrium, rife in waves :  
 Its name the ancients have Ortygia called.  
 There is a legend, that Alpheus, stream  
 Of Elis, hither worked mysterious paths  
 Beneath the sea, who now, O Arethuse,  
 Is mingled with thy spring in Sic'ly's waves.  
 Enjoined, the sovereign powers of the spot  
 We worship ; and I thence sail by,—too  
     rich,—  
 The soil of stagnating Helorus. Hence  
 Pachynus' tow'ring cliffs, and jutting rocks  
 We graze ; and, granted never by the fates  
 To be disturbed, looms Camarine afar, 992  
 And the Geloan champignons, Gela, too,  
 Called by the title of its felon flood.  
 Thence stately Acragas far off displays  
 Colossal walls, of high-souled horses erst  
 The breeder. Thee, too, with accorded  
     gales  
 I leave, palm-rife Seline, and skirt the  
     shoals  
 Of Lilybeum, stern with viewless rocks.  
 Hence me the haven, and the joyless coast  
 Of Drepanum receive. Here, hunted on  
 By storms so many of the deep, alas ! 1002  
 My father,—[he,] of every care and chance  
 The anodyne,—Anchises do I lose.  
 Here me, best father, wearied, dost thou  
     leave ;  
 Ah ! vainly rescued from such grievous  
     risks.  
 Nor did the prophet Helenus, what time  
 He many a fearful warning gave, foretell

979. It is difficult to believe that Virgil ever wrote verses 690, 691. However, as they are received into the text, *infelicitis* must be translated as in v. 613 ; that is, in the sense in which Achemenides used, and not as Æneas would use it. The latter would have employed *pellacis*, or some other uncomplimentary term, to raise anger rather than pity.

983. So Milton, *Arcades* :

"Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung  
 Of that renowned flood, so often sung,  
 Divine Alpheus, who by secret sluice  
 Stole under seas, to meet his Arethuse."

These woes to me ; no, not Celæno dread.  
This was my last distress, this was the goal  
Of longsome voyages. Departed hence,  
A god hath borne me onward to your  
coasts." 1012

Thus sire Æneas,—all on him attent,—  
Alone recounted the decrees of gods,  
And told his voyages. He hushed at last,  
And here,—conclusion made,—he came  
to rest.

## BOOK IV.

BUT, smitten long erewhile by passion  
sore,  
The queen her wound is nursing in her  
veins,  
And she is wasted by a viewless fire.  
The hero's lofty worth, and lofty pride  
Of his descent, are oftentimes to her mind  
Returning ; in her breast deep printed  
cling  
His features and his words ; nor doth unrest  
Vouchsafe a peaceful slumber to her limbs.  
The next Aurore with Phœbus' torch the  
lands  
Was scanning, and the moistful shade from  
heaven 10  
Had chased away, when, scarcely in her  
mind,  
She thus her sister, one with her in soul,  
Accosts : " O Anna, sister [mine], what  
dreams  
Appal me, poised [in doubt] ! How strange  
The guest, [who] has at our abodes arrived !  
Of what a noble bearing in his mien !  
Of what a gallant heart and arms ! I deem  
In sooth, (nor idle the belief,) that he  
The offspring is of gods. Degen'rate souls

Line 4. If "multa," v. 3, must be rendered more  
literally, a dull substitute for "lofty" is easily  
found.

9. "The morrow next, so soon as Phœbus' lamp  
Bewrayed had the world with early light,  
And fresh Aurora had the shady damp  
Out of the goodly heaven amov'd quight."  
Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, iii. 10, 1.

See note on line 846.

12. "There's never man nor woman that e'er loved,  
But chose some bosom friend, whose close converse  
Sweetened their joys, and eased their burdened  
minds  
Of such a working secret." May, *The Heir*, ii.  
19. "And live a coward in thine own esteem,  
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'  
Like the poor cat i' the adage."  
The adage is :  
"The cat loves fish, but dares not wet her feet."  
See Payne Collier on Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, i. 7.  
"A donative he hath of every god ;  
Apollo gave him lockes ; Jove his high front ;  
The god of eloquence his flowing speech ;  
The feminine deities strowed all their bounties

Fear proves. Ah ! by what fates has he  
been tossed ! 20  
What battles, carried to their close, he  
sang !  
If rested not within my mind [resolve],  
Firm and unshaken, not to wish to yoke  
Myself to any in the marriage-bond,  
Since my first love betrayed me, duped by  
death ;  
Had there been no disgust at bed and torch,  
To this one weakness I could haply stoop.  
O Anna, (for I will avow [the truth,])  
Since the decease of my unhappy spouse,  
Sychæus, and that household gods with  
blood, 30  
[Spilt] by a brother, were besprent, this  
man

Alone hath warped my feelings, and hath  
forced  
A falt'ring soul : I recognise the tracks  
Of former passion. But I would to heaven,  
That either deepest earth for me would first  
Gape open, or that the almighty sire  
Would hurl me with his leven to the shades,  
The ghastly shades of Erebus, and night

And beautie on his face ; that eye was Juno's ;  
Those lips were his that wounne the golden ball ;  
That virgin-blush, Diana's : here they meete,  
As in a sacred synod."

Marston, *Insatiate Countesse*, i.

- "Feare is my vassall ; when I frowne he flies :  
A hundred times in life a coward dies." 16., iv.  
20. "She loved me for the dangers I had passed,  
And I loved her that she did pity them."  
Shakespeare, *Othello*, i. 3.  
23. "Were she the abstract of her sex for form,  
The only warehouse of perfection ;  
Were there no rose nor lily but her cheek,  
No music but her tongue, virtue but her's,  
She must not rest near me. My vow is graven  
Here in my heart, irrevocably breathed ;  
And when I break it—"  
Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Knight of Malta*,  
v. 2.  
37. "You greater powers, guard me from violence,  
And from a wilful fall I'll keep myself :  
High Jupiter, the venger of foul sin,  
With angry thunder strike me to the deepest,  
And darkest shades of hell, when I consent  
To soil my unstained faith."  
Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Faithful Friends*,  
ii. 2.

Profound, before that thee, O Modesty,  
I outrage, or thy laws I break. He, who 40  
First linked me to himself, hath borne away  
My loves: let him possess them in his heart,  
And guard them in the grave." Thus  
speaking forth,

She filled her bosom with her starting tears.  
Anna replies: "O thou than light of day  
More precious to thy sister, wilt thou all  
alone

Be wasted mourning in a lasting youth?  
Nor darling sons, nor Venus' guerdons  
know?

That ash or buried Manes reckon of this,  
Dost thou imagine? Be it, hitherto, 50  
While sick at heart, no lovers thee have  
swayed,

No, not in Libya, not erenow at Tyre;—  
Iarbas scorned, and other chieftains, whom  
The Afric land, in triumphs rich, supports:  
Wilt thou e'en fight against a welcome love?  
Nor to thy mind occurs it, on whose fields  
Thou'st settled? This side, the Gætulian  
towns,

A horde that cannot be o'ercome in war,  
Unreined Numidians, too, encircle thee,  
And the inhospitable Syrt; on that, 60  
A country waste with drought, and far and  
wide

Barcæans raging. Wherefore name the wars

39. "'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,  
Another thing to fall."  
Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure*, ii. 1.

"She that has no temptation set before her,  
Her virtue has no conquest: then would her  
constancy  
Shine in the brightest goodness of her glory,  
If she would give admittance, see and be seen,  
And yet resist and conquer: there were argument  
For angels."

Middleton, *More Dissemblers besides Women*,  
i. 2.

"Whiteness of name, thou must be mine."  
J. Fletcher, *The Elder Brother*, iv. 3.

45. So Gray's Bard passionately expresses his  
affection for his murdered comrades:

"Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,  
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,  
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,  
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries."

Shakespeare varies the image. Brutus says to  
Portia:

"You are my true and honourable wife;  
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart."

*Julius Caesar*, ii. 1.

47. "I am but the shadow of myself without thee."  
Shirley, *The Politician*, ii. 1.

"Life without love is load; and time stands still:  
What we refuse to him, to death we give;  
And then, then only, when we love, we live."  
Congreve, *The Mourning Bride*, ii. end.

That spring from Tyrus, and a brother's  
threats?

In sooth I deem that, with the deities  
Their guardians, Juno in their favor, too,  
This course have Ilium's galleys by the  
breeze

Held [hither]. What a city, sister, thou  
Shalt this behold! what kingdoms to arise  
From such a union! With the Trojans'  
arms

[On ours] attending, with what grand ex-  
ploits 70

Shall Carthaginian glory rear her [head]!  
Do thou but crave indulgence from the gods,  
And,—off'rings of propitiation made,—  
Free scope to hospitality accord,

And pleas for his detention net around,  
While sorely on the ocean winter storms,  
And water-rife Orion, and his ships  
Areshattered; while not practicable heaven."

By these her words she kindled up a soul  
With passion fired, and to a wav'ring mind  
Imparted hope, and disengaged reserve. 81

They in the first place to the shrines re-  
pair,

And grace throughout the altars crave; they  
slay,

According to the custom chosen, ewes  
Of two years old to law-enacting Ceres,  
And Phœbus, and to the Lyæan sire;

'Bove all to Juno, whose concern are ties  
Of marriage. Fairest Dido, e'en herself,  
A saucer holding in her right hand, pours  
Full in the centre of a heifer's horns, 90

Gloss-white; or, 'fore the features of the  
gods,

She paces by the altars rich, and day  
Renews with gifts, and, poring with her  
lips apart,

Within the opened bosoms of the beasts,  
Their throbbing entrails she consults. Alas!

63. The strict meaning of *germani*, v. 44, can  
scarcely be intended here.

81. "I am lost,  
Utterly lost! My faith is gone for ever!  
My fame, my praise, my liberty, my peace,  
Changed for a restless passion! O hard spite,  
To lose my seven years' victory at one sight!"  
Middleton, *More Dissemblers besides Women*,  
i. 3.

"O that I  
Have reason to discern the better way,  
And yet pursue the worse!"  
Massinger, *The Unnatural Combat*, iv. 1.

It had been better advice for Anna to have said:

"Therefore I charge you,  
As you have pity, stop those tender ears  
From his enchanting voice; close up those eyes,  
That you may never catch a dart from him,  
Nor he from you."  
Beaumont and Fletcher, *A King and no King*, ii. 1.



The soothsayers' unknowing minds ! What boot

Her vows the raver ? What the shrines ?  
Meanwhile

Upon her marrow preys the gentle flame,  
And silent lives the wound beneath her breast.

Unhappy Dido is consumed, and roams 100  
Through the whole city, frantic : like a hind,

By arrow pierced, which, heedless, hath afar

Among the woods of Crete a shepherd shot,  
While hunting her with weapons, and hath left

The wingy steel, unconscious ; she in flight  
The forests and the lawns of Dictæ scours :  
The deadly shaft is clinging to her flank.

Æneas now she brings with her throughout  
The central buildings, and Sidonian wealth  
Exhibits, and a city to his hand ; 110  
Begins to utter, and amid the word

101. Dido was the reverse of Viola's sister, who

" Never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm 't' bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek ; she pined in thought,  
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,  
She sat like patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief."

Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, ii. 4.

" She, sir,  
That walks here up and down an empty shadow ;  
One that for some few hours

But wanders here, carrying her own sad coffin,  
Seeking some desert place to lodge her griefs in."  
J. Fletcher, *The Sea Voyage*, iv. 2.

102. " Looke as a well-growne stately headed bucke,  
But lately by the woodman's arrow strucke,  
Runs gadding o'er the lawnes, or nimble strays  
Among the combrous brakes a thousand wayes ;  
Now through the high wood scowrs, then by the  
brooks,

On every hill side, and each vale he lookes,  
If 'mongst their store of simples may be found  
An hearbe to draw and heale his smarting wound."  
Browne, *Brit. Past.*, ii. 4.

This simile may call to the reader's mind the  
pathetic description of the wounded stag in *As You  
Like It*, ii. 1 :

" To-day, my lord of Amiens, and myself,  
Did steal behind him, as he lay along  
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood :  
To that which place a poor sequestered stag,  
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,  
Did come to languish ; and, indeed, my lord,  
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,  
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat  
Almost to bursting ; and the big round tears  
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose  
In piteous chase ; and thus the hairy fool,  
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,  
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,  
Augmenting it with tears."

111. " How her heart beats !  
Much like a partridge in a sparhawk's foot,

Stops short. Now looks she for the self-  
same feasts,

As day is sinking, and to Ilium's toils  
Once more to listen in her wildness craves,  
And hangs once more upon the speaker's  
lips.

Then, when they have withdrawn, and in  
her turn

The darkling moon extinguishes her light,  
And, as they sink, the stars are urging sleep,  
She lonely in her empty palace mourns,  
And on the couch, [which he had] left, lies  
down : 120

Him absent absent she both hears and sees,  
Or in her lap Ascanius she, bewitched  
By the resemblance of his father, stays,  
If she could cheat unutterable love.

Uprise not tow'rs commenced ; their arms  
the youth

Ply not, or havens, or defensive works,  
In war secure, provide ; hang broken off  
Their labors, and the walls' embattled  
heights

Immense, and enginery made match for  
heaven.

Whom soon as the belovèd spouse of  
Jove 130

That with a panting silence does lament  
The fate she cannot fly from."

Massinger, *The Unnatural Combat*, v. 1.

114. 15. " But all the while that he these speeches  
spent,

Upon his lips hong faire Dame Hellenore  
With vigilant regard and dew attent,  
Fashioning worlds of fancies evermore  
In her fraile witt, that now her quite forlore :  
The whiles unwares away her wondering eye  
And greedy eares her weake hart from her bore."

Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, iii. 9, 51.

" Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents, by flood and field ;  
Of hair-breadth scapes i' th' imminent deadly  
breach ;

Of being taken by the insolent foe,  
And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,  
And portance in my travels' history ;—  
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose head  
touch'd heaven.

... These things to hear  
Would Desdemona seriously incline. . . .  
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
Devour up my discourse."

Shakespeare, *Othello*, i. 3.

119. " Her chamber's but a coffin of a larger  
Volume, wherein she walks so like a ghost,  
'Twould make you pale to see her."

Shirley, *The Cardinal*, iv. 2.

" Strong is my love to thee ; for every moment  
I'm from thy sight, the heart within my bosom  
Mourns, like a tender infant in its cradle,  
Whose nurse had left it."

Otway, *Venice Preserved*, iii. 1.

126. " Alack ! when once our grace we have forgot,  
Nothing goes right ; we would, and we would not."  
Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure*, iv. 4.

Perceived to be enchained by such a plague,  
Nor character to stand in passion's way,  
Saturnia Venus in such words accosts :  
" Distinguished praise, in sooth, and splend-  
did spoils

Ye carry off, both thou and [that] thy boy !  
Mighty and notable the pow'r divine,  
If by the cunning of a pair of gods  
One woman is subdued ! Nor doth it so  
Escape my notice, that [these] walls of ours  
Thou, dreading, hast suspected held the  
domes 140

Of stately Carthage. But what limit shall  
there be ?

Or to what end now struggles so severe ?  
Why do we not the rather endless peace  
And covenanted nuptial rites promote ?  
Thou hast what thou hast sought with all  
thy soul :

The loving Dido burns, and hath imbibed  
The frenzy through her bones. Then, let  
us rule

This nation jointly, and with equal sway ;  
Be it allowed her, to a Phrygian spouse  
To be a slave, and, as a dowry given, 150  
The Tyrians to resign to thy right hand."

To her (for she perceived that she had  
spoken

With feigned intent, in order that the realm  
Of Italy she might to Libyan coasts  
Divert,) thus Venus in reply began :

" Who madly would such [terms as these]  
decline ?

Or liefer would with thee engage in war ?  
If only fortune may attend the scheme,  
Which thou announcest. But by fates am I  
Borne onward, doubtful whether Jove may  
will 160

That one should be the city for the men  
Of Tyre, and for the refugees from Troy ;  
Or would approve the nations being blent,  
Or leagues cemented. Thou his consort  
art :

Thine is the privilege to sound his mind  
By prayer. Go forward ; I will follow."

Then  
The royal Juno thus caught up [the word] :  
" With me shall rest that task. Now by  
what plan

What presseth on us can be brought to pass,

132. " No ! I must downward, downward ! Though  
repentance  
Could borrow all the glorious wings of grace,  
My mountainous weight of sins would crack their  
pinions,  
And sink them to hell with me."

Massinger, *The Renegade*, iii. 2.

142. Or : " Or whither with a struggle so severe ?"

148. Or : " This a joint nation."

Or : " auspices."

In few, — attend ! — I thee will teach.  
Æneas, 170

And with him, Dido thrice-unblest, prepare  
To go a hunting to the wood, what time  
To-morrow's Titan shall have brought to  
light

His infant dawn, and with his beams un-  
veiled

The globe. On these will I a black'ning  
shower

With blended hail, while flutter plumes, and  
glades

They girdle with th' inclosure, from above  
Outpour, and with my thunder will I wake  
All heav'n. On every side the retinue  
Shall fly amain, and in the gloom of night  
Shall they be mantled. At the self-same  
grot 181

Shall Dido and the Trojan prince arrive.  
There I shall be, and, if I have thy sure  
assent,

In lasting marriage will I her unite,  
And consecrate her his for ever. Here  
Shall Hymenæus be." Opposing not  
Her suitress, Cytherea acquiesced,  
And at the crafts that were devised she  
smiled.

Meanwhile Aurora rising Ocean left.  
Forth issues from the gates at beam of day,  
Uprisen, chosen youth ; nets wide of mesh,  
Toils, hunting lances with a breadth of steel,  
And Massylæan horsemen sally forth, 193  
And keenly-scented force of hounds. The  
queen,

Delaying in her chamber, at the gates  
The princes of the Tyrians wait, and, badged  
With purple and with gold, her palfrey  
stands,

188. " The gods assist just hearts ; and states, that  
trust  
Plots before Providence, are lost like dust."

Marston, *Sophonisba*, ii. 1.

" A woman's tongue, I see, some time or other,  
Will prove her traitor."

Ford, *The Fancies*, iv. 1.

194. Prior seems to have had this passage in his  
view while describing Abra in *Solomon*, b. ii. :

" Thy King, Jerusalem ! descends to wait  
Till Abra comes. She comes ; a milk-white steed,  
Mixture of Persia's and Arabia's breed,  
Sustains the nymph : her garments flying loose,  
(As the Sydonian maids of Thracian use)  
And half her knee and half her breast appear,  
By art, like negligence, disclosed, and bare :  
Her left hand guides the hunting courser's flight,  
A silver bow she carries in her right,  
And from the golden quiver at her side  
Rustles the ebony arrow's feather'd pride ;  
Sapphires and diamonds on her front display  
An artificial moon's increasing ray.  
Diana, huntress, mistress of the groves,  
The favourite Abra speaks, and looks, and  
moves."

And fiercely champs the foaming bits. At last

Forth comes she,—thronging her a mighty train,—

Invested in a Sidon hunting-cloak 200

With purpled edge. Her quiver is of gold ;

Her locks in knot are gathered into gold ;

A golden brooch her robe of crimson binds

Beneath. More'er her Phrygian retinue

And gay Iulus pace along. Himself,

Æneas, passing fair beyond the rest,

Moves on their comrade, and the trains

unites :

Like as, when Lycia in her wintry plight,

And Xanthus' rivulets, Apollo quits,

And Delos of his mother goes to view, 210

The dances, too, renews ; and, mingled

round

The altars, Cretes alike, and Dryopes,

And painted Agathyrsi, shout amain ;

[The god] himself on brows of Cynthus

walks,

And with the velvet leaf his streaming hair

He presses, as he shapes it, and with gold

He braids ; his weapons on his shoulders

clang.

No tardier than he Æneas paced :

Such striking beauty from his peerless mien

Beams forth. As soon as at the lofty

mounts 220

And pathless lairs they are arrived, be-

hold !

Wild she-goats, from a height of rock dis-

lodged,

Down scampered from the brows ; on th'

other side

The stags the open champaigns scour [full]

speed,

And dusted squadrons huddle in their flight,

And leave the mountains. But the boy

Ascanius

Amid the vallies in his mettled horse

Rejoices ; and now these in race, now those,

Outstrips, and prays be granted to his vows

A foaming boar among the listless flocks,

Or tawny lion to descend the mount. 231

Meanwhile with uproar vast the heav'n

begins

To be turmoiled. Ensues with mingled hail

A rain-storm ; and the retinue of Tyre

In every quarter, and the youth of Troy,

And Venus' Dardan grandson, through the

fields

Sought diff'rent shelters in their fear. Down

swoop

The torrents from the mounts. The self-

same grot

Do Dido and the Trojan leader reach.

And Tellus first, and Juno, patroness 240

Of wedlock, give the signal : levens flashed,

And witness to the union was the sky,

And on the highest summit shrieked the

Nymphs.

That day first proved the source of death,

And first, of her misfortunes. Nor is she

By outward form [s] or reputation swayed,

Crosse Knight and Una in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*,

b. i. c. i. 6, 7 :

" Thus as they past,

The day with cloudes was suddaine overcast,

And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine

Did poure into his lemans lap so fast,

That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain ;

And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were

faine.

" Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,

A shadie grove not farr away they spide,

That promist ayde the tempest to withstand ;

Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommers pride,

Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,

Not perceable with power of any starr :

And all within were pathes and alleies wide,

With footing worne, and leading inward farr :

Faire harbour that them seems ; so in they entred

ar."

240. So Milton, *Paradise Lost*, b. ix. :

" Earth trembled from her entrails, as again

In pangs ; and Nature gave a second groan ;

Sky lour'd ; and, muttering thunder, some sad

drops

Wept at completing of the mortal sin."

How different the image of nuptial love before

the fall !—

" To the nuptial bow

I led her blushing like the morn : all Heaven,

And happy constellations, on that hour

Shed their selectest influence ; the Earth

Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill ;

Joyous the birds ; fresh gales and gentle airs

Whispered it to the woods, and from their wings

Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub.

Milton, *P. L.*, b. 8.

242. " Well, heaven forgive him, and forgive us all !

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall."

Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure*, ii. 1.

245. " Thick darkness dwells upon this hour ;

integrity,

Like one of heaven's bright luminaries, now

By error's dullest element interposed,

Suffers a black eclipse."

Middleton, *A Game at Chess*, iv. 4.

" To err but once

Is to be undone for ever."

*Anything for a Quiet Life*, i. 1.

217. Or : " upon his shoulders thunder arms."

224. " Alate we ran the deer, and through the

lawnds

Stripped with our nags the lofty frolic bucks,

That scudded 'fore the teasers like the wind."

Robert Green, *Friar Bacon*, opening lines.

227. " Out of brave horsemanship

Arise the first sparks of glowing resolution,

That raise the mind to noble action."

Webster, *The Duchess of Malfi*, i. 2.

232. This passage may call to mind the Red



Nor Dido now clandestine love designs :  
A marriage does she call it ; with this name  
Before her frailty she a curtain weaves.

Straight Rumor runs thro' Libya's mighty  
towns ;—

Rumor, than whom there is none other ill  
More fleet. By volubility she thrives,  
And vigor musters to her in her march.  
A pigmy through alarm at first, anon  
She rears her [form] to air, and o'er the  
ground  
She stalks, and hides her head among the  
clouds.

Her, Earth her dam, embittered at the  
wrath

249. Or, in the soft parlance of modern laxity :

"Before her indiscretion weaves a veil."

"Who wooed in haste, and means to wed at leisure."  
Shakespeare, *Taming of the Shrew*, iii. 2.

So Dryden, *Hind and Panther*, 353, 4 :

"Then by a left-hand marriage weds the dame,  
Covering adultery with a specious name."

"With what cunning

This woman argues for her own damnation!"

Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Knight of Malta*,  
iii. 4.

"How, in a moment,  
All that was gracious, great, and glorious in her,  
And won upon all hearts, like seeming shadows  
Wanting true substance, vanished!"

Massinger, *The Picture*, iv. 3.

250. Contention is thus described by Thomson ;  
*Liberty*, iv. 33 :

"Contention led the van : first small of size,  
But soon dilating to the skies she towers !  
Then, wide as air, the livid Fury spread,  
And, high her head above the stormy clouds,  
She blazed in omens, swell'd the groaning winds  
With wild surmises, battlings, sounds of war :  
From land to land the maddening trumpet blew,  
And poured her venom through the heart of man."

253. So Parnell says of the ills in Pandora's box :

"From point to point, from pole to pole they flew,  
Spread as they went, and in the progress grew."  
*Hesiod*.

And Dryden, of the origin of the Fire of London :

"Then in some close-pent room it crept along,  
And moulderings as it went, in silence fed ;  
Till th' infant monster, with devouring strength,  
Walk'd boldly upright with exalted head."

*Annus Mirabilis*, 218.

"The flying rumours gather'd as they rolled,  
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told ;  
And all who told it added something new,  
And all who heard it made enlargements too !  
In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew."

And again :

"But straight the direful tramp of slander sounds ;  
Through the big dome the doubling thunder  
bounds ;  
Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,  
The dire report thro' every region flies.  
In every ear incessant rumours rung,  
And gathering scandals grew on every tongue."

Pope, *Temple of Fame*.

Of gods, the youngest sister, as they tell,  
To Cœus and Enceladus, brought forth,  
Swift on her feet and on her nimble wings :—  
A monster dread, a giantess, in whom 261  
As many be the feathers on her frame,  
So many wakeful eyes [there lie] beneath,—  
A marvel to be told,—so many tongues,  
Mouths just so many babble, up she pricks  
So many ears. By night she flies 'twixt  
heaven

And earth a-midway, whizzing through the  
gloom,

Nor down to balmy slumber drops her eye.  
By day she sits a spy, or on the ridge  
Of [some] roof-top, or on the lofty towers,  
And mighty cities with alarm she fills ; 271  
As firm a grasper of the false and wrong,  
As herald of the true. She then with maze  
Of prate the people filled brimful, in glee,  
And facts and fictions in an equal sort  
She chanted : "That Æneas had arrived,  
From blood of Troja sprung, to whom, as  
spouse,

The lovely Dido deigns herself to link ;  
That now the winter-tide, however long,  
In mutual dalliance they enjoy, of realms  
Unmindful, and by shameless passion  
thrall'd."

281  
These [tales] eachwhere the loathsome  
goddess spreads

Upon the people's tongues. She straight  
to king

Iarbas wheels aside her course, and fires  
His mind with tattle, and heaps up his  
wrath.

260. "For Fame hath many wings to bring ill  
tidings."

Massinger, *The Duke of Milan*, i. 3.

"Such was her form, as ancient bards have told :  
Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet unfold ;  
A thousand busy tongues the goddess bears,  
And thousand open eyes, and thousand listening  
ears."

Pope, *Temple of Fame*.

272. This line was rendered in the first edition :  
"As much a stickler for the false and wrong."

279. "Sleep shall not seize me,  
Nor any food befriend me but thy kisses,  
Ere I forsake this desert. I live honest !  
He may as well bid dead men walk. I humbled,  
Or bent below my power ! let night-dogs tear me,  
And goblins ride me in my sleep to jelly,  
Ere I forsake my sphere !"  
J. Fletcher, *Thierry and Theodoret*, i. 1.

283. "But, great man,  
Every sin thou commit't'st shews like a flame  
Upon a mountain ; 'tis seen far about,  
And, with a big wind made of popular breath,  
The sparkles fly through cities ! here one takes,  
Another catches there, and in short time  
Waste all to cinders : but remember still,  
What burnt the valleys first came from the hill."  
Middleton, *Women beware of Women*, iv. 1.

He, sprung from Hammon, by a ravished Nymph  
 Of Garama, a hundred vasty fanes  
 To Jupiter throughout his spacious realms,  
 A hundred altars, reared; and wakeful fire  
 Had sanctified, the gods' undying watch;  
 And with the blood of flocks their floor is rich,  
 And blooming [stand] the gates with damasked wreaths.  
 And he, soul-crazed, and with the bitter tale  
 Afire, is said, at th' altars' front, amid  
 The gods' immediate pow'rs, in many a prayer  
 Jove humbly to have sued with hands up-turned:  
 "Almighty Jove, to whom the Moorish race,  
 Now banqueting on brodered couches, pours  
 Lenæan sacrifice, dost these behold?  
 Or thee, my father, when thou launchest forth  
 Thy levens, do we idly hold in awe?  
 And is it random flashes in the clouds  
 Appal our minds, and empty thunders blend?  
 The woman, who, a rover in our bourns,  
 A paltry city for a fee hath built,  
 To whom a sea-board to be ploughed, to whom, too, we  
 The jurisdiction of the spot have deigned,  
 Hath our espousals spurned, and as her lord  
 Æneas hath she welcomed to her realm.  
 And now *that* Paris, with his half-man train,  
 With Lydian turban underneath his chin,  
 And dripping tresses tied, the spoil enjoys:

286. "Old Cham,  
 Whom Gentiles Ammon call, and Libyan Jove."  
 Milton, *Paradise Lost*, b. iv.  
 301. "Terrify babes, my lord, with painted devils:  
 I am past such needless palsy."  
 Webster, *Vittoria Corombona*, iii. 2.  
 "Look to 't, for our anger  
 Is making thunder-bolts."  
 Thunder! in faith,  
 They are but crackers." *Ibid.*, ii. 1.  
 309. "Laying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,  
 On an extravagant and, wheedling stranger,  
 Of here and everywhere."  
 Shakespeare, *Othello*, i. 1.  
 310. "A raw young fellow,  
 One never trained in arms, but rather fashioned  
 To tilt with ladies' lips than crack a lance;  
 Ravish a feather from a mistress' fan,  
 And wear it as a favour."  
 Massinger, *The Bondman*, i. 1.

We off'rings to thy fanes forsooth present,  
 And cherish an unprofitable tale."

- [The suitor,] while in accents such he prays,  
 And holds the altars, the almighty heard,  
 And towards the royal city turned his eyes,  
 And to the lovers, of their better name  
 Forgetful; then thus Mercury accosts,  
 And such injunctions gives: "Post quick,  
 my son!  
 The Zephyrs call, and sail upon thy wings,  
 And the Dardanian prince, who loiters now  
 In Tyrian Carthage, and the cities, deigned  
 By Fates, regardeth not, do thou address,  
 And through the nimble gales bear down  
 my words:  
 'His fairest mother vouched him not to us  
 The like, and from the arms of Greeks for this  
 Twice claims him; but that he might prove  
 the man,  
 To govern Italy, with princedom big,  
 And storming in the battle; his descent  
 From Teucer's lofty lineage to evince,  
 And the whole world to force beneath his  
 rule.  
 If him no glory of such noble deeds  
 Enkindles, nor for sake of his own fame  
 Himself in toil engages, does the sire  
 T' Ascanius grudge the towered-heights  
 of Rome?  
 What [end] does he design? Or with what  
 hope  
 Is he delaying 'mong a hostile clan,  
 Nor casts a thought upon his Auson race,  
 And fields Lavinian? 'Let him sail!' This is  
 The point; let this the message be from us."  
 He said. Prepared the other to obey  
 His sovereign father's mandate; and he first  
 Upon his feet ties ancle-gear of gold,  
 Which high upon its pinions, whether o'er  
 The waters, or the lands, at even pace
313. "But that it were profane  
 To argue heaven of ignorance or injustice,  
 I now should tax it."  
*The Emperor of the East*, v. 1.  
 328. Or: "frees," "saves."  
 333. "Othello's occupation's gone."  
 Shakespeare, *Othello*, iii. 3.  
 346. "Now I go, now I fly,  
 Malkin my sweet spirit and I.  
 O what a dainty pleasure 'tis  
 To ride in the air  
 When the moon shines fair,  
 And sing and dance, and toy and kiss!  
 Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,  
 Over seas, our mistress' fountains,  
 Over steeples, towers, and turrets  
 We fly by night, 'mongst troops of spirits."  
 Middleton, *The Witch*, iii. end.  
 "But here's a little flaming cherubim,  
 The Mercury of heaven, with silver wings,

With the fleet blast convey him. Then his  
 wand  
 He takes. Herewith he summons forth  
 from Hell  
 The ghastly spirits, others sends adown  
 Beneath the rueful realms of Tartarus; 350  
 Grant slumbers and withdraws them, and  
 the eyes  
 At death unseals. Relying upon this,  
 He hunts the storms, and swims through  
 troublous clouds.  
 And now, on wing, the peak and steepy  
 sides  
 Of painful Atlas he describes, he, who  
 The firmament upon his summit props;—  
 Atlas, whose piny head is ever ringed  
 With sullen clouds, and beat by wind and  
 rain.  
 Snow, showered down, his shoulders ker-  
 chiefs; then  
 Floods headlong hurtle from the old man's  
 chin, 360  
 And stiffened stands in ice his bristly beard.  
 Here first, while leaning on his balanced  
 wings,  
 Cyllenius halted; hence with his whole  
 frame  
 He flung himself head-foremost to the  
 waves,  
 Like to a bird, which round the shores,  
 around  
 The fishy rocks flies low the surface nigh.  
 Not elsewise flew between the earth and  
 heaven,  
 And Libya's sandy shore and breezes passed,

Impt for the flight to overtake his ghost,  
 And bring him back again."

Southern, *Isabella*, end.

358. Like Milton's description of the region be-  
 yond Lethe:

"Beyond this flood a frozen continent  
 Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms  
 Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land  
 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems  
 Of ancient pile." P. L., b. ii.

360. Spenser gives Winter a beard not unlike to  
 that of Atlas:

"Lastly came Winter clothed all in frize,  
 Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill;  
 Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze;  
 And the dull drops that from his purpled bill  
 As from a limbeck did adown distill."

P. Q., vii. 7, 31.

"For scarce her chariot cut the easie earth,  
 And journeyed on, when Winter with cold breath  
 Crosseth her way, her borrowed haire did shine  
 With glittering isickles all christaline;  
 Her browes were perewigged with softer snow,  
 Her russet mantle fringed with ice below."

Marston, *Entertainment*, l. 25.

363. "A station like the herald Mercury  
 New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill."

Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, iii. 4.

From his maternal grandsire coming down,  
 The Cyllene child. When first with  
 pinioned soles 370  
 He touched the kraals, Æneas founding  
 towers,

And dwellings newly raising, he espies.

Ay e'en had he, with yellow jasper starred,  
 A sword, and with the Tyrian purple  
 blazed

A mantle, from his shoulders wimpled down;  
 Which presents had the wealthy Dido made,  
 And parted out the warp with filmy gold.  
 He instantly assails him: "Dost thou now  
 Foundations of the stately Carthage lay?  
 And, wife-besotted, art thou rearing up 380  
 Her beauteous city? Ah! of sovereignty  
 And thine estate forgetful! He himself,  
 The ruler of the gods, sends me to thee  
 From bright Olympos down, who by his nod  
 Wheels round the heav'n and earth; him-  
 self commands

To bring these orders thro' the nimble gales:  
 'What [end] dost thou design? Or with  
 what hope

Dost while away thine hours in Libyan  
 lands?

If thee no glory of such noble deeds

Affecteth, nor for sake of thine own fame  
 Thou dost thyself engage in toil, regard 391  
 Ascanius rising, and the prospects of thine  
 heir

Iulus, [he,] to whom Italia's realm  
 And Roman land are due.'" In such a  
 strain

Cyllenius having spoken, mortal ken  
 Amid his speech he quitted, and afar  
 He faded into subtle air from view.

But sooth Æneas, wildered at the sight,  
 Was dumb-struck, and his hair was raised  
 on end

With terror, and his voice within his jaws

369. Milton's description of Raphael's descent  
 from heaven somewhat resembles this of Mercury;  
*Paradise Lost*, b. v.:

"Down thither prone in flight  
 He speeds, and through the vast eternal sky  
 Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing  
 Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan  
 Winnows the buxom air. . . .  
 . . . At once on the eastern cliff of Paradise  
 He lights."

380. "Where is your understanding,  
 The noble vessel that your full soul sailed in,  
 Ribbed round with honours? Where is that? 'Tis  
 ruined!

The tempest of a woman's sighs has sunk it."

J. Fletcher, *The Bloody Brother*, ii. 1.

386. "A thousand leagues I have cut through  
 empty air,  
 Far swifter than the sailing rack that gallops  
 Upon the wings of angry winds, to seek thee."

J. Fletcher, *Women Pleased*, iv. 3.



Stood fixed. He burns to make escape  
by flight, 401  
And leave the blissful regions, thunder-  
struck  
At such grave warning and behests of gods.  
Alas ! what can he do ? With what ad-  
dress  
Now venture to approach the raging queen ?  
What introductions first should he adopt ?  
And now to this side, now to that, he  
shifts  
His active spirit, and to sundry points  
He hurries it, and whirls it round thro' all.  
While wav'ring, this to him the worthier  
view 410  
Appeared : he Mnestheus and Sergestus  
calls,  
And brave Cloanthus :—"That the fleet  
by stealth  
They should equip, and muster at the shore  
The crews, their arms get ready, and what  
ground  
For this his sweeping change of plan there  
be,  
They should disguise ; that he himself  
meanwhile,  
(Since Dido, best [of beings,] nothing knew,  
And she would not expect that loves so  
warm  
Could be dissolved,) approaches would  
essay,  
And what the softest seasons of address, 420  
What course was fitting to the case." With  
speed  
His mandate do they all in glee obey,  
And put in force his orders. But the queen  
His stratagems—a lover who can dupe ?—  
Divined, and was the foremost to perceive  
His coming movements, fearing all [though]  
safe.  
The same ungodly Rumor, as she fumes  
Announced to her that furnished was the  
fleet,  
And that a voyage was prepared. She  
storms,  
Of reason void, and, fired, in revel-rage 430  
Through all the city runs : as [fury-] roused  
At holy [emblems] moved, a raver-maid,  
What time triennial orgies goad her on,  
When heard is Bacchus, and Cithæron calls  
By night with shouting. She at last  
accosts  
Æneas in these accents, unaddressed :

405. More literally : "Now dare to come about."

420. "Pigme cares  
Can shelter under patience' shield, but gyant  
griefes  
Will burst all covert."  
Marston, *Antonio and Mellida*, P. 2, ii. 3.

"Hast hoped, O traitor, thou could'st  
e'en disguise  
Such heinous wickedness, and steal away  
In silence from my land ? Nor doth my  
love  
Hold thee, nor thee a right hand plighted  
erst, 440  
Nor Dido, doomed by felon death to die ?  
Nay, e'en 'neath winter's star dost thou  
equip  
Thy fleet, and haste amid the northern  
blasts  
To voyage through the deep, O heartless ?  
What ?  
Were it thou did'st not seek strange lands,  
and homes  
Unknown, and ancient Troy remained,  
would Troy  
Thro' billowy ocean in thy ships be sought ?  
Me fliest thou ? I [pray] thee by these tears,  
And thy right hand, (since to my wretched  
self  
Naught else I now have left,) by our em-  
brace, 450  
By bridal [joys] begun, if well at all  
Of thee I have deserved, or aught of mine  
Hath proved of charm to thee, compassionate  
A falling house, and [thee] I pray, if still  
Be any room for prayers, divest thyself  
Of such a thought as that. On thy account  
Loathe me the Libyan clans and Nomads'  
kings ;  
The Tyrians are incensed ; on thy account,  
The selfsame, is my honor blotted out,  
And former character, whereby alone 460

437. "Thy shallow artifice by its suspicion,  
And, like a cobweb veil, but thinly shades  
The face of thy design."  
"Thou, like the adder, venomous and deaf,  
Hast stung the traveller, and after hear'st  
Not his pursuing voice ; even when thou think'st  
To hide, the rustling leaves and bended grass  
Confess, and point the path which thou hast  
crept." Congreve, *The Mourning Bride*, v. 1.

455. "Spite of my rage and pride,  
I am a woman and a lover still." *Ibid.*, iv. 1.

460. "I see my leprosy unveiled ; that sin,  
Which, with my loss of honour, first engaged  
My misery, is with a sunbeam writ  
Upon my guilty forehead."  
Shirley, *The Imposture*, v. 3.

"She was once an innocent,  
As free from spot as the blue face of heaven,  
Without a cloud in 't : she is now as sullied  
As is that canopy, when mists and vapours  
Divide it from our sight, and threaten pestilence."  
Ford, *The Fancies*, v. 1.

"What delight has man  
Now at this present for his pleasant sin  
Of yesterday's committing ? 'las, 'tis vanished,  
And nothing but the sting remains within him !"  
Middleton, *The Widow*, iii. 2.

Was I approaching towards the stars. To whom

Dost thou abandon me in death's embrace,  
O guest?—since this the only name remains  
From [that of] husband. Why do I delay?  
Is't till Pygmalion, [my own] brother, raze  
[These] walls of mine, or me his pris'nér  
hale

The Gætulan Iarbas? If at least  
I any offspring, sired of thee, had owned  
Before thy flight, if sported in my hall  
For me some infantine Æneas, who 470  
Might thee, tho' but in face, repeat, I sooth  
Should not appear quite captived and for-  
lorn."

She said. He at Jove's warnings kept  
his eyes  
Unmoved, and with a struggle 'neath his  
heart

Unrest kept down; at last in [words] a few  
He answers: "Ne'er will I, O queen, disown  
That [in those favors], which, full many a  
one,

In language thou hast power to recount,  
Thou [nobly] hast deserved [of me]; nor  
shall it irk

Elissa in my memory to bear, 480  
So long as I am mindful of myself,  
So long as animation sways these limbs.  
Upon the question will I speak few [words].  
I neither hoped to cover this retreat  
By act of stealth, (form no [such fancy]  
thou,)

Nor e'er affected torches of a spouse,  
Or entered into contracts [such as] these.  
If Destinies would let me pass my life  
'Neath my own rule, and of my free accord

461. "Fight well, and thou shalt see, after these  
wars,

Thy head wear sunbeams, and thy feet touch stars."  
Massinger, *The Virgin Martyr*, ii. 3.

"No! you have let me stain my rising virtue,  
Which else had ended brighter than the sun."

Lee, *The Rival Queens*, iv. 2.

462. Or: "about to die."

485. "Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,  
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks."  
Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, iii. 4.

486. "Let weak statesmen think of conscience;  
I am armed against a thousand stings, and laugh at  
The tales of hell and other worlds: we must  
Possess our joys in this, and know no other  
But what our fancy every minute shall  
Create to please us."

Shirley, *The Politician*, i. 1.

"But it does not  
Add to the graces of your royal person,  
To tread upon a lady thus dejected  
By her own grief."

"Strike out a lion's teeth, and pare his claws,  
And then a dwarf may pluck him by the beard:  
'Tis a gay victory!" Shirley, *Chabot*, iii. 1.

To lull my woes to rest, Troy's city chief,  
And the dear relics of my [countrymen],  
Should I be cherishing; the lofty domes  
Of Priam would remain, and with my  
hand 493

I re-aring Pergamus had built  
For vanquished men. But now great Italy  
Grynian Apollo, Italy the lots  
Of Lycia, have commanded me to grasp.  
This is my passion, this my native land.  
If thee, a lady of Phœnicia, towers  
Of Carthage, and a Libyan city's sight 500  
Engages, what, I pray thee, means the  
grudge

At Teucri settling down in Auson land?  
Our right it is, too, foreign realms to seek.  
Me does my sire Anchises' troubled ghost,  
As oft as with dank shades the night  
enwraps

The lands, as oft as fiery stars arise,  
In slumbers warn and startle; me my boy,  
Ascanius, and his precious person's wrong,  
Whom of Hesperia's realm and destined  
fields

I cheat. Now e'en the courier of the gods,  
From Jove himself despatched,—the head  
of both 511

I take to witness,—thro' the nimble gales  
Hath carried down his orders. I myself  
The deity in open light beheld  
Ent'ring the walls, and in these ears his  
voice

Absorbed. Cease thou t' inflame alike  
myself

And thee with thy complainings: Italy,  
With no free choice of mine, do I pursue."

Him, speaking such, long since askance  
she views,

Hither and thither rolling round her eyes,  
And scans him wholly with her silent looks,  
And, set ablaze, on this wise speaks she  
forth: 522

"Neither a goddess mother was to thee,  
Nor Dardanus the founder of thy race,

510. "With devotion's visage,  
And pious action, we do sugar o'er  
The devil himself." Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, iii. 1.

"Doth she make religion her riding-hood  
To keep her from the sun and tempest?"  
Webster, *The Duchess of Malfi*, ii. 3.

"A plea which will but faintly take thee off"  
"From this leviathan scandal that lies rolling  
Upon the crystal waters of devotion."  
Middleton, *A Game at Chess*, ii. 1.

516. "Rid me of this my torture, quickly, there!  
My madam with the everlasting voice,—  
The bells in time of pestilence ne'er made  
Like noise, or were in that perpetual motion!"

"A lawyer could not have been heard! nor scarce  
Another woman, such a hail of words  
She has let fall." Ben Jonson, *The Fox*, iii. 2.

Traitor ! but bred thee, jagged with flinty cliffs,

The Caucasus, and Hyrcanian tigresses  
Their dugs approached. For why do I pretend ?

Or to what deeper [wrongs] reserve myself ?  
At our weeping did he heave a groan ?  
Bent he his eyes ? O'erpowered, shed he tears ? 530

Or hath he pity for a lover felt ?  
Before what [insults] what shall I prefer ?  
Now, now, nor highest Juno, nor the sire  
Saturnian with impartial eyes views these.  
Trust nowhere safe ! An outcast on the beach,

A beggar, have I harbored, and, a fool,  
Enthroned him in the partnership of realm ;  
His missing fleet, his mates, from death redeemed.

Ah ! fired by furies am I hurried ! Now  
The seer Apollo, now the Lycian lots, 540  
Now, too, the courier of the gods, despatched

525. " I have been gulled in a shining carbuncle,  
A very glowworm, that I thought had fire in't,  
And 'tis as cold as ice."  
Beaumont and Fletcher, *Wit at Several Weapons*,  
ii. 2.

" Honour you've little, honesty you've less ;  
But conscience you have none."  
Dryden, *The Duke of Guise*, iv. 1.  
" Thou seed of rocks, will nothing move thee, then ?"  
J. Fletcher, *The Bloody Brother*, iii. 1.

" Are you marble ?  
If Christians have mothers, sure they share in  
The tigress' fierceness ; for, if you were owner  
Of human pity, you could not endure  
A princess to kneel to you, or look on  
These falling tears which hardest rocks would  
soften,  
And yet remain unmoved."

Massinger, *The Renegade*, iii. 5.

" Be sure  
You credit anything, the light gives light to,  
Before a man. Rather believe the sea  
Weeps for the ruined merchant, when he roars ;  
Rather the wind courts but the pregnant sails,  
When the strong cordage cracks ; rather, the sun  
Comes but to kiss the fruit in wealthy autumn,  
When all falls blasted."

Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Maid's Tragedy*, ii. 2.

526. " Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,  
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,  
That souls of animals infuse themselves  
Into the trunks of men : thy currish spirit  
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,  
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,  
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,  
Infus'd itself in thee ; for thy desires  
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous."

Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, iv. 1.

" When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam ?  
Oh ! do not learn her wrath ; she taught it thee :  
The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to  
marble ;  
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny."

Titus Andronicus, ii. 3.

From Jove himself, brings dread commands  
through air.

That is, forsooth, a task for Pow'rs above !  
That care arouses them at their repose !  
I neither stay thee, nor thy words refute.  
Begone ! Pursue Italia with the winds !  
Seek kingdoms o'er the billows ! Sooth I  
hope

That thou 'mid rocks, if aught the holy  
Powers

Avail, [the cup of] punishment wilt drain,  
And by her name wilt ' Dido !' often call.  
Absent I'll dog thee with my sooty flames ;  
And when cold death shall from the soul  
my limbs 552

Have sundered, I, a ghost, in every spot  
Will haunt thee. Retribution shalt thou pay,  
Thou caittiff ! I shall hear, and this report  
Shall come to me below the deepest shades."  
She with these words the parley in the  
midst

Breaks off, and, sick at heart, escapes the air,  
And turns away, and flings her from his  
eyes,

Leaving him falt'ring grievously thro' fear,  
And making ready many [a word] to speak.  
Her maids upraise her, and her fainting  
limbs 562

Into her couching-chamber, marble-fraught,  
Bear off and lay them down upon a couch.

But good Æneas, though the suffer'ing  
[queen]

To soothe by comforting does he desire,  
And by his words to turn away her woes,  
Upheaving many a sigh, and in his soul  
Impaired by mighty passion, still fulfils  
The gods' behests, and seeks again the fleet.

546. " Hence from my sight, thou venom to my  
eyes !

Would I could look thee dead, or with a frown  
Dissect thee into atoms, and then hurl them  
About the world, to cast infection,  
And blister all they light on !"

Marmion, *The Antiquary*, iv. 1.

548. " Do you know who dwells above, sir,  
And what they have prepared for men turned  
devils ?

Did you never hear their thunder ? Start and  
tremble

When their fires visit us ? Death sitting on your  
blood,

Will nothing wring you then, do you think ?"

J. Fletcher, *The Humorous Lieutenant*, iv. 5.

562. " My life, like to a bubble i' th' air,  
Dissolved by some uncharitable winde,  
Denyes my body warmth : your breath  
Has made me nothing."

Rawlins, *The Rebellion*, i. 1.

570. " He walks away,  
And if he find her dead at his return,  
His pity is soon done ; he breaks a sigh  
In many parts, and gives her but a piece on 't."  
Middleton, *Women beware of Women*, iii. 1.



Then sooth the Teucri bend [to toil], and  
 launch 571  
 The lofty galleys all throughout the strand.  
 Smeared, floats the keel, and leafy oars  
 they bring,  
 And heart of oak, unfashioned, from the  
 woods,  
 In zeal for flight. These flitting might you  
 see,  
 And from out all the city pouring forth :  
 E'en as, what time a monster heap of spelt  
 The emmets waste, of winter-tide in mind,  
 And in their dwelling lay it up in store ;  
 A sable army marches o'er the plains, 580  
 And bear in loads the booty thro' the grass  
 By straitened track ; some push the moun-  
 tain-grains,  
 Against them straining with their shoulders ;  
 some  
 The squadrons rally, and chastise delays ;  
 With travail every path is in a glow.  
 What, Dido, was thy feeling then, the like  
 Perceiving ! Or what groanings did'st thou  
 heave,  
 What time the shores in ferment far and  
 wide  
 Thou spied'st from thy castle-crest, and  
 saw  
 The ocean all turmoiled before thine eyes  
 With such loud shoutings ! O unfeeling  
 love, 591  
 To what dost thou not drive the hearts of  
 men !  
 To have recourse again to tears, again  
 To try him by entreaty, is she forced,  
 And humbly bow her spirit to her love,  
 Lest she should any [course] leave unes-  
 sayed,  
 To bootless purpose [then] about to die.  
 " Anna, thou seest that [all] is hurried on  
 Throughout the shore ; they round from  
 every side  
 Have mustered ; now the canvas courts the  
 gales, 600  
 And on the sterns the sailors in delight  
 Have set their chaplets. Seeing I this pang,  
 So grievous, have been able to await,  
 I shall be able to support it too,  
 O sister. Still, do thou this one request  
 Perform, O Anna, for my hapless self.  
 For [yon] arch traitor honored thee alone ;  
 His hidden feelings even he to thee  
 Intrusted ; thou alone wert wont to know

578. " Black ants in teams come darkening all the  
 road,  
 Some call to march, and some to lift the load ;  
 They strain, they labour with incessant pains,  
 Press'd by the cumbrous weight of single grains."  
 Parnell, *The Flies*.

The soft approaches to the man, and times  
 [Of speech]. Go, sister, and in humble  
 form 611  
 My haughty foe accost : ' I did not swear  
 At Aulis with the Greeks to overthrow  
 The Trojan nation, or did I a fleet  
 To Pergamus despatch ; nor of his sire  
 Anchises th' ashes and the shades have I  
 Uprooted :—why declines he to allow  
 My words to sink within his churlish ears ?  
 [Say] whither is he rushing ? This last  
 boon  
 To me, his wretched lover, let him grant :  
 That he should wait alike an easy flight,  
 And leading winds. I am not craving  
 now 622  
 The former union, which he hath betrayed ;  
 Nor that his beauteous Latium he should  
 lack,  
 And realm forego : an idle hour I seek,  
 Reprieve and room for frenzy, till my fate  
 May teach me, overborne, to bear the  
 smart.  
 As a last favor this do I entreat ;—  
 Have pity on a sister !—which [request]  
 When thou shalt have accorded to me,  
 thee, 630  
 Full recompensed, at death will I requite."  
 In [accents] such she prayed, and weep-  
 ings such  
 Her sister, in most miserable plight,  
 Both carries and recarries back. But he  
 By weepings none is moved, or any words

610. " I'll try each secret passage to his mind,  
 And love's soft bands about his heart-strings wind."  
 Dryden, *Conquest of Granada*, iii. 1.

" Oh, my sister,—  
 Fate fain would have it so,—persuade, entreat !  
 A lady's tears are silent orators."

J. Fletcher, *Love's Cure*, v. 3.

611. " A heavy heart bears but a humble tongue."  
 Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2.

627. Or : " how to grieve."

631. That is,—that nothing but the gratitude of  
 a whole life could suffice to repay the obligation.  
 This is by no means satisfactory ; but the fact is,  
 that it seems impossible to know here what Virgil  
 either meant or wrote. The reading given by  
 Weise is founded, not upon manuscript, but on a  
 conjecture of Heyne's. But, though it were safe to  
 settle an author's text on the base of fancy, is not  
*cumulatâ sorte* more like prose than poetry ? To  
 pay a favour back with " augmented capital " is  
 even very questionable prose.

635. " But neither bended knees, pure hands held  
 up,  
 Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,  
 Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire."  
 Shakespeare, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iii. 1.

" My kind sister,  
 Thy tears are of no force to mollify  
 This flinty man."

Heywood, *A Woman Killed with Kindness*.

In pliancy he heeds : the Weirds withstand,  
And blocks the god the hero's gentle ears.  
And as when, sturdy in its aged trunk,  
An oak do Alpine tempests from the north,  
With blowings now on this side, now on  
that,

640

In mutual tourney struggle to uproot ;  
A din arises, and the lofty leaves  
Bestrew the earth, on shaking of its bole ;  
It grapples to the rocks itself, and high  
As with its summit to the gales of heaven,  
So low it stretches with its root to hell :  
Not otherwise, with never ceasing words  
On this and that side is the hero pealed,  
And in his noble breast deep feels his  
pangs :

His soul unshaken bides ; vain tears are  
shed.

650

Then sooth ill-fortuned, startled at her  
fates,

Prays Dido for her death : it irketh her  
To gaze upon the canopy of heaven.  
That she more readily may her design  
Accomplish, and the light forsake, she saw,  
When on the incense-burning altars she  
Her off'rings placed,—appalling to be  
told,—

The holy fluids blacken, and the wines,  
Outpoured, to turn them into loathsome  
gore.

This sight to none, no, not her sister e'en,  
Did she divulge. Moreover, stood within  
the dome

661

A shrine of marble to her former spouse,  
Which she with wonderful respect revered,  
With snowy wools and festal leafage hung.  
Hence voices, and the accents of her lord,  
As calling, seemed distinctly to be heard,  
What time the darkling night enchained  
the lands,

And, lone upon the gable-heights, the owl  
With dirge funeral often would complain,  
And spin her lengthful hootings to a wail.  
And many a prophecy, besides, of holy  
seers

671

With awful warning fills her with alarm.

“A south wind

Shall sooner soften marble, and the rain,  
That slides down gently from his flaggy wings,  
O'erflow the Alps, than knees, or tears, or groans,  
Shall wrest compunction from me.”

Massinger, *The City Madam*, v. 3.

648. So Milton, in *Paradise Lost*, b. ii. :

“Nor was his ear less peal'd

With noises loud and ruinous.”

653. So Cato says, in Addison's *Cato*, iv. 4 :

“O Lucius! I am sick of this bad world ;  
The daylight and the sun grow painful to me.”

671. Or, if *priorum*, v. 464, be read : “of seers  
of yore.”

Himself the fell Æneas in her sleep  
The raver baits ; and ever to be left  
[All] lonely to herself she ever seems,  
Unretained, a longsome way to wend,  
And seek the Tyrians in a land forlorn.  
As troops of Furies madding Pentheus  
sees,

The sun, too, double, and a Thebes twofold  
Appearing ; or, of Agamemnon [sired],  
Orestes, chased on stages, as he flies, 681  
His mother, armed with brands and sooty  
snakes,

And vengeful Diræ in the threshold sit.

So, when she took the Furies to her  
breast,

O'erwhelmed with anguish, and resolved to  
die,

The time and manner with herself she  
weighs,

And in [these] words her sister, woe-begone,  
Accosting, in her visage masks her plan,  
And plants the calm of hope upon her  
brow :

“A way, O sister,—give thy sister joy!—  
Have I discovered, which may him restore  
To me, or me, his lover, free from him. 692  
Near ocean's limit and the setting sun,  
The utmost region of the Æthiops lies,  
Where monster Atlas on his shoulder  
wheels

The Empyrean, gemmed with blazing stars.  
Therefrom to me there hath been pointed  
out

A priestess of the Massylæan clan,  
The guardian of the Hesp'rids' fane, and  
who

699

His banquets to the dragon used to serve,  
And watch the holy branches on the tree,  
Besprinkling fluid honies [o'er his food],

679. Armstrong uses the same illustration to  
magnify the horrors of another species of madness,  
—that which results from intemperance :

“But such a dim delirium, such a dream  
Involves you ; such a dastardly despair  
Unmans your soul as maddening Pentheus felt,  
When, baited round Cithæron's cruel sides,  
He saw two suns, and double Thebes ascend.”

*Health*, b. iv.

682.

“Orestes. Now, now  
I blaze again! See there! Look where they  
come,—

A shoal of Furies! How they swarm about me!  
My terror! Hide me! Oh, their snakey locks!  
Hark how they hiss! See, see their flaming brands!  
Now they drive full at me! How they grin,  
And shake their iron whips! My ears! What  
yelling!” Philips, *The Distress Mother*, end.

696. Shakespeare beautifully expresses the idea  
conveyed by *stellis ardentibus aptum*, v. 482;  
*Merchant of Venice*, v. 1 :

“Sit, Jessica : look how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.”

L

And drowsy poppy. Pledges she herself  
That she by spells can free what minds she  
lists,

But loose can launch on others grievous  
pains ;

Arrest the water in the floods, and turn  
The stars aback ; and she the ghosts by  
night

Evokes : earth roaring underneath thy feet  
Wilt thou behold, and ashes coming down  
From mountains. I attest the gods and thee,  
Dear sister, and thy darling head, that I  
To sorc'rous arts unwillingly resort. 712

Do thou in private a funereal pile  
In th' inner court beneath the air upraise,  
And the man's armor, which the goddess  
[wretch]

Fixed in the couching chamber left, and all  
His dress, the bridal bed, too, wherein I  
Was ruined, lay thereon. To blot away  
All, all memorials of the cursèd man  
Delights me, and the priestess [this] en-  
joins." 720

These words she having uttered, held  
her peace ;

At once her features wanness overspreads.  
Still Anna deems not that her sister cloaks  
Her death beneath the strange religious  
rites,

Nor such wild frenzies harbors in her mind,  
Or does she weightier [evils] apprehend  
Than at Sychæus' death. She therefore  
makes

The ordered preparations. But the queen,—  
A pyre in th' inner court beneath the air  
Upraised immense, of pines and plank of  
oak,— 730

Lays out alike the spot with coronals,  
And decks it with the deathly leaf. Above,  
His garments, and the falcon left behind,  
His image, too, she places on the bed,  
Not wareless of the future. Stand the  
altars round ;

And with dishevelled locks the priestess  
thrice

Fourth thunders from her mouth a hundred  
gods,

Both Erebus, and Chaos, Hecat too,  
Threefold, the maid Diana's triple forms.

And sprinkled she the mimic waters of the  
spring 740

711. The swearing by the head was a common  
oath in many countries. Though no longer a  
custom in these, Spenser puts it into the mouth of  
one of his characters :

"Then I avow, by this most sacred head  
Of my dear foster-child."

*Faerie Queene*, iii. 2, 33.

712. More literally :

"For sorc'rous arts unwillingly am girt."

Avernian ; and, by moonlight mown with  
hooks

Of bronze, are sought the herbs of downy  
growth,

With sap of sable poison ; and is sought,  
Wrenched from the forehead of a new-  
foaled colt,

And ravished from the dam, the [mole of]  
love.

[The queen] herself with salted meal, and  
hands

Religious, near the altars, with one foot  
Strip of its [sandal-] bands, in robe ungirt,

About to die, to witness calls the gods,  
The stars, too, of her destiny aware : 750

Thereon,—if any Pow'r, impartial e'en  
And mindful, holds the lovers worth a care,  
[Who're tied] by no fair contract,—him she  
prays.

'Twas night, and jaded bodies peaceful  
sleep

Were snatching to them through the earth,  
and woods

And raging seas had gone to rest, when stars  
In mid career are rolled, when every field

Is hushed. The cattle, and enamelled  
birds,

E'en those which far and wide the crystal  
meres,

And those which lands, with briars brist-  
ling, haunt, 760

In slumber laid beneath the stilly night,  
Their sorrows were assuaging, and the  
hearts,

Forgetful of their travails. But not so,

754. The stillness of the world at night is finely  
described by Dr. Young, *Night Thoughts*, i. 18-25 :

"Night, sable goddess ! from her ebony throne,  
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth  
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.  
Silence, how dead ! and darkness, how profound !  
Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object finds ;  
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse  
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause ;  
An awful pause ! prophetic of her end."

"Sweet sleep charm his sad senses, and gentle  
thoughts

Let fall your flowing numbers here, and round  
about

Hover, celestial angels, with your wings,  
That none offend his quiet !"

Shirley, *The Maid's Revenge*, v. 3.

758. "All birds that in the stream their pinions dip,  
Or from the brink the liquid crystal sip,  
Or show their beauties to the sunny skies,  
Here waved their plumes that shone with varying  
dyes ;

But chiefly he, that o'er the verdant plain  
Spreads the gay eyes, which grace his spangled  
train ;

And he who, proudly sailing, loves to show  
His mantling wings and neck of downy snow."

Sir William Jones, *The Seven Fountains*.



Unblest of spirit, the Phœnician dame ;  
Nor is she ever melted into sleep,  
[N] or in her eyne or bosom welcomes night.  
Redouble her distresses, and once more,  
Again uprising does her passion storm,  
And surge with her resentments' mighty  
tide.

Thus then she broods upon [her lot], and  
thus 770

Within her bosom with herself revolves :  
"Lo ! what is it I do ? Shall I once more  
My former suitors, ridiculed, essay,  
And nuptials with the Nomads humbly  
crave,

Whom I so often have already scorned  
As husbands ? Shall I therefore Ilia barks,  
And worst behests of Teucer's sons attend ?  
Is it because it joys them that erewhile  
By my assistance they have been relieved,  
And duly with the grateful there abides  
The obligation from a former act ? 781  
But grant I willed it,—who'll allow it me ?  
Or, loathed, admit me to their haughty  
ships ?

Alas ! O lady lost, dost thou not know,  
Or not as yet perceive the perjuries  
Of the Laomedontian race ? What then ?  
Shall I, alone in flight, accompany  
Their chuckling seamen ? Or, by Tyrians  
thronged 788

And all my people's host, be wafted on,  
And, whom from Sidon's city scarce did I  
Unroot, shall I again lead o'er the deep,  
And bid them give the canvas to the gales ?  
Nay, rather perish as thou hast deserved,  
And with the falcon turn away the pang !  
Thou, overpowered by my tears, thou first  
Dost lade a raver, sister, with these ills,  
And fling her to the foe. 'Twas not allowed,  
A life of marriage void, without a fault,  
To lead, in fashion of a savage beast,  
Nor such anxieties to touch ! The faith,  
Pledged to Sychæan ash [es], is not kept !"  
Such grievous complaints she vented from her  
breast. 802

Æneas on the lofty stern, now fixed  
Upon departure, sleep was snatching, now  
With preparations orderly arranged.  
To him the figure of the god in dreams  
Itself presented, in the selfsame guise  
Returning, and again thus seemed to warn ;

764. "Wrongs done to love  
Strike the heart deeply : none can truly judge on't  
But the poor sensible sufferer whom it racks  
With unbeliev'd pains."

Middleton, *The Witch*, i. 1.

788. Or : "A crew triumphant ?"

801. "Angels themselves must break that promise  
Beyond the strength and patience of angels."

Massinger, *The Fatal Dowry*, v. 2.

In all like Mercury, alike in voice,  
And hue, and amber locks, and limbs  
adorned 810

With youth : "O goddess-born, canst  
sleep prolong

Beneath this crisis ? Nor what dangers  
thence

May thee environ, madman ! dost perceive ?  
Nor hearest thou propitious Zephyrs  
breathe ?

That [woman].wiles and awful wickedness  
Is in her breast revolving, bent on death,  
And surges with resentments' fitful tide.

Art thou not posting hence in headlong  
haste,

Whilst thou to post in headlong haste hast  
power ?

Forthwith shalt thou behold the sea tur-  
moiled 820

With ships, and grisly torches glare ; forth-  
with

The shores with blazes in a glow, if thee,  
Delaying in these regions, shall the Dawn  
Have touched. Uprouse thee then ! break  
off delays !

A vacillating and capricious thing  
Is woman ever." He, thus having said,  
Himself commingling with the sable night.

Then sooth Æneas, by the sudden gloom  
Affrighted, tears away his frame from sleep,  
And importunes his comrades : "Quick  
awake ! 830

My men, and take your stations on the  
thwarts ;

Unclew the sails with speed ! A god, de-  
spatched

From th' empyrean high, to hasten flight,  
And cut away the twisted hawsers, lo !  
Once more is urging on. We follow thee,  
O holy one of gods, whoe'er thou art,

825. "Mutability,  
All faults that may be nam'd, nay that hell knows,  
Why hers, in part, or all : but rather all ;  
Nor e'en to vice  
They are not constant, but are changing still  
One vice, but of a minute old, for one  
Not half so old as that."

Shakespeare, *Cymbeline*, ii. 5.

"And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,  
Woman's at best a contradiction still."

Pope, *Moral Essays*, Ep. ii. 269.

"A creature fond and changing, fair and vain,  
The creature, 'Woman,' rises now to reign."

Parnell, *Hesiod*.

"Oh ! women have fantastic constitutions,  
Inconstant in their wishes, always wavering,  
And never fixed." Otway, *Venice P.*, iii. 1.

835.

"I feel now

That there are Powers above us, and that 'tis not  
Within the searching policies of man  
To alter their decrees."

Beaumont and Fletcher, *The False One*, v. 1.

And thy behests once more obey with joy.  
 O be thou present, and benignly aid,  
 And stous in heav'n propitious bring." He  
     spake,  
 And tears his blade of lightning from the  
     sheath, 840  
 And with drawn steel the hawsers smites.  
 At once  
 The selfsame fervor holds them all. They  
     hale alike,  
 And hurry ; they the shores have left ; the  
     main  
 Lies hid beneath the galleys ; forcing, they  
 Whirl up the foam, and sweep the azure  
     [seas].  
 And now first sprent the lands with virgin  
     light

844. As the enemies of the Castle of Temperance  
 concealed the Earth :

" So huge and infinite their numbers were,  
 That all the land they under them did hyde."  
     Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, ii. 11, 5.

845. So Spenser, *F. Q.*, i. 2, 7. See also i. 11, 51 :  
 " Now when the rosy-fingred Morning faire,  
 Weary of aged Tithones saffron bed,  
 Had spread her purple robe through deawy aire."  
 Shakespeare has numberless descriptions of day-  
 break of great beauty ; e. g., *Romeo and Juliet*,  
 ii. 3 :

" The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,  
 Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of  
     light ;  
 And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels  
 From forth day's pathway, made by Titan's  
     wheels :  
 Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,  
 The day to cheer, and night's dark dew to dry :"  
     &c.

And again, in the same Play, iii. 5 :

" Look, what envious streaks  
 Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east :  
 Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops."

" See, the day begins to break,  
 And the light shoots like a streak  
 Of subtle fire ; the wind blows cold,  
 Whilst the morning doth unfold,  
 Now the birds begin to rouse,  
 And the squirrel from the boughs  
 Leaps to get him nuts and fruit ;  
 The early lark, that erst was mute  
 Carols to the rising day  
 Many a note and many a lay."

J. Fletcher, *The Faithful Shepherdess*, iv. 4.

" Mild rides the Morn in orient beauty dress'd,  
 An azure mantle, and a purple vest,  
 Which, blown by gales, her gemmy feet display,  
 Her amber tresses negligently gay :  
 Collected now her rosy hand they fill,  
 And, gently wrung, the pearly dew distil.  
 The songful Zephyrs, and the laughing Hours,  
 Breathe sweet, and strew her opening way with  
     flowers." Savage, *Wanderer*, c. iv.

And shortly after, of Sunrise :

" Now, in his tabernacle roused, the Sun  
 Is warn'd the blue ethereal steep to run ;

Aurora, leaving Tithon's saffron bed.  
 Soon as the queen from posts of watch  
     beheld  
 The light wax white, and with its balanced  
     sails  
 The navy under way, and shores and ports  
 Unpeopled, without rower, she perceived,  
 Both thrice and four times on her dainty  
     breast 852  
 Deep struck with hand, and rent in amber  
     locks ;  
 " Alas the day ! O Jove, shall this man  
     go ?"  
 She cries, " and shall an alien ridicule  
 Our realm ? Will they not fetch their  
     armor forth,  
 And, [poured] from all the city, give him  
     chase,  
 And others drag down galleys from the  
     docks ?

Go quick ! bring blazes, set the sails, ply  
     oars !—

What do I say ? Or where am I ? My  
     brain 860  
 What madness turns ? Unhappy Dido !  
     Now

Do thy ungodly doings sting thee ? Then  
 'Twas meet [they should] when thou the  
     sceptral sway

Vouchsafedst.—Lo ! right hand and troth  
     [of one],

Who with him, they assert, his country's  
     gods

Is bringing ! Who upon his shoulders bare  
 A father spent with age !—His body seized  
 Could I not have dislimbed, and o'er the  
     waves

Have scattered it ? [Could I] not his com-  
     peers,

Not,—have annihilated with the steel 870  
 Ascanius' very self, and served him up  
 To be a banquet on his father's boards ?

While on his couch of floating jasper laid,  
 From his bright eye Sleep calls the dewy shade.  
 The crystal dome transparent pillars raise,  
 Whence, beam'd from sapphires, living azure  
     plays ;  
 The liquid floor, inwrought with pearls divine,  
 Where all his labours in mosaic shine :  
 His coronet a cloud of silver-white ;  
 His robe with unconsuming crimson bright,  
 Varied with gems, all heaven's collected store !  
 While his loose locks descend, a golden shower."

855. " Have I no spleen,  
 Nor anger of a woman ? Shall he build  
 Upon my ruins, and I, unrevenged,  
 Deplore his falsehood ?"

Massinger, *The Picture*, iii. 6.

868. " No ! let me know the man that wrongs me so,  
 That I may cut his body into motes,  
 And scatter it before the Northern blast."  
 Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Maid's Tragedy*, ii. 1.

But doubtful th' issue of the fray had proved.—

It might have proved so : whom had I to fear,

About to perish ? Torches on their camp I might have flung, and filled their decks with flames,

And son and father with the race have quenched !

Aye even have myself bestowed them !—Sun !

Who scannest with thy fires all tasks of earth, 879

And thou, agent and witness of these woes, O Juno ! Hecat, too, in crossing paths

By night invoked thro' cities with a howl ; And O ye vengeful Furies, and ye gods

Of perishing Elissa, hear ye these, And turn your pow'r divine, that is their due,

To [these] my wrongs, and listen to our prayers !

If needs must be his cursèd person touch The ports, and float to land, and thus the fates

Of Jove exact, this issue is decreed :— Yet worried by the warfare and the arms

Of [some] bold clan, an exile from his bourns, 891

Wrenched from Iulus's embrace, may he Crave aid, and see the ignominious deaths

Of his own [people] ! nor when he himself Shall have surrendered, [laid] beneath the terms

Of [some] unrighteous peace, may he enjoy His realm or light desired, but let him fall

Before his day, and [lie] amid the sand Unseparated ! These [boons] I beg ; this word,

My latest, with my blood outpour. 900

Then ye, O Tyrians, harass with your hate The brood and all its progeny to come,

And to my ash [es] offer up these gifts. Between the nations let there be no love,

Nor leagues ! Rise ! some avenger from our bones,

The Dardan settlers to pursue with fire And falcon, now, hereafter, at what time

Soe'er shall pow'rs impart them [unto thee].

The curse of shores antagonist to shores, To billows waves, to armor arms, I pray :

899. " Let him be lost, no eye to weep his end, Nor find no earth that's base enough to bury him ! " J. Fletcher, *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, iii. 5.

905. " Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell ! Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne,

May both themselves and their descendants war ! " 911

These speaks she, and her mind to every side

She shifted, seeking, soon as in her power, To break away the [thread of] loathly light.

She Barce then, Sychæus' nurse, in brief Accosted ; for her own the sable ash

In her time-honored land possessed : " Dear nurse,

My sister Anna hither lead to me ; Tell her to haste her person to bedew

With water of the brook, and with her bring 920

The victims and atonements pointed out : Thus let her come ; and thy own brows do thou

Thyself envelop with religious band. The sacrifices to the Stygian Jove,

Which, in due form commenced, have I prepared,

It is my purpose to complete, and put An end to my distresses, and the pyre

Of Dardan bust abandon to the flame." On this wise does she speak. The other

sped Her step with aged woman's zeal. But scared, 930

And at her monstrous undertakings wild, Dido, her blood-shot eyeball rolling round,

And dashed with blotches o'er her quiv'ring cheeks,

And wan at coming dissolution, bursts Within the inner portals of the dome,

And in her frenzy mounts the lofty pyre ; The Dardan falcon, too, does she unsheathe,—

Not for these services a boon acquired. Here, soon as on the Ilian gear, and bed

Well-known, she gazed, awhile in tears and thought 940

Delaying, she both laid her on the couch, And spake her latest words : " O relics dear,

While doom and deity allowed, receive To tyrannous hate ! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,

For 'tis of aspics' tongues." Shakespeare, *Othello*, iii. 3.

914. So Amavia prays, in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, ii. 1, 36 :

" Come, then ; come soon ; come, sweetest Death, And take away this long lent loathed light."

921. Or : " The beasts and the." 928. " Hecate. Is the heart of wax

Stuck full of magic needles ? Stadlin. 'Tis done, Hecate. Hec. And is the farmer's picture and his wife's

Laid down to th' fire yet ? Stad. They're a-roasting both too."

Middleton, *The Witch*, i. 2.



This soul, and free me from these troubles! I  
Have lived, and that career, which had my  
fate

Assigned, have run; and now this shade of  
mine

Majestic 'neath the earth shall wend its  
way.

A passing glorious city have I reared;  
My walls have seen; a husband having  
venged,

I've from a hostile brother penalties 950

Exacted: blest, alas! too blest,  
Had but the Dardan keels ne'er touched  
our shores!"

She said; and,—pressed upon the couch  
her lips,—

"Die shall we unavenged; but let us die!"  
she cries,

"Thus, thus it joys to pass to shades below.  
This conflagration with his eyes let drink  
The barbarous Dardanian from the deep,  
And with him bear the omens of our death."

She said; and in the midst of such [her  
words]

Her train behold her sunk beneath the  
steel, 960

The sword, too, frothing with the gore,  
and sprent

Her hands. A shrieking mounts the lofty  
halls;

Wild revels Rumor thro' the city shocked;  
With moans, and groan, and women's howl,  
the roofs

Are ringing; thunders heav'n with mighty  
wails:

No otherwise, than if from foes let loose  
All Carthage were to fall or aged Tyre,  
And raging blazes were to be enwreathed  
Throughout the gables both of men and  
gods.

Her sister breathless heard, and, terrified,

944. "I fall to rise: mount to thy Maker, spirit!  
Leave here thy body: Death has her demerit."  
Marston, *Insatiate Countesse*, v. 5.

947. "Through darkness diamonds spread their  
richest light."  
Webster, *Vittoria Corombona*, iii. 2.

959. Or: "below the shades."

966. "So from a spark, that kindled first by chance,  
With gathering force the quickening flames  
advance;

Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,  
And towers and temples sink in floods of fire."

Pope, *Temple of Fame*.

The translation of the second *per* in this idiomatic  
passage would involve the supply of a weak ellipsis.

970. "Which when that warrior heard, dismount-  
ing straight

From his tall steed, he rush into the thick,  
And soone arrived where that sad Pourtrait  
Of death and dolour lay, halfe dead, halfe quick:

In flurried haste, while marring with her  
nails 971

Her features, and her breasts with clenched  
hands,

Darts through the midmost, and the dying  
[queen]

Loud calls by name: "O sister, was it  
this?

In cunning didst thou seek me? Was it  
this

That pile funereal, was it this the fires  
And altars had in store for me? Whereof  
In chief shall I forlorn complain? Hast  
thou

Thy sister for a comrade scorned at death?  
Would thou had'st called me to the selfsame  
doom! 980

One anguish and one hour had with the  
sword

Swept both of us away. With these [my]  
hands

Did I e'en rear it, and our country's gods  
Call with my voice, that I should thee,  
thus laid,

O heartless one, have failed? Thyself and  
me

Thou hast, O sister, quenched, thy people  
too,

And the Sidonian sires, and city thine.  
Give me with waters clean to wash her  
wounds;

And should there any parting breath above  
Still wander, I will catch it with my lips."

In whose white alabaster brest did stick  
A cruel knife that made a grisly wound,  
From which forth gusht a stream of gore-blood  
thick,

That all her goodly garments stained around,  
And into a deepe sanguine died the grassy ground."  
Spenser, *F. Q.*, ii. 1, 39.

974. "What shall she do? She to her brother runs,  
His cold and lifeless body does embrace;  
She calls to him that cannot hear her moans,  
And with her kisses warms his clammy face."

Cowley, *Constantia and Philetus*.

981. "First will I sing thy dirge,  
Then kiss thy pale lips, and then die myself,  
And fill one coffin and one grave together."  
Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Knight of the*

*Burning Pestle*, iv. 5.

989. "She stirs; here's life!  
Return, fair soul, from darkness, and lead mine  
Out of this sensible hell! She's warm, she breathes!  
Upon thy pale lips I will melt my heart,  
To store them with fresh colour."

Webster, *The Duchess of Malfi*, iv. 2.

990. "His palled face, impictured with death,  
She bathed oft with teares and dried oft:  
And with sweet kisses suckt the wasting breath  
Out of his lips like lillies pale and soft.  
And oft she cald to him, who answerd nought,  
And onely by his looks did tell his thought."

Spenser, *Astrophel*.

Thus speaking, she had climbed the lofty  
steps, 991

And, her half-living sister clasping round,  
She hugged her in her bosom with a groan,  
And stanch'd the jetty blood-streams with  
her robe.

The other, efforts having made to lift  
Her heavy eyeballs, swoons away again :  
Deep plunged beneath her breast, the  
wound

Is gurgling. Thrice she, lifting up her  
[form],  
And leaning on her elbow, raised [her-  
self];

Thrice backward was she rolled upon the  
bed, 1000

And with her wand'ring eyes through lofty  
heaven

She sought the light, and groaned when it  
was found.

992. " Eyes, look your last !  
Arms, take your last embrace ! and lips, Oh ! you  
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss  
A dateless bargain to engrossing death !"  
Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, v. 3.

1002. " Antonius. Then with her dies  
The abstract of all sweetness that's in woman !  
Let me down, friend, that, ere the iron hand  
Of death close up mine eyes, that may at once  
Take my last leave both of this light and her :  
For, she being gone, the glorious sun himself  
To me's Cimmerian darkness.

Macrinus. Strange affection !  
Cupid once more hath changed his shafts with  
Death,  
And kills, instead of giving life."  
Massinger, *The Virgin Martyr*, iv. 3.

Then Juno, the almighty, in her ruth  
At her long anguish and laborious death,  
Sent Iris from the Empyrean down,  
To disengage the struggling soul, and limbs  
Enfettered [with it] : for that, seeing she  
Nor by her destiny, nor death deserved,  
Was dying, but ill-starred before her day,  
And by a sudden frenzy-passion fired, 1010  
Not yet had Proserpine the golden lock  
From off the summit of her head with-  
drawn,  
And to the Stygian Orcus doomed the  
head.

So dewy Iris on her saffron wings,  
Along the sky a thousand motley hues  
Abstracting from the sun afloat, flies down,  
And near, above the head, she stood :

" This lock,  
Devote to Dis, enjoined I carry off,  
And thee from that thy body I release."  
Thus speaks she, and the lock with her  
right hand 1020  
She cuts ; and all the heat at once dissolved,  
And to the breezes sped the life away.

1022. " O she is gone ! the talking soul is mute !  
She's hushed, no voice of music now is heard !  
The bower of beauty is more still than death ;  
The roses fade, and the melodious bird,  
That waked their sweets, has left them now for  
ever." Lee, *The Rival Queens*, v. 1.

" So, fare thee well !  
Now boast thee, Death ! In thy possession lies  
A lass unparalleled. Downy windows, close ;  
And golden Phœbus never be beheld  
Of eyes again so royal !"  
Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*, v. 2.

## BOOK V.

MEANWHILE Æneas with the navy now  
His mid [-sea] voyage straight was holding  
on,  
And the dun billows with the northern gale

Line 2. Virgil often uses *medius* to indicate a  
distance from the extremity, be it greater or less.  
For instance, in *Æn.* iii. v. 665, Polyphemus  
*graditur per æquor jam medium* ; yet, *nequum  
fructus latera ardua linxit*. So here, the word is  
employed loosely, to express Æneas being well out  
at sea. However, it would seem better not to  
attempt too strict a version of the word, especially  
as " mid-sea " may well carry with it a similar  
looseness of meaning.

3. There are numberless instances of Virgil's  
using the names of winds in a lax way, according  
as the necessities of the metre required. See note  
on *Æn.* i. l. 841. Yet, perhaps, *Aquilo* may here  
be employed deliberately in its accurate signifi-  
cation. In *Æn.* iv. v. 310, to take *Aquilonibus* in  
the sense of wind generally would plainly be to

Was cleaving, looking back upon the walls,  
which now  
Are glaring with unblest Elissa's flames.  
What reason may have lighted up a fire,  
So great, lies hidden ; but the grievous  
pangs

weaken the force of Dido's sarcasm ; and so, in the  
present case, the same word is probably repeated  
with design. The Trojans were in such a hurry to  
be gone, that they went even with a foul wind.  
However, *Aquilo* would not be so much a-head as  
*Boreas*.

4. " They, looking back, all th' eastern side beheld  
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,  
Waved over by that dreadful brand ! the gate  
With dreadful faces throng'd, and fiery arms.  
Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wip'd them  
soon :  
The world was all before them, where to choose  
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide."  
Milton, *P. L.*, end.

From outrage offered to a mighty love,  
And knowledge what can frantic woman do,  
Through sad foreboding lead the Trojans'  
minds. 10

Soon as their galleys occupied the deep,  
Nor any land now further meets [the  
view];—

Seas all around, and all around the sky;—  
Above his head a dingy rain-cloud came  
To a near stand; Night bringing on and  
storm;

And 'gan the wave to crisp beneath the  
gloom.

E'en Palinure, the pilot, from the stern  
On high: "Ah! why have storm-clouds  
so immense

Wrapt heav'n? Or what, sire Neptune,  
dost prepare?" 19

Thus having said, thereon he gives command

8. "Lopez, Methinks a woman dares not—  
*Roderigo.* Thou speak'st poorly;  
What dares not woman when she is provok'd?  
Or what seems dangerous to love or fury?"  
Fletcher, *The Pilgrim*, iii. 1.

"The effects of violent love are desperate."  
Massinger, *A Very Woman*, v. 4.

10. "I cannot change, as others do,  
Though you unjustly scorn;  
Since that poor swain that sighs for you,  
For you alone was born.

"No, Phillis, no, your heart to move  
A surer way I'll try;  
And, to revenge my slighted love,  
Will still love on, will still love on, and die.

"When, killed with grief, Amyntas lies,  
And you to mind shall call  
The sighs that now un pity'd rise,  
The tears that vainly fall,

"That welcome hour, that ends this smart,  
Will then begin your pain;  
For such a faithful tender heart  
Can never break, can never break in vain."  
Earl of Rochester, *Constancy*.

18. One of the oldest descriptions of a storm in  
the English language (before Chaucer's *Canterbury  
Tales*) is to be found in Gower's *Confessio Amantis*,  
b. viii.:

"Whan thei were in the sea amid,  
Out of the north thei see a cloude,  
The storme arose, the wyndes loude  
Thei blewen many a dredefull blaste,  
The welken was all ouercaste:  
The derke night the sonne hath vnder,  
There was a great tempest of thunder.  
The moone, and eke the sterres bothe  
In blacke cloudes thei hem clothe,  
Whereof their bright loken thei hide."

"If by your art, my dearest father, you have  
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:  
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,  
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,  
Dashes the fire out." Shakespeare, *Tempest*, i. 2.

"Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;  
The starry welkin cover thou anon  
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron."  
*Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2.

To reef the sails, and ply with lusty oars,  
And veers diagonally to the wind  
The folds [of canvas], and suchlike he  
speaks:

"High-souled Æneas, not, tho' Jove to me  
Should pledge himself as surety, could I  
hope

That 'neath this sky Italia we could fetch.  
Athwart us shifted, bluster, and uprise  
In concert from the inky West, the winds,  
And into cloud the ether is condensed: 29

We neither have the pow'r to struggle on  
Against them, nor the effort e'en to make.  
Since Fortune lords it, follow we [her lead],  
And whither she is calling bend our course.  
Nor deem I far, trustworthy, brotherly,  
The coasts of Eryx, and Sicilia's ports,  
If only in a duly mindful mood,  
The stars observed I calculate again."

Then good Æneas: "Sooth I long have  
seen

That thus the winds exact, and that in vain  
Against them thou dost strive: Shape  
course by sails! 40

Can any land to me more welcome prove,  
Or where the rather I would fain put in  
My shattered ships, than that which guards  
for me

The Dardan-sprung Acestes, and the bones  
Of sire Anchises bosoms in its lap?"  
When these were spoken, they the havens  
seek,

21. "As when the seaman sees the Hyades  
Gather an army of Cimmerian clouds,  
(Auster and Aquilon with winged steeds,  
All sweating, tilt about the watery heavens,  
With shivering spears enforcing thunder-claps,  
And from their shields strike flames of lightning,)  
All-fearful folds his sails, and sounds the main,  
Lifting his prayers to the Heavens for aid  
Against the terror of the winds and waves."  
Marlowe, *Tamburlaine the Great*, iii. 2.

27. "From every several quarter of the sky  
The thunder roars, and the fierce lightnings fly  
One at another, and together dash  
Volley on volley, flash comes after flash,  
Heaven's light looks sad, as they would melt away,  
The night is come! 'th' morning of the day:  
The card'nal winds He makes at once to blow,  
Whose blasts to buffets with such fury go!" &c.  
Drayton, *Noah's Flood*.

"The flattering wind, that late with promis'd aid  
From Candia's bay th' unwilling ship betray'd,  
No longer fawns beneath the fair disguise,  
But like a ruffian on his quarry flies:  
Tost on the tide she feels the tempest blow,  
And dreads the vengeance of so fell a foe."  
Falconer, *Shipwreck*, i. 3.

29. "At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise  
Scarce staining ether; but by swift degrees,  
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails  
Along the loaded sky, and mingled deep  
Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom."  
Thomson, *Spring*.



And fav'ring Zephyrs swell the sails. The  
fleet

Is quickly wafted through the gulf, and  
they at last

Are borne delighted to the well-known  
strand.

But from a lofty mountain-crest afar 50  
Amazed at their approach, and barks allied,  
Acestes meets them, bristling in his darts,  
And in an Afric she-bear's skin; whom  
bore

A Trojan mother, gendered by the flood  
Crimisus. Of his ancient fathers he,  
Not mindless, gives them joy on their return,  
And entertains them, glad, with rural  
wealth,

And cheers the weary with his kindly  
means.

What time next gairish day with infant  
dawn

The stars had chased aloof, from all the  
shore 60

His mates Æneas to assembly calls,  
And from a hillock-pile [these words] he  
speaks:

"Great Dardans, issue from the lofty  
blood

Of gods, the yearly cycle is fulfilled,  
With months completed, from the time that  
we

My god-like sire's remains and bones in-  
hearsed

In earth, and mournful altars sanctified.  
And now the day, unless I am deceived,

Is nigh, which ever bitter, ever blest,—  
Thus ye, O gods, have willed it!—I shall  
hold. 70

This were I in Gætulian Syrts to pass,  
A banished man, or on the Argive sea,  
And in Mycenæ's city overta'en,  
Still yearly vows, and anniversary  
Processions, in due course would I dis-  
charge,

And pile the altars with their rightful gifts.  
Now further; at the ashes and the bones  
E'en of my sire himself,—not sooth, I  
deem,

Without the mind, without the will, of  
gods,—

Are we arrived, and wafted down [the  
deep], 80

The ports of friendship enter. Therefore  
come!

And let us all this jovial feast observe;  
Entreat the Winds; and that it be his will  
That I should every year these holy rites

71. It seems very unnatural to make *hunc*, v. 51, to depend upon an elliptical verb, which it is merely gratuitous to understand. Neither is it easy to see what the reference to *Æn. vii. v. 611* has to do with the matter.

The devotion of Æneas to the memory of his father is like that of Lord Surrey to his mistress:

"Let me whereas the sunne doth parche the grene,  
Or where his beames do not dissolue the yse:  
In temperate heate where he is felt and sene:  
In presence prest of people madde or wise:  
Let me in hye, or yet in low degree:  
In longest night, or in the shortest daye:  
In clearest skie, or where cloudes thickest be;  
In lusty youth, or when my heeres are graye:  
Let me in heaven, in earth, or els in hell,  
In hyll or dale, or in the foming flood,  
Thrall, or at large, aliuie whereso I dwell,  
Sicke or in health, in euill fame or good:  
Hers will I be." *Song xii.*

The same idea is similarly handled by Turberville in *A Vow to Serve Faithfully*.

74. "'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day  
Ever in France shall be kept festival:  
To solemnise this day, the glorious sun  
Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist:  
Turning with splendour of his precious eye  
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:  
The yearly course, that brings this day about,  
Shall never see it but a holiday."  
Shakespeare, *King John*, iii. 1.

82. "*Duke*. What brow looks sad, when we com-  
mand delight?  
We shall account that man a traitor to us  
That wears one sullen cloud upon his face!  
I'll read his soul in't, and, by our bright mistress,  
Than which the world contains no richer beauty,  
Punish his daring sin.

*Leontio*. He will deserve it,  
Great sir, that shall offend with the least sadness!  
Or, were it so possess'd, yet your command,  
That stretches to the soul, would make it smile,  
And force a bravery. Severe old age  
Shall lay aside his sullen gravity,  
And revel like a youth; the forward matrons,  
For this day, shall repent their years and coldness  
Of blood, and wish again their tempting beauties,  
To dance like wanton lovers."

Shirley, *The Duke's Mistress*, i. 1.

69. "'Tis not a cypresse-bough, a count'nance sad,  
A mourning garment, wailing elegie,  
A standing herse in sable vesture clad,  
A toombe built to his name's eternitie,

Although the shepherds all should strive  
By yearly obsequies,  
And vow to keepe thy fame alive  
In spite of destinies,

That can suppress my griefe:  
All these and more may be,  
Yet all in vaine to recompence  
My greatest losse of thee.

"Cypresse may fade, the countenance be changed,  
A garment rot, an elegie forgotten,  
A herse 'mongst irreligious rites be ranged,  
A toombe pluckt down, or else through age be  
rotten:

All things th' impartial hand of fate  
Can rase out with a thought:  
These have a sev'ral fixed date,  
Which, ended, turne to nought.

Yet shall my truest cause  
Of sorrow firmly stay,  
When these effects the wings of time  
Shall fanne and sweepe away."

Browne, *Shepherd's Pipe*, Ecl. iv.

Present, what time my city is upreared,  
In temples consecrated to himself.  
Twain head of beeves to you the Troja-born

Acestes grants, by reckoning for each ship :  
Invite ye household gods, and country-gods,

To banquet, and [the gods] which doth our host 90

Acestes worship. Further, if to men  
Shall ninth Aurora have a kindly day  
Brought forth, and with her beams unveiled the globe,

The op'ning contests of the speeding ship  
I to the sons of Teucer will propose ;  
And he who in the foot-race is of might,  
And he who, venturesome in pow'rs, or stalks

Superior in the dart and nimble shafts,  
Or trusts him the encounter to commence  
With gauntlet raw ;—let one and all be here, 100

And wait the guerdons of a well-earned palm.

All guard your lips, and ring your brows  
with sprigs."

Thus having said, his temples he bedecks  
With myrtle of his mother. Helymus  
Doth this, doth this Acestes ripe of age,  
Doth this the boy Ascanius ; follows whom  
The other youth. He from th' assembly passed

With many a thousand to the tomb, [himself]

The centre, in a vast attending throng.  
Here duly in libation pouring out 110  
Twain drinking-vessels with unmingled wine,

He spills them on the ground, with new milk twain,

Twain with religious blood ; and strews bright flowers,

And speaks the like : " Hail, sainted sire, once more !

Hail, O ye ashes, to no end regained,  
And spirit of my father, and his shade !

'Twas not allowed to me Italia's bourns,  
And destined fields, nor Auson, Tiber [s stream],

Whate'er it be, with thee to seek." He these

Had spoken, when from out the deepest shrine 120

A slipp'ry serpent, huge, sev'n rings, sev'n folds

Trailed onward, gently bosoming the tomb,  
And through the altars gliding on ; whose chine

Did spots of azure, and, bedropped with gold,

[Each] scale a levin-flash set all afire :  
As, with the sun affront, the rainbow flings

Upon the clouds a thousand motley hues.  
Æneas was astounded at the sight.

It, as with lengthful train at last it glides  
Among the saucers and the burnished cups,  
Both tasted of the banquet, and again,  
Unharmful, 'neath the basement of the tomb 132

Retreated, and the altars, feasted on,  
Forsook. So much the more does he renew  
The sacrifices to his sire commenced,  
Uncertain whether he should deem it were  
The Genius of the place, or of his sire  
Th' attendant. Slaughters he twain two-year ewes,

In customed fashion, and as many swine,  
And just so many bullocks, swart of back ;  
The wines, too, from the saucers he out-poured, 141

And called upon the great Anchises' soul,  
And Manes, from the Acheron released.

Yea too, his comrades, as to each belonged  
Th' ability, in joy their off'rings bring,  
The altars burden, and the bullocks slay.

In order bronzen [vessels] others set,  
And, scattered all along the turf, they place  
Live coals beneath the spits, and roast the flesh.

The looked-for day arrived, and Phaeton's steeds 150

In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,  
Seeks the refreshing fount ; by which diffus'd,  
He throws his folds." Thomson, *Summer*.

150, 151. Drummond, charmingly of the day when he was to meet his mistress :

" Phœbus, arise,  
And paint the sable skies  
With azure, white, and red ;  
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tython's bed,  
That she may thy career with roses spread.  
The nightingales thy coming eachwhere sing,  
Make an eternal spring.

" This is that happy morn,  
That day, long-wished day,  
Of all my life so dark,  
(If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn,  
And fates my hopes betray,)  
Which (purely white) deserves  
An everlasting diamond should it mark.

" The winds all silent are ;  
And Phœbus in his chair  
Ensafroning sea and air,  
Makes banish every star,  
Night like a drunkard reels  
Beyond the hills, to shun his flaming wheels.  
The fields with flow'rs are deck'd in every hue,  
The clouds with orient gold spangle their blue."

*Sonnets, &c., i. 36.*

121. See notes on *Geo.* iii. 570.

" Lo ! the green serpent, from his dark abode,  
Which ev'n imagination fears to tread,  
At noon forth issuing, gathers up his train

Now bare the ninth Aurore in cloudless  
light ;  
And rumor, and renowned Acestes' name,  
The neighborhood had roused. In merry  
throng  
They full had filled the shores, the Ænead  
sons  
To view, part even to compete prepared.  
The prizes first are placed before their eyes,  
And in the centre of the cirque are set,—  
Religious tripods, chaplets too of green,  
And palms, as guerdon for the conquerors,  
And arms, and robes with purple thoroughly  
dyed, 160  
A talent [s weight] of silver and of gold ;  
And from the centre of the knoll the trump  
Sounds forth the games begun. [Well]  
matched, commence

"How often have I bless'd the coming day,  
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,  
And all the village train, from labour free,  
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree :  
While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
The young contending as the old survey'd ;  
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,  
And slights of art and feats of strength went  
round.  
And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,  
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd."  
Goldsmith, *Deserted Village*, 15-24.

"Were you to encounter  
Those ravishing pleasures, which the slow-paced  
hours  
(To me they are such) bar me from, you would,  
With your continued wishes, strive to imp  
New feathers to the broken wings of Time,  
And chide the amorous sun for too long dalliance  
In Thetis' watery bosom."

Massinger, *The Renegade*, v. 8.

Gifford here quotes a fine passage from Tomkis'  
*Albumazar* :

"How slow the day slides on ! When we desire  
Time's haste, he seems to lose a match with  
lobsters ;  
And when we wish him stay, he imp's his wings  
With feathers plumed with thought."

"Oh, why so long should I my joys delay ?  
Time, imp thy wings, let not thy minutes stay,  
But to a moment change the tedious day.  
The day ! 'twill be an age before to-morrow ;  
An age, a death, a vast eternity."

Lee, *Theodosius*, iii. 2.

"With what a leaden and retarding weight  
Does expectation load the wings of Time !"

Mason, *Elfrida*.

151. Ben Jonson gives a grand description of a  
day, the exact reverse of this. Lentulus says to  
Cethegus :

"It is, methinks, a morning full of fate !  
It riseth slowly, as her sullen car  
Had all the weights of sleep and death hung at it !  
She is not rosy-finger'd, but swoll'n black ;  
Her face is like a water turn'd to blood,  
And her sick head is bound about with clouds,  
As if she threaten'd night ere noon of day !"

*Catiline*, i. 1.

The op'ning contests with their weighty oars  
Four galleys, chosen out of all the fleet.  
The wingy Fristis Mnestheus drives with  
crew

Of mettle,—Mnestheus, an Italian soon,  
From which his name the line of Memmius  
[springs] ;

And Gyas huge Chimæra, of huge bulk,  
A structure like a city, which with tier 17c  
Threefold the Dardan youth force on ; the  
oars

In triple rank arise ; Sergestus, too,  
From whom the Sergian house preserves its  
name,

Is in the mighty Centaur borne along ;  
In sea-green Scylla, too, Cloanthus, whence  
Thy pedigree, Cluentius son of Rome.

There lies afar within the main a rock,  
Afront the foamy shores, which, under-sunk  
At times, is by the swelling billows lashed,  
When wintry north-west winds eclipse the  
stars. 180

When calm 'tis hushed, and from th' un-  
ruffled wave

A level is uplifted, e'en a rest,  
Thrice-welcome to the divers loving sun.  
Here sire Æneas reared a goal of green,  
[Formed] out of leafy ilex, to the crews

A mark, whence they might know to turn  
them back,

And when to veer around their longsome  
course.

Their stations then by lot do they select ;  
The captains, too, themselves upon the  
sterns

With gold and purple graced, gleam forth  
afar. 190

The other youth in poplar leaf are dressed,  
And, o'er their naked shoulders smeared  
with oil,

Begin to shine. Down sit they on the  
thwarts,

And arms are strained to oars. Upon the  
stretch

They wait the sign, and drains their bound-  
ing hearts

A throbbing tremor, and ambitious lust  
Of praises. Then, what time the shrilly  
trump

Gave forth its clang, from their own sta-  
tions all,—

There's no delay,—sprang forward : strikes  
the sky

The sailor-shout ; by indrawn arms con-  
vulsed, 200

170. Or: "The labor of a city;" for no one  
seems to know which meaning was in the poet's  
mind when he penned the ambiguous phrase, *Urbis*  
*opus*.



The waters foam ; in measure plough they  
in

Thefurrows, and throughout asunder yawns,  
Uptorn by oars and trident beaks, the sea.  
In no such hurry in the two-horse race  
Have chariots seized the field, and dash  
again

When started from the goal ; nor charioteers  
O'er yokes, thus darting, shook the waving  
reins,

And, bending forwards, o'er the lashes hang.  
Then with the clapping and hurrah of men,  
And zeal of cheerers, every grove rings out  
In concert, and the voice th' imprisoned  
shores 211

Valley along ; the stricken hills with shout  
Rebound. Shoots forth ahead before the  
rest,

Amid the hurly and the din, Gyas ; whom  
next

Cloanth pursues, superior in his oars ;  
But ties him by its weight his plodding pine.  
Aster of these, at even interval,  
Pristis and Centaur struggle to secure  
The leading place. And [this] now Pristis  
holds ; 220

Now, worsted, giant Centaur by her slips ;  
Now both abreast and with linked stems are  
borne,

And plough with lengthful keel the briny  
seas.

And they were now approaching to the rock,  
And gaining goal, when Gyas in the van,  
And in mid sea the winner, with his voice  
Accosts Menœtes, helmsman of his ship :  
“ Pray whither on the right dost swerve so  
far ?

Steer hitherward a passage ! Hug the shore,  
And let thy blade the crags upon the left  
Grazed close ; the deep let others keep !”

He said :

But, dreading hidden rocks, Menœtes veers  
His bow aside to billows of the main.

“ Whither art thou departing wide away ?  
Make for the rocks, Menœtes !” with a  
shout

Gyas once more recalled him : and, behold !  
He views Cloanthus bearing down astern,  
And holding closer. Th' other, e'en be-  
tween

The ship of Gyas and the booming rocks,

228. *Mihi*, v. 162, is of course the *dativus ethicus*, but so thoroughly idiomatical, that a literal translation of it would involve an intolerable, and scarce intelligible, weakness. Under the circumstances in which it appears, some such term as “ pray ” would probably be used in English, and it is therefore introduced ; but it is not offered as a correct translation.

Shaves, further in, a course upon the left,  
And in a trice the leader passes by, 241  
And gains safe seas,—the goal behind him  
left.

Then sooth up kindled in the stripling's  
bones

Tow'ring vexation, neither did his cheeks  
Lack tears ; and he the slow Menœtes,  
Forgetful of his dignity alike,  
And of his comrades' safety, on the sea  
Down tumbles headlong from the lofty stern.  
Himself the steersman, to the helm succeeds,  
Himself the captain ; and he cheers the  
crew, 250

And turns the rudder-handle to the shores.  
But when, encumbered, from the lowest bed  
[Of ocean] he is scarce at last restored,  
Now old, and dripping in his reeking gear,  
Menœtes seeks the summit of the rock,  
And on an arid crag sat down. At him,  
Both [as he falls and swims, the Teucri  
laughed,

And laugh as he disgorges from his chest  
The briny waters. Here a joyous hope  
Was lighted up within the hindmost pair,  
Sergestus [e'en] and Mnœtheus, to pass  
by 261

The lagging Gyas. Seizes first the space  
Sergestus, and the rock approaches : still  
Nor by a whole preceding keel was he  
The foremost,—foremost by a part ;—a part  
His rival Pristis presses with her beak.

But, midship pacing down among his men  
Themselves, does Mnœtheus cheer them on :

“ Now ! now !

Uprise ye to your oars, Hectorean mates,  
Whom I in Troy's last destiny chose out  
My comrades ; now those energies put forth,  
Now spirits [those], which in Cæstulia's  
Syrtis 272

Ye exercised, and in Ionia's sea,  
And Malea's coursing waves. I, Mnœtheus,  
now

The leading [prizes] do not seek, nor aim  
To win ! yet oh !—but those let gain the  
day,

244. “ But 'tis a grief of fury, not despair !  
And if a manly drop or two fall down,  
It scalds along my cheeks, like the green wood,  
That sputtering in the flame works outward into  
tears.” Dryden, *Cleomenes*, i. 1.

256. “ I feel a hand of mercy lift me up  
Out of a world of waters, and now sets me  
Upon a mountain, where the sun plays most,  
To cheer my heart, even as it dries my limbs.”  
Middleton, *No Wit like a Woman's*, ii. 3.

Where he probably might have thought with  
*Colax*, in Randolph's *Muses' Looking-Glass*, iii. 3 :  
“ He's a good friend will pardon his friend's errors,  
But he's a better takes no notice of them.”

To whom, O Neptune, thou hast this vouchsafed :

Shame be it to have come in last ! This win,

My countrymen, and bid the crime avault !”

They in the height of struggle forward bend :

With giant strokes the bronze-bound galley thrills, 281

And, underneath, the surface is withdrawn. Then quick-repeated panting shakes their joints,

And droughty lips ; sweat flows in runnels down

On every side. Mere chance the heroes brought

The wished-for fame. For, frenzied in his soul,

While towards the rocks Sergestus further in Close drives his stem, and threads th’ un-

righteous space,

Ill-starred, he stuck upon the jutting rocks. Shocked were the cliffs, and on a pointed

crag 290

The struggling oars asunder snapped aloud, And, dashed against it, hung the bow. Up

spring

The crew together, and with thund’ring shout

They force aback ; and stakes with iron shod,

And poles with sharpened end, do they produce,

And gather in the gulf the broken oars. But Mnesteus blithe, and through success

itself

The more alert, with fleet advance of oars, And winds invoked, the easy waters seeks,

And runs along upon the open sea. 300

As, in a cavern on a sudden roused, A dove, whose home and charming nestlings

[lie]

Within a shroud-abounding pumice rock, Is wafted to the fields upon the wing,

And, startled, with her pinions in the vault A mighty flapping does she raise ; anon,

Gliding athwart the calmy air, she skims A limpid course, nor stirs her nimble wings :

Thus Mnesteus, thus the Pristis’ self, in flight

Cuts through the utmost seas ; thus, as she scuds, 310

Her very moment carries her along. And first Sergestus does he leave behind,

As he is struggling on the lofty rock

And scanty shoals, and vainly calling aid, And learning to career with broken oars.

Thence Gyas, and Chimæra’s self, of bulk Colossal, overtakes he : she gives way,

Since of her pilot she has been bereft. And now alone, upon the very goal,

Cloanthus is ahead : whom he pursues 320

And presses, struggling with his might and main.

Then sooth redoubles shout, and one and all

Spur on the chaser with their zealous cheers, And rings again the welkin with their peals.

These deem it a disgrace, should they not keep

Their rightful honor and the glory gained, And life are willing to exchange for praise.

Those their success supports : they have the power,

Since pow’r they seem to have. And haply they

With even beaks the prizes would have ta’en, 330

Had not, both hands outstretching to the deep,

Cloanth alike his prayers outpoured, and called

The deities to [share] his vows : “ Ye gods To whom belongs the lordship of the main,

Across whose seas I run, for you with joy I on this strand a snowy bull will set

Before your altars, debtor to my vow, And entrails on the briny waves cast forth,

And spill the fluid wines.” He said ; and him

Beneath the deepest waves heard all the choir 340

Of Nereids, and of Phorcus and the maid Panope ; and the sire Portunus’ self

With giant hand impelled him as he speeds. She, quicker than south blast and wingy

shaft,

328. *Possunt quia posse videntur*, v. 231. This does not appear to be a very felicitous remark in this place ; for the *hos* were beaten. Taken strictly,

it is false ; taken loosely, it does not apply. It might, to be sure, be true to say, that, in their own estimation,

“ They can, because they seem as if they could :”

but this turns what is generally considered to be a wise and terse saying into a very dull observation.

Compare Beaumont and Fletcher, *Philaster*, ii. 1 : “ Think so, and ’tis so.”

Also Dryden, *Cleomenes*, i. 1 : “ Peace, peace, good grandmother, he lives already, And conquers, too, in saying he will try.”

And Rowe, *Ambitious Step-mother*, i. : “ The wise and active conquer difficulties

By daring to attempt ’em : sloth and folly Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard, And make th’ impossibility they fear.”

288. That is : “ scanty.”

298. Or : *agmine celeri*, “ rapid line.”

313. *Alto*, v. 220, seems scarcely a well-chosen term, as the rock appears to have been of no height ; in fact, no more than barely emergent.

Flies to the land, and in the haven deep  
Herself she harbored. Then Anchises'  
son,—

The throng all summoned in accustomed  
form,—

The winner, by a herald's lusty voice,  
Cloanth pronounces, and with verdant bay  
Betrimis his brows; and presents for the  
ships, 350

Three bullocks each, and wines he grants  
to choose,

And carry off a silver-talent vast.  
Special distinctions on the captains' selves  
Confers he: on the winner, wrought in  
gold,

A cloak, round which in double waving line  
Full much of Melibœan purple ran;  
And, interwove therein, the royal boy  
On leafy Ida tires the nimble stags  
With dart and chase, alert, like one that  
pants,

Whom Jove's fleet armor-bearer, wafted  
high 360  
From Ida, kidnapped in his hooky claws:  
Aged guards their hands stretch idly to the  
stars,

And storms the bay of hounds upon the  
gales.  
But who next held in prowess second rank,—  
To him a coat of mail, with burnished rings  
Enlinked, and triply laced with gold, which  
he

Himself had from Demoleos rift away,  
In conquest by the ravening Semois,  
'Neath stately Ilium, on the hero he  
Bestows to wear, an honor and safeguard  
In arms. This scarcely bore, of many a fold,  
Phegeus and Sagaris, the serving men, 372  
Sore straining with their shoulders; but  
[therein]

Bedight, Demoleos erst would rout in chase  
The straggling Trojans. Gifts the third he  
makes

Twain basins [wrought] of bronze, and  
drinking-boats,

359. "One like Actæon, peeping through the grove,  
Shall by the angry goddess be transform'd,  
And, running in the likeness of an hart,  
By yelping hounds pull'd down, shall seem to die."  
Marlowe, *Edward II.*

362. "Twice was he seene in soaring eagles shape,  
And with wide winges to beat the buxome ayre:  
Once, when he with Asterie did scape;  
Againe, when as the Trojane boy so fayre  
He snatcht from Ida hill, and with him bare:  
Wonderous delight it was there to behould  
How the rude shepheards after him did stare,  
Trembling through feare least down he fallen  
should,  
And often calling to him to take surer hoald."  
Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, iii. 11, 34.

In silver finished, and with figures crisp.  
And thus now guerdoned all, and in their  
wealth

Elate, brow-wreathed with purple bands,  
they paced:

When from the felon rock with ample skill  
Scarce wrenched,—oars missing, and dis-  
abled in one tier,— 381

His flouted ship, without repute, Sergest  
Was working on. As oft a snake, sur-  
prised

Upon the elevation of a road,  
O'er whom athwart the bronze-shod wheel  
hath passed,

Or, heavy with his blow, [some] passenger  
Hath left half-dead, and mangled with a  
stone,—

All vainly flying, with his body forms  
Extended wreaths; in [one] part truculent,  
And blazing with his eyes, and rearing high  
His hissing neck; part, crippled by the  
wound, 391

Firm holds him back, while resting on his  
knots,

And coiling up his form on his own limbs.  
With such like oarage was the plodding  
bark

Advancing: still her sails she sets,  
And enters in full sail the [harbor's] mouth.  
Æneas with the promised gift presents  
Sergestus, blithe at rescue of his ship,  
And mates returned. To him a female  
slave

Is giv'n, not wareless of Minerva's works,  
Pholoe, a Crete by race, twin sons, too,  
at her breast. 401

This contest closed, the good Æneas  
moves

On to a grassy level, which the woods  
Upon the winding hills on every side  
Imbowered, and in centre of the dale  
The cirque [as] of a theatre there lay;

387. "We have scotched the snake, not killed it."  
Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, iii. 2.

391. "Behind the general mends his weary pace,  
And sullenly to his revenge he sails:  
So glides some trodden serpent on the grass,  
And long behind his wounded volume trails."  
Dryden, *Annus Mirabilis*, cxxiii.

Falconer uses the image to illustrate a very dif-  
ferent fact; *Shipwreck*, iii. 2:

"Awhile the mast, in ruins dragg'd behind,  
Balanc'd th' impression of the helm and wind:  
The wounded serpent, agoniz'd with pain,  
Thus trails his mangled volume on the plain."

406. "In a pleasant glade  
With mountaines round about environed  
And mightie woodes, which did the valley shade,  
And like a stately theatre it made,  
Spreading itself into a spacious plaine."  
Spenser, *F. Q.*, iii. 5, 39.



Whither, along with many a thousand men,  
 Repaired the hero, in th' assemblage [he]  
 The midmost, and upon a seat upraised  
 He sat him down. With prizes here he  
 woots 410

The spirits, who may haply list to strive  
 In nimble foot-race, and the guerdons sets.  
 From all sides flock the Teucrians and  
 mixed

Sicilians : Nisus and Euryalus  
 The foremost [candidates] ; Euryalus,  
 Marked for his beauty and a blooming  
 youth ;

Nisus, for chaste affection for the boy.  
 Whom next there followed, royal [ly de-  
 rived]

From Priam's peerless stock, Diore : him  
 Salius, and with him Patron, of whom one  
 An Acarnanian was, the other [born] 421  
 From Arcad blood of Tegeæan strain.

Then two Sicilian striplings, Helymus  
 And Panopes, inured to woods, the aged  
 Acestes' comrades : many a one beside,  
 Whom fame hath in her mystery concealed.  
 Amidst of whom then thus Æneas spake :  
 "These welcome in your minds, and turn  
 thereto

Your glad attention. Of this throng shall  
 none

Withdraw, by me unguerdoned. I will  
 give 430

Twain Gnosian missiles, bright with burn-  
 ished steel,

And, silver-chased, a battle-axe to bear :  
 This one distinction shall there be for all.  
 The foremost triad prizes shall receive,

"And overhead

Insurpassable highth of loftiest shade,  
 Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,  
 A silvan scene; and, as the ranks ascend  
 Shade above shade, a woody theatre  
 Of stateliest view." Milton, *P. L.*, iii.

"'Twas an horrid pile

Of hills, with many a shaggy forest mix'd,  
 With many a sable cliff and glittering stream.  
 Aloft, recumbent o'er the hanging ridge,  
 The brown woods wav'd; while ever-trickling  
 springs

Wash'd from the naked roots of oak and pine  
 The crumbling soil; and still at every fall  
 Down the steep windings of the channel'd rock  
 Remurmuring rush'd the congregated floods  
 With hoarser inundation; till at last  
 They reach'd a grassy plain, which from the skirts  
 Of that high desert spread her verdant lap,  
 And drank the gushing moisture, where, confin'd  
 In one smooth current, o'er the lilled vale  
 Clearer than glass it flow'd. Autumnal spoils,  
 Luxuriant spreading to the rays of morn,  
 Blush'd o'er the cliffs, whose half-encircling mound  
 As in a sylvan theatre enclos'd  
 That flowery level."

Akenside, *Pleasures of the Imagination*, ii. 274-  
 272.

And with the yellow olive round their head  
 Be bound. The leading winner let possess  
 A courser, badged with trappings; let the  
 next

An Amazonian quiver, aye and full  
 Of Thracian arrows, which with breadth of  
 gold

A belt embraces, and a buckle clasps 440  
 Beneath with rounded jewel; let the third  
 With this Argolic helm retire content."

When these were said their station take  
 they up,

And in a moment, on a signal heard,  
 Seize on the stages, and the barrier quit,  
 Forth flushing like a show'r: the furthest  
 [bounds]

At once they mark. Ahead starts off, and  
 far

'Fore all the rest shoots Nisus forth, more  
 fleet

Than e'en the winds and levin-wings. Next  
 him,

But with a lengthened interval the next, 450  
 On presses Salius; with a distance left,

Then after him Euryalus the third;  
 And Helymus Euryalus pursues;

Close on whose very person next, lo! flies,  
 And heel now chafes with heel, Diore,  
 pressing

Upon his shoulder; and, if there remained  
 More stages he might pass him, stealing off

The leader, and [the issue] leave in doubt.  
 And now well-nigh the limit of the stage,

And, wearied, hard upon the very bound  
 Were they arriving; when on slippery  
 blood 461

Slides ill-starred Nisus, where from  
 butchered steers

It, spilled by chance, the ground and  
 em'rald grass

Had wetted from above. 'Twas here the  
 youth,

Now conqueror triumphant, failed to keep  
 His steps, that staggered on the trampled

ground;  
 But headlong, both upon the filthy soil,

And hallowed gore itself, he toppled down.  
 He still, not mindless of Euryalus,

448. "Every body" is not quite so dignified in  
 English as *omnia corpora* in Latin.

449. The poet himself is as ambiguous here as he  
 hypothetically intended the issue to be.

459. "The trees grow up, and mix together freely,  
 The oak not envious of the sailing cedar,  
 The lusty vine not jealous of the ivy  
 Because she clips the elm: the flowers shoot up,  
 And wantonly kiss one another hourly,  
 This blossom glorying in the other's beauty,  
 And yet they smell as sweet, and look as lovely."  
 Fletcher, *Love's Progress*, i. 1.

Nor of their loves : for planted he himself  
In face of Salius, rising through the slime :  
But lay the other, whirled on clotted sand.  
On shoots Euryalus, and, conqueror 473  
By service of his friend, first place he holds,  
And flies with clap and favoring acclaim.  
Next Helymus comes up, and now third  
palm,

Diores. Here the whole assembled throng  
Of the vast hollow, and the sires' front view,  
With lusty cries does Salius fill, and claims  
That his distinction, filched away by craft,  
Should be restored him. Guards Euryalus  
His popularity and graceful tears ; 482  
More winning, too, the merit, when it  
comes

In a fair form. His help affords, and loud  
Shouts forth with thund'ring voice Diores,  
who

Has to a palm succeeded, and in vain  
Has reached the final prizes, if the first  
Distinctions upon Salius are bestowed.  
Then sire Æneas saith : " Your gifts to  
you

Secure abide, O youths, and from its rank  
None stirs a palm : to me be it allowed  
To pity my unfaultry friend's mishap." 492  
Thus having said, an Afric lion's hide,  
Immense, to Salius gives he, burdensome  
With shag and gilded claws. Here Nisus  
cries :

" If for the worsted be such fine rewards,  
And thou dost feel compassion for the fallen,  
What worthy gifts wilt thou to Nisus grant,  
Who have by merit earned the leading  
crown,

Had not the [same] unfriendly fortune me,  
The which hath Salius, swept [therefrom]  
away?" 501

And at the same time with these words he  
showed

His face and limbs, befouled with soaking  
soil.

482. " Graceful," or " decent."

Macbeth says of himself :

" I have bought

Golden opinions from all sorts of people." Act i. 7.

" Hear, ye fair daughters of this happy land,  
Whose radiant eyes the vanquish'd world com-  
mand,

*Virtue is beauty* : but when charms of mind  
With elegance of outward form are join'd,  
When youth makes such bright objects still more  
bright,

And fortune sets them in the strongest light ;

'Tis all of Heaven that we below may view,  
And all, but adoration, is your due."

Young, *Force of Religion*, i. 9-16.

492. "'Tis something to be pitied of a king."

Marlowe, *Edward the Second*.

The sire thrice-worthy smiled at him, and  
bade

A buckler forth be brought, the art on art  
Of Didymaon, from the holy gate  
Of Neptune by the Greeks plucked down :  
with this

Choice boon the peerless youth does he  
present.

Thereon, when were the races closed,  
and he

Went through [the distribution of] the gifts :

" Now if there valor be in any wight, 511

And ready resolution in his breast,

Let him appear and raise aloft his arms,

With [cestus-] banded hands." He thus-  
wise speaks,

And of the fight the double prize lays  
down ;—

A bullock for the conqu'ror decked in gold  
And wreaths ; a falcon and distinguished  
helm,

As comforts for the conquered. No delay !  
Straight Dares rears his front with giant  
powers,

And lifts him with the vast applause of  
men : 520

He who alone was customed to maintain  
The conflict against Paris ; and the same  
Fast by the tomb, where greatest Hector  
lies,

The conqu'ror Butes of colossal frame,  
Who in descent from the Bebrycian race  
Of Amycus did vaunt him, felled to earth,  
And stretched him dying on the tawny sand.

Such Dares for the op'ning combat lifts  
His stately head, and shows his shoulders  
broad,

And, arms outstretching, tosses them by  
turns, 530

And with his buffets cuffs the gales. For  
him

There is another sought : nor is there one  
Out of a host so great makes bold to meet  
The man, and draw the gauntlets on his  
hands.

Therefore alert, and deeming one and all  
Held from the palm aloof, he stood before  
Æneas' feet ; nor making more demur,

Then with the left hand seizes by his horn  
The bull, and speaks on this wise :

" Goddess-born,

If no one dares to trust him to the fray, 540  
What period to my standing [here] ? How  
long

Is it becoming I should be delayed ?

Bid me lead off my guerdon." One and all  
At once with voice the Dardans cheered,  
and begged

That to the hero should be given up

[The prizes] that were pledged. Severely  
here

Acestes chides Entellus with his speech,  
As next upon the emerald couch of turf  
Along with him he sat : " Entellus, erst  
Of champions gallantest without avail, 550  
Such noble gifts, in so submissive mood,  
With naught of struggle, to be carried off  
Wilt thou allow? Where now that god of  
our's,

Thy master, Eryx, chronicled in vain?  
Where thy renown throughout all Sicily,  
And those thy trophies hanging from thy  
roofs?"

He quick to these : " Not love of praise,  
nor fame,  
Hath yielded, banished by alarm; but  
sooth,

Ice-cold through sluggish eld, my blood is  
dull,  
And pow'rs worn-out are freezing in my  
frame. 560

If I,—what I had whilom, and wherein  
That caitiff yonder trusting brags,—if now  
I had that youth, not sooth by prize  
Allured, and by a lovely bull, would I  
Have come : nor do I of the guerdons  
reck."

Thus having said, thereon he in the midst  
A pair of gauntlets of stupendous weight  
Flung down, wherein fierce Eryx for the  
frays

Was used to wield his hand, and strain his  
arms

Within the stubborn hide. Their souls were  
in amaze : 570

Of such huge oxen sev'n prodigious hides  
Were stiff with lead and iron stitched  
within.

'Fore all is Dares wonder-struck himself,

559. " Vilarezo  
Was once, as you are, sprightly, and though I say it,  
Maintain'd my father's reputation,  
And honour of our house, with actions  
Worthy our name and family; but now,  
Time hath let fall cold snow upon my hairs,  
Plough'd on my brows the furrows of his anger,  
Disfurnish'd me of active blood, and wrapt me  
Half in my sear-cloth."

Shirley, *Maid's Revenge*, i. 2.

561. " Age has not yet  
So shrunk my sinews, or so chill'd my veins,  
But conscious virtue in my breast remains.  
But had I now  
That strength, with which my boiling youth was  
fraught;

When in the vale of Balasor I fought,  
And from Bengale their captive monarch brought;  
When elephant 'gainst elephant did rear  
His trunk, and castles justl'd in the air;  
My sword the way to victory had shown,  
And ow'd the conquest to itself alone."

Dryden, *Aurungzebe*, act. ii.

And far aloof declines; and, great of soul,  
The offspring of Anchises both the weight,  
And very folds enormous of the hides,  
To this side, and to that, turns o'er and  
o'er.

Thereon the agèd [hero] such like words  
Fetched from his bosom : " What if one  
had seen

The gloves and arms of Hercules himself,  
And the sad combat on this very strand?  
These arms thy brother Eryx whilom wore;  
(With blood thou seest and spattered brains  
yet dyed;) 583

In these against the great Alcides stood;  
To these was I inured, while better blood  
Imparted strength, nor yet did jealous eld,  
On both my temples sprent, wax grey.

But if  
The Trojan Dares these our arms declines,  
And this with good Æneas is resolved,  
My counsellor Acestes sanctions [this], 590  
The combats let us even make. The hides  
Of Eryx I for thee forego,—dismiss  
Thy fears,—and thou thy Trojan gauntlets  
doff."

These having said, he flung a double robe  
From off his shoulders; and his limbs huge  
joints,

His monstrous bones and shoulders, laid he  
bare,

And stood a giant on the central sand.  
Then did the father, from Anchises sprung,  
Bring forward even gauntlets, and entwined  
The hands of both with weapons of a size.  
Straight each erect on tiptoe stood, and  
reared 601

His arms undaunted to the gales above.  
Far backward from the blow their lofty  
heads

Withdrew they, and commingle hands with  
hands,

And goad the fray : in nimbleness of feet  
Superior one, and trusting in his youth;  
The other, powerful in limbs and bulk,  
But 'neath the trembler totter sluggish  
knees;

Asthmatic panting shakes his giant joints.  
The champions 'tween them bandy many a  
stroke 610

All vainly, many on their hollow side  
Redouble they, and from their chest give  
forth

587. He might truly have said with Amyclas in  
*Ford's Broken Heart*, i. 2 :

" See lords, Amyclas your king is ent'ring  
Into his youth again. I shall shake off  
This silver badge of age, and change this snow  
For hairs as gay as are Apollo's locks;  
Our heart leaps in new vigour."



Prodigious crashes, and around their ears  
And temples wanders the repeated hand ;  
Their cheeks are crackling 'neath the iron  
blow.

Stands in his weight Entellus, and, un-  
stirred

In the same posture, merely with his frame,  
And eyes upon the watch, the strokes  
escapes.

The other, as who storms a stately town  
With enginery, or round the mountain  
towers 620

Sits under arms, now these, now inlets  
those,

And all the ground, with skilfulness ex-  
plores,

And with diverse assaults in vain persists.  
Entellus, rising up, his right hand showed,  
And lifted it aloft: the other quick  
Foresaw the buffet swooping from above,  
And, with his nimble body slipped aside,  
withdrew.

His strength Entellus squandered on the  
wind,

And, self-moved, heavy he, and heavily,  
Himself to earth with vasty weight falls  
down ; 630

As sometimes in its hollowness down falls  
Either on Erymanth or Ida vast,  
From roots upwrenched, a fir. Together  
rise

In zeal the Trojans and Sicilia's youth :  
Ascends their outcry to the heav'n ; and  
first

Acestes hurries up, and from the ground  
Uplifts in pity his coeval friend.

626. Spenser makes even the wind created by a  
giant's blow of terrific energy :

"The gaunt strooke so maynly mercilesse,  
That could have overthrowne a stony towre ;  
And, were not hevenly grace that did him blesse,  
He had been pouldred all, as thin as flowre ;  
But he was wary of that deadly stowre,  
And lightly leapt from underneath the blow ;  
Yet so exceeding was the villen's powre,  
That with the winde it did him overthrow,  
And all his sences stoond, that still he lay full  
low." *F. Q.*, i. 7, 12.

628. Marlowe has a different image :

"And make your strokes to wound the senseless  
light." *Tamburlaine the Great*, iii. 3.

631. Spenser illustrates such a fall in no common-  
place way :

"As when a vulture greedie of his pray,  
Through hunger long that hart to him doth lend,  
Strikes at an heron with all his bodies sway,  
That from his force seemes nought may it defend ;  
The warie fowl, that spies him toward bend  
His dreadfull souse, avoydes it, shunning light,  
And maketh him his wing in vaine to spend ;  
That with the weight of his own weeldlesse might  
He falleth nigh to ground, and scarce recovereth  
flight." *F. Q.*, iv. 3.

But not foreslowed, nor daunted by his fall,  
The hero fiercer to the fight returns,  
And wrath wakes strength. Then kindles  
might his shame, 640

And conscious prowess, and he hotly hunts  
The headlong Dares all throughout the  
plain,

Now with the right hand blows redoubling,  
now

E'en with the left. Nor stay, nor rest : as  
storms

With plenteous hail on housetops rattle,—so  
With crowding blows the hero with each  
hand

Oft smites and chases Dares. Then the sire  
Æneas, wrath to go to further lengths,  
Entellus, too, to fume with soul of gall,  
Permitted not, but put an end to fight, 650  
And fainting Dares rescued, soothing him  
With words, and speaks the like : "Un-  
happy man !

What such wild frenzy seized thy soul ?  
Dost thou

Not feel his strength is foreign, and the  
powers

Of heav'n are changed ? Submit thee to a  
god !" He said :

And straight broke off their combats with  
the speech.

But him his trusty peers, as weakly knees  
He drags, and flings to either side his head,  
And from his mouth discharges clotted gore,  
And teeth in blood commingled, to the  
ships 660

Conduct ; and, summoned, helm and sword  
receive ;

643. *Ille*, v. 457, does not admit of a close  
translation.

"So they  
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe."  
Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, i. 2.

645. "Yet nought thereof was Triamond adredde,  
Ne desperate of glorious victorie ;  
But sharply him assayld, and sore bestedde  
With heapes of strokes, which he at him let flie  
As thicke as hayle forth poured from the skie :  
He stroke, he soust, he foyned, he hewed, he lasht,  
And did his yron brond so fast applie,  
That from the same the fierie sparkles flasht,  
As fast as water-sprinkles against a rocke are dasht."  
Spenser, *F. Q.*, iv. 3, 25.

654. This argument was used by Duessa to San-  
sioy, but without effect :

"'Yea but,' quoth she, 'he beares a charmed  
shield,  
And eke enchanted armes, that none can perce ;  
Ne none can wound the man, that does them  
wield.'  
'Charmd or enchanted,' answered he then ferce,  
'I no whitte reck ; ne you the like need to  
reherce.'" *F. Q.*, i. 4, 50.

656. Such seems to be the force of *que*, *et*.

The palm and bull resign t' Entellus. Here  
The conqueror, triumphant in his soul,  
And with the bull elate, cries : "Goddess-  
born,

And ye, O Teucer's sons, learn these,—alike  
What were my powers in a youthful frame,  
And from what death recalled ye Dares  
save."

He said, and took his stand against the face  
Of the confronted bull, which stood hard by  
The guerdon of the fight, and, with right  
hand

Drawn backward, full in centre of his horns  
He poised the felon gauntlets, lifted high,  
And dashed them on the bones,—the  
brain burst ope.

Is felled, and lifeless, quiv'ring, sinks to  
earth the ox.

He o'er him from his breast such words  
outpours :

"This nobler life, O Eryx, I to thee  
In lieu of Dares' death, repay ; a conqu'ror  
here,

My gauntlets and my craft I lay aside."

Forthwith Æneas in the nimble shaft  
Woos those to strive, who peradventure list,  
And lays down prizes ; and with giant hand  
A mast from out Serestus' ship uprears, 682  
And on a cord, passed through, a winged  
dove,

Whereto their weapons they may aim, he  
hangs

From the tall mast. Together flocked the  
men,

And th' in-cast lot a helm of bronze received.  
And first, with fav'ring cheer, before them all  
Leaps forth the station of Hippocoon,  
The son of Hyrtacus : whom Mnesteus,  
late

The winner in the naval strife, pur-  
sues,—

Mnesteus, with verdant olive bound.  
Eurytion third,

Thy brother, O thrice-glorious Pandar,  
who,

Commanded erst to violate the league,  
First hurled thy weapon in the midst of  
Greeks.

The last, and at the bottom of the helm,  
Acestes settled down, e'en venturing he  
With hand of his to try the toil of youths.  
Then arch with lusty strength their buxom  
bows

The heroes, each according to his might,  
And from their quivers draw their weapons  
forth.

And, foremost through the heav'n, with  
twanging cord,

The shaft of young Hyrtacides disparts  
The wingy gales, swoops straightway, and  
is fixed

Within the timber of the fronting mast.  
The mast it quivered, and the startled  
bird

Betrayed her apprehension by her wings,  
And every [spot] with mighty clapping  
rang.

Next, active Mnesteus with his in-drawn  
bow

Took up his stand, aloft directing aim,  
And eyes and arrow levelled both at once.

But, pitiable, he the bird herself

Had not the power with the steel to strike :

The knots and flaxen ligatures he burst,  
Wherewith she, foot-enfettered, from the  
mast

On high was hanging. She to southern  
gales,

And clouds of blackness, fled on wing  
away.

Then quickly, long erewhile upon his bow,  
In readiness, his weapons keeping stretched,  
Eurytion called his brother to his vows,

As now he watched her blithe in empty  
heaven ;

And, clapping with her wings, he pierced  
the dove

Beneath a sable cloud. She breathless falls,  
And leaves her life among th' empyreal  
stars,

And as she falls brings home the fastened  
shaft.

Palm missed, alone remained Acestes, who  
Still shot his weapon to the airy gales,  
The sire exhibiting alike his skill,

And ringing bow. Here offered is to view  
A sudden prodigy, and doomed to prove  
Of grave presage. The mighty issue [this]  
Explained thereafter, and their late por-  
tents

Alarming prophets sang. For, as it flies  
Among the wat'ry clouds, the shaft took  
fire,

And scored a pathway with the flames, and  
spent,

To subtle winds withdrew : as oft, from  
heaven

666. "Old as I am, and quenched with scars and sorrows.

Yet would I make this withered arm do wonders,  
And open in an enemy such wounds  
Mercy would weep to look on."

J. Fletcher, *Valentinian*, iv. 4.

674. In the short space of nine lines, from v. 473-481, Virgil uses *taurus*, *juvenecus*, and *bos* of the same beast : yet they all differ.

688. In this strong sense *exit* is used, *Geo.* i. v. 116. *Consequitur*, v. 494, therefore, must not be rendered tamely.

Unspurred, athwart it shoot the flying  
stars,  
And tresses trail. With thunder-stricken  
souls  
Stood fixed, and supplicated heav'nly  
powers,  
The heroes of Trinacria and Troy.  
Nor does thrice-great Æneas the portent  
Decline ; but clasping glad Acestes, he  
Loads him with handsome gifts, and speaks  
the like : 742  
“Sire, take them : for Olympus' mighty  
king  
Hath willed that thou, by such presage-  
ments placed  
Above the lot, the honors bear away.  
This present of the aged Anchises' self  
Shalt thou possess,—a bowl with figures  
graved,  
Which Thracian Cisseus whilom to my sire  
Anchises for a noble gift had giv'n to bear,  
Of his affection standing-proof and pledge.”  
Thus having spoken, he enrings his brows  
With verdant bay, and at the head of all  
The foremost conqueror Acestes names.  
Nor does the good Eurytion grudge the  
prize, 754  
Borne off before him, though 'twas he alone  
That from the lofty heav'n struck down the  
bird.  
Next stalks in guerdons he who burst the  
bands ;  
The last, who pierced with wingy bolt the  
mast.  
But sire Æneas,—not yet closed the  
strife,—  
To him the guardian and companion  
[squire] 760  
Of young Iulus calls,—the son of Epytus ;  
And thus bespeaks his confidential ear :  
“Go haste thee, and Ascanius (if he now  
His boyish squadrons with him hath pre-  
pared,  
And the manœuvres of their steeds ar-  
ranged,)  
In honor of his grandsire, tell,” saith he,  
“To bring his troops, and show himself in  
arms.”  
Himself bids all the scattered throng with-  
draw  
From th' ample cirque, and open stand the  
plains.  
On march the boys, and 'fore their parents'  
view 770  
Shine uniformly on their bridled steeds :  
Whom all the youth of Sicily and Troy,  
As they advance, in admiration cheer.  
The hair of all in customary form was  
pressed

With shaven chaplet. Carry they a pair  
Of cornel spear-shafts, tipped with steel ; a  
part  
Upon the shoulder burnished quivers ; runs  
From summit of the chest, about the neck,  
A pliant collar of entwisted gold.  
Of riders companies in number three, 780  
And commandants by threes pace to and  
fro ;  
The youths, each following in twelves,  
with band  
Divided gleam, with masters, too, alike.  
One was a line of youths, which, triumphing,  
The little Priam led, his grandsire's name  
Recalling, thy illustrious descent,  
Polites, doomed Italians to advance ;  
Whom bears a Thracian horse of piebald  
hue,  
With blots of white, his forefoot fetlocks  
white,  
A brow, too, white displaying, tow'ring  
high. 790  
The second, Atys, whence the Atii  
Of Rome their pedigree have carried  
down ;—  
The little Atys, e'en a boy beloved  
By boy Iulus. Last, and past them all  
In figure lovely, is Iulus borne  
Upon a Sidon palfrey, which to him  
The beauteous Dido had vouchsafed, to be  
Of her affection standing-proof and pledge.  
The other youths are on Sicilian steeds  
Of aged Acestes carried. Welcome with  
applause 800  
The fearful lads, and as they gaze rejoice  
The sons of Dardanus, and recognise  
The features of their ancient sires. As soon  
As all th' assemblage, and their [parents']  
eyes,  
Delighted they survey upon their steeds,  
A signal to them by a shout, as they  
Stood ready, gave the son of Epytus  
From far, and sounded with his whip.  
Apart  
They shot [in] even [ranks], and troops by  
threes  
Broke up in sundered squadrons, and again,  
When summoned, they their marches  
wheeled about, 811  
And hostile weapons tilted. Thereupon  
Fresh charges they commence, and fresh  
retreats,  
Confronted on the grounds, and rings in  
rings  
Alternate they entangle, and awake  
The mimicry of battle under arms.  
And now their backs do they expose in  
flight,  
Now in hostility reverse their darts ;



Peace made, in company now ride. As erst,  
'Tis said, the Labyrinth in lofty Crete 820  
A passage had, inweaved with blinding  
walls,

And, puzzling by a thousand ways, a cheat,  
Where might annul the tokens of advance  
Unmarked and irretrievable mistake.

In course none else the Teucris sons their  
steps

Involve, and weave their flights and frays  
in sport ;

Like dolphins, which, in swimming through  
dank seas,

Cut the Carpathian and the Libyan [main],  
And gambol through the waves. This  
style of tilt,

And tourneys these, Ascanius first, what  
time 830

He Alba Longa girt with walls, renewed,  
And taught the ancient Latins to observe  
In form wherein the boy himself, wherein  
Troy's youth with him [observed it]. Th'

Albans taught  
Their [sons] ; hence highest Rome in after  
days

Received it, and the homage to their sires  
Maintained ; and now it is entitled "Troy,"  
The boys "The Trojan Band." Thus far  
the games

Were kept in honor of the sainted sire.  
Here Fortune, shifted, altered first her  
faith. 840

The while with diff'rent pastimes by the  
tomb

Are they observing annivers'ry [rites],  
Saturnian Juno Iris sent from heaven  
To Ilium's fleet, and as she hies she breathes  
The winds upon her, stirring many [a  
thought],

Not yet englutted with her old revenge.  
The other, hasting on her passage o'er  
The bow with thousand hues, by none be-  
held,—

820. Fletcher compares the world to a labyrinth :  
"The world's a labyrinth, where unguided men  
Walk up and down to find their weariness :  
No sooner have we measur'd with much toil  
The crooked path, with hope to gain our freedom,  
But it betrays us to a new affliction."  
*The Night-Walker*, iv. 6.

See Akenside, *Pleasures of the Imagination*, iii.  
1-5.

840. "Daughter, thou seest how Fortune turns her  
wheel.

We that but late were mounted up aloft,  
Lull'd in the skirt of that inconstant Dame,  
Are now thrown headlong by her ruthless hand,  
To kiss that earth whereon our feet should stand."  
Heywood, *Four Prentises of London*, i. 1.

848. Spenser makes Clarion still gayer than Iris :

With nimble flight down posts the maid.  
She views

The mighty throng, and scans the shores,  
and sees 850

The ports abandoned, and the navy left.  
But, far secluded on the lonely beach,  
The Trojan women wept Anchises lost,  
And on the deep, deep sea all gazed in  
tears.

"Lastly his shinie wings as silver bright,  
Painted with thousand colours passing farre  
All painters skill, he did about him dight :  
Not half so manie sundr ie colours arre  
In Iris bowe ; ne Heaven doth shine so bright,  
Distinguished with manie a tw inckling starre ;  
Nor Junoes bird, in her ey-spotted traine,  
So manie goodly colours doth containe."

*Muopotmos*, 12.

Milton grandly describes the descent of Raphael :

"Down thither prone in flight  
He speeds, and through the vast eternal sky  
Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing  
Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan  
Winnows the buxom air ; till, within soar  
Of towering eagles, to all the fowls he seems  
A phoenix, gazed by all as that sole bird,  
When, to enshrine his reliques in the sun's  
Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.  
At once on th' eastern cliff of Paradise  
He lights, and to his proper shape returns  
A seraph wing'd : six wings he wore to shade  
His lineaments divine ; the pair that clad  
Each shoulder broad came mantling o'er his breast  
With regal ornament ; the middle pair  
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round  
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold  
And colours dipp'd in Heaven ; the third his feet  
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,  
Sky-tinctured grain." *P. L.*, b. v.

"Meantime refracted from yon eastern cloud,  
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow  
Shoots up immense ; and every hue unfolds,  
In fair proportion running from the red,  
To where the violet fades into the sky."  
*Thomson, Spring.*

Akenside thus beautifully paints Fiction :  
"Let Fiction come, upon her vagrant wings  
Wafting ten thousand colours through the air,  
Which, by the glances of her magic eye,  
She blends and shifts at will, through countless  
forms,  
Her wild creation."

*Pleasures of the Imagination*, i. 14-18.

854. Even Colin at first sight of the sea was not  
more alarmed than these timid ladies :

"So to the sea we came ; the sea, that is  
A world of waters heaped up on hie,  
Rolling like mountaines in wide wilderness,  
Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarse crie.  
'And is the sea,' quoth Coridon, 'so fearfull ?'  
'Fearful, much more,' quoth he, 'then hart can  
fear :

Thousand wyld beasts with deep mouthes gaping  
direfull

Therin stil wait poore passengers to teare.  
Who life doth loath, and longs death to behold,  
Before he die, alreadie dead with feare,  
And yet would live with heart half stonie cold,  
Let him to sea, and he shall see it there.

"Alas! that should to weary [hearts] remain  
 So many shoals, and such expanse of sea!"—  
 One cry with all. A city they entreat;  
 It irks the toil of ocean to endure.  
 She therefore flung herself among the midst,  
 In harming not unversed, and mien alike  
 And garment of the goddess lays aside.  
 She Beroë becomes, the agèd wife 862  
 Of Tmaros-born Doryclus, [one] to whom  
 Had birth, and erst a name, and sons belonged;  
 And thus amid the Dardans' mothers she  
 Intrudes herself: "O wretched, whom no hand,"  
 She cries, "of Grecia in the war had haled  
 To doom beneath your native city's walls!  
 O hapless nation, for destruction what  
 Does Fortune hold thee back? Since 870  
 Troja's wreck  
 The seventh summer now is wheeled, while seas,  
 While every land, so many rocks, devoid  
 Of hospitage, and stars, we having spanned  
 Are wafted on; while we through ocean vast  
 Italia flying chase, and by the waves  
 Are rolled along. Here Eryx' brother-bourns,  
 Our host Acestes, too: what hinders us  
 From founding walls, and giving citizens  
 Their city? O my country! and, in vain  
 Delivered from the foe, ye household gods!  
 Shall none e'ermore be called the walls of  
 Troy? 881  
 Nowhere shall I behold Hectorean streams,  
 The Xanthus and the Simois? Nay come,  
 And burn ye up with me the cursèd ships.  
 For through my sleep to me Cassandra's ghost,  
 The prophetess, seemed blazing brands to give.  
 Here seek ye Troy; here lies the home,"  
 she cries,

And yet as ghastly dreadful, as it seemes,  
 Bold men, presuming life for gain to sell,  
 Dare tempt that gulf, and in those wandring stremes  
 Seek waies unknowne, waies leading down to hell."  
 Spenser, *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*.

See note on *Æn.* 8, v. 109, where the quotation is continued.

875. "But me, not destined such delights to share,  
 My prime of life in wand'ring spent and care;  
 Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue  
 Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;  
 That like the circle bounding earth and skies,  
 Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;  
 My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,  
 And find no spot of all the world my own."  
 Goldsmith, *Traveller*.

"For you; now is the moment for the deed  
 To be accomplished: be there no demur  
 With such grave presages. Lo! altars 890  
 four  
 To Neptune: e'en the god himself the brands  
 And heart supplies." These saying, she,  
 the first,  
 Engrasps with vehemence the felon fire,  
 And with right hand uplifted from afar  
 She it with effort brandishes and flings.  
 Roused were the minds, and paralyzed the hearts  
 Of th' Ilian women. Here from many, 901  
 one,  
 Who was by birth the eldest, Pyrgo, [she]  
 Of Priam's sons so many royal nurse:  
 "No Beroë [is this] for you; this, dames,  
 Is no Rhœtean wife of Doryclus. 901  
 Mark ye the tokens of a heav'nly grace,  
 And glowing eyes; what air is hers, what looks,  
 And tone of voice, nay gait as she proceeds!  
 I e'en myself erewhile left Beroë,  
 At parting, sick, impatient that alone  
 From such a service she should lacking be,  
 Nor rightful off'rings to Anchises bring."  
 These [words] she uttered: but the dames,  
 at first  
 In vacillation and with evil eyes, 910  
 Began to view the ships; in doubt between  
 A wretched passion for the present land,  
 And realms that summon by the fates:  
 what time  
 Along the sky the goddess raised her [form]  
 On pinions of a poise, and in her flight  
 A bow colossal scored beneath the clouds.  
 Then, sooth, astounded by the prodigies,  
 And frenzy-driv'n, in chorus do they yell,  
 And pillage from the inmost hearths their fire.  
 Some rob the altars; leaf, and sprigs, and brands, 920  
 They fling together. Vulcan fumes with reins

921. Glover thus graphically describes the burning of the Persian camp:

"The word is giv'n. They seize  
 The burning fuel. Sparkling in the wind,  
 Destructive fire is brandish'd.  
 Now devastation, unconfined, involves  
 The Malian fields. Among barbarian tents  
 From diff'rent stations fly consuming flames.  
 The Greeks afford no respite; and the storm  
 Exasperates the blaze. To ev'ry part  
 The conflagration like a sea expands,  
 One waving surface of unbounded fire,  
 In ruddy volumes mount the curling flames

Let loose through banks, and oars, and  
painted sterns

Of fir. A courier to Anchises' tomb,  
And [to] the benches of the theatre,  
Eumelus, brings the tidings that the ships  
Were in a blaze; and they themselves  
behind

See sooty ashes flutt'ring in a cloud.  
And first Ascanius, as he gaily led  
His cavalry manœuvres, in such guise,  
Keen on his charger, sought the troubled  
camp; 930

Nor can the breathless masters hold him  
back.

"What this strange frenzy? At what  
[object] now,

At what is it you aim?" cries he. "Alas!  
My wretched countrywomen! It is not  
The foeman, and the hostile camp of  
Greeks,—

'Tis your own hopes ye burn. Lo! here  
am I,

Your own Ascanius!" He before their  
feet

His empty helmet flung, wherewith bedight  
In sport the mimicry of war he waked.

At once Æneas hastes, at once the hosts  
Of Teucer's sons. But they in fear thro'out  
The severed shores, in all directions fly 942

To heav'n's dark vault, and paint the midnight  
clouds.

So, when the north emits his purpled lights,  
The undulated radiance, streaming wide,  
As with a burning canopy invests  
Th' ethereal concave. (Eta now disclos'd  
His forehead, glittering in eternal frost:  
While down his rocks the foamy torrents shone.  
Far o'er the main the pointed rays were thrown;  
Night snatch'd her mantle from the Ocean's breast;  
The billows glimmer'd from the distant shores."  
*Leonidas*, b. xii.

Ariel tells Prospero of the scene of magic fire  
which he conjured up:

"I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,  
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,  
I flam'd amazement: sometimes, I'd divide,  
And burn in many places; on the topmast,  
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,  
Then meet, and join. Jove's lightning, the  
precursors  
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary  
And sight-out-running were not: the fire and  
cracks  
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune  
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,  
Yea, his dread trident shake."

*Shakespeare, Tempest*, i. 2.

941. "Fear soon is settled in a woman's breast."

Drayton, *Edward to Alice*.

942. "For if the least imagin'd overtune

But of conceiv'd revolt men once espy,  
Straight shrink the weak; the great will not endure;  
Th' impatient run; the discontented fly:  
The friend his friend's example doth procure,  
And all together haste them presently,

Apart, and woods, and, be they anywhere,  
The vaulted rocks clandestinely they seek.  
They're sick of their emprise and of the  
light,

And their own [friends] repentant recog-  
nize,

And Juno from their bosom is dislodged.

Howbeit did not upon this account

The flames and burnings their ungovern'd  
might

Lay by: beneath the smoking timber lives  
The oakum, spewing lazy smoke, and slow

Upon the galleys preys the smould'ring  
heat, 952

And all throughout their hull descends the  
plague:

Nor heroes' strength nor in-poured floods  
avail.

Then good Æneas from his shoulders tears  
His garment off, and calls the gods to aid,

And stretches out his hands: "Almighty  
Jove,

If not as yet the Trojans to a man

Thou dost abhor, if thy good will of old

At all regards the travails of mankind;

Grant now my fleet, O sire, to 'scape the  
flame, 961

And save the Trojans' slender state from  
doom;

Or do thou,—what remains,—by hostile  
flash

To death, if I deserve it, send me down,

Some to their home, some hide; others that stay  
To reconcile themselves, the rest betray."

Lord Salisbury's Speech to King Richard.

Daniell, *Civil War*, ii. 34.

945. Polydore is smart on Monimia:

"Intolerable vanity! your sex  
Was never in the right; ye are always false  
Or silly; even your dresses are not more  
Fantastic than your appetites; you think  
Of nothing twice; opinion you have none;  
To-day ye are nice, to-morrow none so free;  
Now smile, then frown; now sorrowful, then glad;  
Now despise, now not; and all you know not why!  
Virtue you affect; inconstancy your practice."

Otway, *Orphan*, i. 2.

952. Dryden of the Fire of London:

"In this deep quiet, from what source unknown,  
Those seeds of fire their fatal birth disclose  
And first few scattering sparks about were blown,  
Big with the flames that to our ruin rose.

"Then in some close-pent room it crept along,  
And, smouldering as it went, in silence fed;  
Till th' infant monster, with devouring strong,  
Walk'd boldly upright with exalted head."

*Annus Mirabilis*, 217, 18.

964. See Charles's address to Heaven; *Ann. Mir.*  
262:

"Or if my heedless youth has step'd astray,  
Too soon forgetful of Thy gracious hand,  
On me alone Thy just displeasure lay,  
But take Thy judgments from this mourning  
land."



And with thy right hand whelm me here."  
He scarce  
These [words] had uttered, when with  
sluicy rains

A pitchy storm beyond example raves,  
And thrill with thunder steeps and plains  
of earth.

From the whole welkin dashes down a  
shower,

Confused with water, and in deepest black  
With huddled southern gales; and from  
above 971

The ships are brimmed; the half-charred  
timbers reek;

Till every fire is quenched, and all the keels,  
With loss of four, are rescued from the  
plague.

But sire Æneas, by the sore mischance  
Deep-shocked, was now to this side, now  
to that,

Within his bosom shifting weighty cares,  
Debating whether he should settle down  
On Sic'ly's fields, forgetful of the fates,  
Or aim at reaching the Italian coasts. 980

"Meanwhile the South wind rose, and, with black  
wings

Wide-hoivering, all the clouds together drove  
From under Heaven; the hills to their supply  
Vapour, and exhalation dusk and moist,  
Sent up amain; and now the thicken'd sky  
Like a dark ceiling stood; down rush'd the rain  
Impetuous." Milton, *P. L.*, xi.

"He, when deep-rolling clouds blot out the day,  
And thunderous storms and solemn gloom display,  
Pours down a watery deluge from on high,  
And opens all the sluices of the sky:  
High o'er the shores the rushing surge prevails,  
Bursts o'er the plain, and roars along the vales;  
Dashing abruptly, dreadful down it comes,  
Tumbling through rocks, and tosses, whirls, and  
foams:

Meantime, from every region of the sky,  
Red burning bolts in forked vengeance fly;  
Dreadfully bright o'er seas and earth they glare,  
And bursts of thunder rend th' encumbered air."

Broomer, *Paraphrase on Eccles.*, 43.

974. Dryden calls the ships, destroyed by fire in  
the Dutch war, "martyrs":

"Restless he pass'd the remnant of the night,  
Till the fresh air proclaim'd the morning nigh:  
And burning ships, the martyrs of the fight,  
With paler fires beheld the eastern sky."

*Annus Mirab.*, st. 102.

976. "Then comes my fit again: I had else been  
perfect:

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;  
As broad and general as the casing air:  
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in  
To saucy doubts and fears."

Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, iii. 4.

Shakespeare makes Reignier bear calamity with  
a brave heart:

"I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,  
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness."

*Henry VI.*, v. 3.

Then aged Nautes, whom in special wise  
Tritonian Pallas taught, and famous made  
With plenteous science, offered these re-  
plies,—

Or what the gods' high anger might  
presage,

Or what the scheme of destinies demand;—  
And he, Æneas cheering with these words,  
Begins: "O goddess-born, where'er the  
Fates

May draw us and withdraw us follow we;  
Whatever shall befortune, every hap

Is by endurance to be overcome. 990

Thou hast a Dardan of a heav'nly line,  
Acestes: him take thou, and knit with thee  
Frank partner in thy plans. To him con-  
sign

Who, from the galleys lost, are in excess,

986. "Cure her of that:

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;  
And with some sweet oblivious antidote  
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous grief  
Which weighs upon the heart?"

Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, v. 3.

988. Churchill inculcates similar obedience to  
Honour:

"If Honour calls, where'er she points the way,  
The sons of Honour follow and obey."

*The Farewell.*

990. "In struggling with misfortunes  
Lies the true proof of virtue. On smooth seas  
How many bauble boats dare set their sails,  
And make an equal way with firmer vessels!  
But let the tempest once enrage that sea,  
And then behold the strong-ribb'd argosie,  
Bounding between the ocean and the air,  
Like Perseus mounted on his Pegasus.  
Then where are those weak rivals of the main?  
Or to avoid the tempest fled to port,  
Or made a prey to Neptune: even thus  
Do empty show and true-priz'd worth divide  
In storms of fortune."

Dryden, *Troilus and Cressida*, i. 1.

Rowe makes Jane Shore give utterance to the  
following pathetic soliloquy:

"Yet, yet endure, nor murmur, oh! my soul:  
For are not thy transgressions great and num-  
berless?

Do they not cover thee like rising floods,  
And press thee like a weight of waters down?  
Does not the hand of righteousness afflict thee?  
And who shall plead against it? Who shall say  
To Power Almighty, Thou hast done enough?  
Or bid his dreadful rod of vengeance stay?  
Wait then with patience, till the circling hours  
Shall bring the time of thy appointed rest,  
And lay thee down in death. The hireling thus  
With labour drudges out the painful day,  
And often looks with long-expecting eyes  
To see the shadows rise, and be dismissed."

*Jane Shore*, act v.

"Remember patience is the Christian's courage.  
Stoics have bled, and demigods have died:  
A Christian's task is harder:—'tis to suffer."

Walpole, *Mysterious Mother*, iv. 4.

And who are weary of our grand emprise  
And thine estate, alike the aged, advanced  
In years, and sea-worn matrons; and what-  
e'er

Is weakly with thee, and afraid of risk,  
Cull out, and let them have,—the weary  
[souls],—

Their ramparts in these lands; their city  
they <sup>1000</sup>

Shall call 'Acesta' by a licensed name."

By such expressions of his aged friend  
Afire, then sooth is he o'er all his cares  
Distracted in his soul. And ebon Night  
Upon her two-horse chariot borne, the  
heavens

Enchained; thereon appeared from out the  
sky

Down gliding, th' apparition of his sire  
Anchises, on a sudden pouring forth  
Such words: "O son, to me than life  
erewhile,

While life remained, more dear; O son,  
Experienced in the destinies of Troy, <sup>1011</sup>  
At Jove's commandment am I hither come,  
He who the fire hath banished from thy  
ships,

And pitied thee at last from heav'n on  
high.

Th' advice obey, which now [in] fairest  
[shape]

The aged Nautes gives; do thou choice  
youths,

The bravest hearts, to Italy transport.

A race of steel, and savage in their guise,  
By thee in Latium is to be subdued.

Yet first the nether homes of Dis approach,  
And through the depths Averni seek,  
my son, <sup>1021</sup>

Converse with me. For have no hold of me  
The godless Tartarus, or rueful shades;

1004. "'Twas when bright Cynthia with her silver  
car,

Soft stealing from Endymion's bed,  
Had call'd forth ev'ry glit'ring star,  
And up th' ascent of heav'n her brilliant host  
had led.

Night with all her negro train  
Took possession of the plain;  
On an herse she rode reclin'd  
Drawn by screech-owls slow and blind.  
Close to her with printless feet,  
Crept Stiffness in a winding sheet.

Next to her deaf Silence was seen,  
Treading on tip-toes over the green;  
Softly, lightly, gently she trips,  
Still holding her fingers seal'd to her lips."

Smart, *Ode* xiv. 1.

1016. "For know, an honest statesman to a prince  
Is like a cedar planted by a spring:

The spring bathes the tree's root, the grateful  
tree

Rewards it with its shadow."

Webster, *Duchesse of Malfy*, iii. 2.

But sweet assemblies of religious [souls],  
Elysium, too, do I frequent. Thee hither-  
ward

The taintless Sybil with abundant blood  
Of sable flocks shall lead. Then all thy race,  
And what the walls be giv'n thee, thou  
shalt learn.

And now farewell: dank Night is wheeling  
round

Her central orbit, and the ruthless Dawn  
Hath breathed upon me with his panting  
steeds." <sup>1031</sup>

He spake, and sped like smoke to subtle  
air.

Æneas cries: "Hence whither dost thou  
rush?

Whither dost fling away? Whom fliest  
thou?

Or who from our embraces thee debars?"  
Pronouncing these, the embers he awakes  
And slumb'ring fires; and Pergamean Lar,  
And hoary Vesta's shrine, with sacred meal  
And brimful censer humbly he adores.

Forthwith his comrades, and Acestes first,  
He summons, and of Jupiter's command,  
And his dear sire's injunctions, throughly he  
Apprises them, and what decision now <sup>1043</sup>

1027-9. Perhaps the reader may here be reminded  
of Miranda, who says to Prospero:

"You have often  
Begun to tell me what I am; with stopp'd,  
And left me to a bootless inquisition;  
Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*"  
Shakespeare, *Tempest*, i. 2.

1029. Spenser finely describes Night in her airy  
progress:

"Where griesly Night, with visage deadly sad,  
That Phœbus chearefull face durst never vew,  
And in a foule blacke pitchy mantle clad  
She findes forth coming from her darksome mew;  
Where she all day did hide her hated hew.  
Before the door her yron charret stood,  
Already harness'd for journey new,  
And cole-black steeds yborne of hellish brood,  
And on their rusty bits did champ, as they were  
wood." *F. Q.*, i. 6, 20.

"For Night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,  
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger,  
At whose approach ghosts, wand'ring here and  
there,  
Troop home to church-yards: damned spirits all,  
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,  
Already to their wormy beds are gone;  
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,  
They wilfully themselves exile from light,  
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd  
Night."

Shakespeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2.

1030. "But, soft! methinks I scent the morning  
air.

. . . . . Fare thee well at once!

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,  
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire:  
Adieu, adieu! Remember me."

Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, i. 5.

Stands settled in his mind. To his designs  
No stay ; nor does Acestes disallow  
His orders. For the city they enrol  
The dames, and willing commons set aside,  
Souls craving naught of high renown.  
Themselves

The thwarts renew, and in the ships replace  
The timbers, gnawed by flames around ;  
they fit

Both oars and cordage ; in their number  
scant, 1051

But all alive their gallantry for war.  
Meanwhile Æneas with a plough scores out  
The city, and by lot assigns their homes ;  
This bids be "Ilium," and these spots be  
"Troy."

Trojan Acestes in the kingship joys,  
And institutes a Forum, and grants rights  
To summoned sires. Then, neighb'ring on  
the stars,

On Eryx' crest there founded is a seat  
T' Idalian Venus ; and t' Anchises' tomb  
A priest and grove, wide-holy, is attached.  
And now nine days the nation all observed  
The feast, and on the altars sacrifice 1063  
Was offered ; gentle breezes laid the seas,  
And freshening Auster, breathing on them,  
woos

Once more upon the deep. There rises up  
A mighty weeping through the winding  
shores ;

In mutual embrace both day and night  
Do they retard. Now e'en the very dames,  
The very men, to whom erst grim appeared  
The aspect of the sea, and insupportable  
The will of heav'n, desirous are to go, 1072  
And all the travail of a flight endure :  
Whom good Æneas cheers with kindly  
words,

And to Acestes, linked by blood, in tears

1051. "Joy, joy, I see confest from every eye ;  
Your limbs tread vigorous, and your breasts beat  
high.

Thin tho' our ranks, tho' scanty be our bands,  
Bold are our hearts, and nervous are our hands.  
With us, truth, justice, fame, and freedom close,  
Each singly equal to a host of foes."

Brooke, *Gustavus Vasa*, iii. end.

1067. Of these tiresome dames it might have been  
said :

"Had women navigable rivers in their eyes,  
They would dispend them all. I'll tell thee,  
These are but moonish shades of griefs or fears :  
There's nothing sooner dry than women's tears."

Webster, *Vittoria Corombona*, v.

1072. "Philosophers their pains may spare, i  
Perpetual motion where to find ;  
If such a thing be anywhere,  
'Tis, woman, in thy fickle mind."  
Charles Cotton, *The False One*.

See note on *Æn.* iv. v. 569.

Entrusts. Three calves to Eryx, and to  
Storms

A ewe-lamb, he to slaughter then enjoins,  
And hawser [s] in succession to be loosed.  
Himself, envreathed upon his head with  
leaves

Of olive trimmed, far standing on the  
bow, 1080

A paten holds, and flings the entrails forth  
Upon the briny waves, and fluid wines  
Outpours. The wind, uprising from astern,  
Attends the voyagers. In rivalry  
The crews lash ocean, and the waters  
sweep.

But Venus meanwhile, worried by her  
cares,  
Neptune accosts, and from her breast out-  
pours

Such plainings : "Juno's weighty wrath,  
her gall,

Not to be glutted, me, O Neptune, force  
To stoop to every prayer :—[she] whom  
nor length 1090

Of time, nor any piety doth melt ;  
Nor is she, by the sovereignty of Jove  
And by the Fates [though] beaten down,  
at rest.

'Tis not enough that she in cursèd hate  
Hath from the bosom of the Phrygians'  
race

Their city eaten out, nor dragged them on  
Through every punishment :—of ruined  
Troy

The remnant, ashes, and the bones she  
hunts.

The grounds of such outrageous frenzy she  
May know. Thou wert my witness late  
In Libyan surges what a pile she raised  
Upon a sudden ; seas all blent with  
heaven, 1102

In vain relying on Æolian storms :  
In thy own realm adventuring this. Lo !  
e'en

By Trojan matrons, forced all through the  
crime,

Juno was as hard as Shylock, with whom, in  
favour of Antonio, was no

"Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,  
That have of late been huddled on his back ;  
Enough to press a royal merchant down,  
And pluck commiseration of his state  
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,  
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd  
To offices of tender courtesy."  
Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, iv. 1.

1090. Venus could not have said with the Duchess  
of York :

"A beggar begs that never begged before."  
Shakespeare, *K. Richard II.*, v. 3.

1091. See note on *Ecl.* i. l. 85.



She hath in shameful wise burnt up their  
ships,  
And, through the loss of fleet, constrained  
[their lord]

To leave his comrades to an unknown land.  
For what remains, I crave it be allowed  
For thee to grant safe canvas through the  
waves; 1110

Laurentine Tiber it may be allowed  
To reach; if I admissible [requests]  
Am urging, if the Weirds those walls  
vouchsafe."

Then the deep sea's Saturnian tamer  
these

Delivered : " It is altogether right  
That thou, O Cytherea, shouldst trust  
Upon my realms, whence drawest thou  
thy birth.

I've earned it, too : I oft the frenzies quelled  
And such wild madness both of sky and  
sea.

Nor is it less upon the lands (the Xanthus  
And Simois to witness do I call,) 1121

Hath thine Æneas been a care to me.

What time, in chase of Troja's breathless  
hosts,

Achilles hurtled them against the walls,  
Gave many a thousand to their doom, and  
groaned

Choked rivers, nor could Xanthus find a  
path,

And disembody him in the main :—then I  
Æneas, while with Peleus' gallant son

1126. Drayton, of the overthrow in the Red Sea :

" Death is discern'd triumphantly in arms  
On the rough seas his slaughter to keep,  
And his cold self in breath of mortals warms,  
Upon the dimpled bosom of the deep.  
There might you see a chequer'd ensign swim  
About the body of the envy'd dead,  
Serve for a hearse or coverture to him,  
Erewhile did waft it proudly 'bout his head :  
The warlike chariot turn'd upon the back,  
With the dead horses in their traces ty'd,  
Drags their fat carcass through the foamy brack,  
That drew it late undauntedly in pride.  
There floats the barb'd steed with his rider  
drown'd,  
Whose foot in his caparison is cast,  
Who late with sharp spurs did his courser wound,  
Himself now ridden with his strangled beast."

*Moses his Birth and Miracles*, iii. 41-56.

Glover, finely of the destruction of the Persians :

" Down the Thalian steep  
Prone are they hurry'd to th' expanded arms  
Of Horror, rising from the oozy deep,  
And grasping all their members, as they fall.  
The dire confusion like a storm invades  
The chafing surge. Whole troops Bellona rolls  
In one vast ruin from the craggy ridge.  
O'er all their arms, their ensigns, deep-engulf'd ;  
With hideous roar the waves for ever close."

*Leonidas*, viii. end.

Engaged,—no matches or his gods, or  
powers,—

Seized in a hollow cloud ; although I  
yearned 1130

To overthrow from its foundation, reared  
By hands of mine, the walls of Troy fore-  
sworn.

Now, too, my mind abides with me the  
same :

Dispel thy fear ; in safety shall he reach  
Avernus' havens, which thou dost desire.

One only shall there be, whom, missing, he  
Shall in the eddy seek ; a single life

For many shall be giv'n." By these his  
words

When he to gladness calmed the goddess'  
breast,

His coursers does the father yoke in gold,  
And foaming curbs upon the beasts he sets,  
And from his hands threw all the reins

away. 1142

In sea-green chariot airily he flies  
Along the surface-seas : down sink the  
waves,

And 'neath his thund'ring axle ocean's  
plain

Is in its swell upon the waters laid ;

1140. " He said no more, but bade two Tritons  
sound

Their crooked shells, to spread the summons  
round.

Through the wide caves the blast is heard afar ;  
With speed two more provide his azure car,  
A concave shell ; two the thinn'd coursers join :  
All wait officious round, and own th' accustomed  
sign.

The god ascends ; his better hand sustains  
The three-forked spear, his left directs the reins.

Through breaking waves the chariot mounts him  
high ;

Before its thundering course the frothy waves fly.  
He gains the surface ; on his either side

The bright attendants, rang'd with comely pride,  
Advance in just array, and grace the pompous  
tide." Hughes, *Court of Neptune*, end.

1146. " So when th' assuming god, whom storms  
obey,

To all the warring winds at once give way,  
The frantic brethren ravage all around,  
And rocks, and woods, and shores, their rage  
resound ;

Incumbent o'er the main, at length they sweep  
The liquid plains, and raise the peaceful deep.

But when superior Neptune leaves his bed,  
His trident shakes, and shows his awful head ;  
The madding winds are hush'd, the tempest  
cease,

And every rolling surge resides in peace."

Congreve, *Birth of the Muse*.

W. Thompson ascribes the same power to May  
in his beautiful Hymn, st. 22 :

" At thy approach the wild waves' loud uproar,  
And foamy surges of the madd'ning main  
Forget to heave their mountains to the shore,  
Diffused into the level of the plain.

Flee off the storm-clouds from the waste of sky.

Then [loom] the motley figures of his train,  
Immense sea-monsters, and the elder choir  
Of Glauco and Palæmon Ino-born, 1150  
And nimble Tritons, and all Phorcus' host.  
Keeps Thetis on the left, and Melite,  
And Panope the maid, Nesæe, Spio, too,  
Thalia also, and Cymodoce.

Here through the sire Æneas' anxious  
mind

For thee the halcyon builds her summer's nest ;  
For thee the ocean smooths her troubled breast,  
Gay from thy placid smiles, in thy own purple  
drest."

1155. This whole account of the Trojans leaving Sicily will be involved in great confusion, unless the reference of *hic*, v. 827, be rightly understood. As it stands, it would seem to be connected with the preceding history of Neptune and Venus: but this view seems quite inadmissible. The state of the case appears to be this: While Æneas was making arrangements for the colony, which he was to leave behind him, composed of the infirm of both sexes, silly women and cowards, Venus solicits the friendly aid of Neptune, which is freely accorded. The sea had been rough, the winds unruly, and the sky threatening; but these were all reduced to moderation (v. 820, 1.) by the interference of the god. This change of weather took place just after the completion of the funeral feast in honor of Anchises (v. 763, 4): so that Æneas sets sail with as fair a wind as could be,—*Auster*; Cumæ being nearly due north of Eryx. The breeze, which had been freshening, was still too light to admit of much progress by sailing, so that they had hitherto trusted to their oars; but now, at a certain point of their voyage (probably soon after they had set out)—*hic*,—they set the sails.

But how came they to *tack*?—for sailors never tack with a fair wind; and yet, *Auster* was fair; and, moreover, we are told, *ferunt sua flamina classem*. There seems to be but one way out of this serious difficulty, a difficulty which does not seem to have been noticed by the commentators. Though the wind was fair for going from the west of Sicily to Campania, yet it might have been foul for getting out of Eryx, and clear of the land to the open sea. So far they tacked, and then—but not till then—the *flamina* could be said to be *sua*. If this explanation of the matter be considered too refined, it is not easy to see how Virgil is to be screened from the charge of ignorance or carelessness. One need be neither sailor nor yachtsman to comprehend the dilemma in which a poet of unquestionable learning, and of no little caution, must otherwise be involved.

There seems to be no difficulty about the general meaning of the passage from *Attilio* to *detorquentque*; but it is not sure that *fecere pedem* is translated aright. It is very objectionable to employ technical terms in a poem further than is absolutely necessary; yet this last expression, strictly perhaps, should have been rendered, "they belayed the sheet," or, "they made a tack." This, at least, is certain, that they did something or other with the sheet, with a view to tacking: and what, if not belaying it? In nautical language the whole proceeding, it is probable, would be thus expressed: They stepped the masts, bent the sails on the yards, tacked about while in stays, let fly, now the port,

Thrill soothing joys in turn. He bids with speed

That all the masts be hoisted up, yards stretched

To sails. They fastened all at once the sheet,

And equally their canvas-folds upon the left,

Now on the right, unloose; they all at once  
The lofty yard-arms veer and veer aback:

Waft their own gales the fleet. The first  
'fore all, 1162

The serried squadron Palinurus led:  
Towards him the rest were bid to aim their  
course.

And now well-nigh the zenith-goal of  
heaven

Dank Night had gained; in calm repose  
their limbs

The sailors had unbent, stretched 'neath  
the oars

Along the painful seats; when Somnus, light,  
Down gliding from the empyrean stars,

Sundered the sullen air, and forced apart  
The shades, thee seeking, Palinure, to thee,

Unfaulty, bearing rueful dreams; 1172

now the starboard, sheets, and braced the yards  
sharp up on either hand.

The tutor should impress upon the uninitiated student, that the "sheet" of a sail is *not* its spread of canvas, but the rope which is attached to one or both of its lower corners, in order to extend it and maintain its position.

1157. "High on the slipp'ry masts the yards ascend,  
And far abroad the canvas wings extend."  
Falconer, *Shipwreck*, i.

1165. Rowe thus alludes to this ominous hour:

"The setting sun descends  
Swift to the western waves; and guilty Night,  
Hasty to spread her horrors o'er the world,  
Rides on the dusky air.—And now it comes,  
The fatal moment comes, e'en that dread time,  
When witches meet to gather herbs on graves,  
When discontented ghosts forsake their tombs,  
And ghastly roam about, and doleful groan,"

*Ulysses*, iii.

1168. Rawlins introduces Evadne praying for Giovanni a more merciful exercise of the god's power than he exhibited towards the unhappy pilot:

"Thou silent god, that with the leaden mace  
Arresteth all (save those prodigious birds)  
That are Fate's heralds to proclaim all ill;  
Deafe Giovanni, let no fancied noyse  
Of ominous screech-owles, or night ravens voice,  
Affright his quiet senses: let his sleepe  
Be free from horrour, or unruly dreames,  
That may beget a tempest in the streames  
Of his calm reason: let 'em run as smooth,  
And with as great a silence, as those doe  
That never tooke an injurie; where no wind  
Had yet acquaintance: but like a smooth cristall,  
Dissolv'd into a water that never frown'd,  
Or knew a voyce but musicke."

*The Rebellion*, act iv. 1.

And on the lofty stern the god sat down,  
To Phorbas like, and from his lips out-  
pours

These accents: "Palinure, Iasus' son,  
The waters of themselves waft on the  
fleet;

Staid breathe the gales; the hour is giv'n  
to rest:

Lay down thy head, and steal thy flagging  
eyes

From toil. E'en I myself a little while  
Will in thy stead thy duties undertake."

To whom, with effort heaving up his  
eyes,

Saith Palinurus; "Is it me the face 1182  
And restful surges of the calmy sea

Thou bidd'st not know? Is't me this  
marvel trust?

Why sooth am I Æneas to confide  
To guileful southern gales, aye, duped so  
oft

By the delusion of a cloudless sky?"

Such words he uttered, and attached  
[thereto],

And clinging, no where let the tiller go,  
And kept his eyes [turned] towards the  
stars. Behold! 1190

The god a branch, in dew of Lethe soaked,  
And drownd with efficacy from the Styx,

Above both temples waves, and, as he  
stays,

Unstrings his swimming eyeballs. Scarcely  
first

Had unanticipated rest unbent  
His joints, when, leaning o'er him from  
above,

1191. T. Warton has a different image:  
"On this my pensive pillow, gentle Sleep,  
Descend, in all thy downy plumage drest:  
Wipe with thy wing those eyes that wake to  
weep,  
And place thy crown of poppies on my breast."

Ode, i. 1.

Fletcher a different magic. In his beautiful  
pastoral poem, *The Faithful Shepherdess*, he in-  
troduces the "Sullen Shepherd," with Amaryllis  
in his arms, and saying:

"From thy forehead thus I take  
These herbs, and charge thee not awake,  
Till in yonder holy well  
Thrice, with powerful magic spell  
Fill'd with many a baleful word,  
Thou hast been dipp'd. Thus, with my cord  
Of blasted hemp, by moonlight twin'd,  
I do thy sleepy body bind.  
I turn thy head unto the east,  
And thy feet unto the west,  
Thy left arm to the south put forth,  
And thy right unto the north.  
I take thy body from the ground,  
In this deep and deadly wound,  
And into this holy spring  
I let thee slide down by my string"

Act iii. 1, 1-16.

With a wrenched piece of stern, and with  
the helm,

He flung him forward on the crystal waves,  
Head-foremost, and upon his mates in  
vain

Oft calling. He himself, winged, on the  
wing, 1200

Upraised his [form] to subtile air. Not  
less

Careers its voyage safe upon the main  
The fleet, and through sire Neptune's  
words of pledge

Is wafted unalarmed. And now it e'en,  
Borne on, was drawing nigh the Sirens'  
rocks,

Erst stern, and with the bones of many  
bleached;—

Then hoarse afar with th' ever-chafing  
sea

The rocks were booming;—when the  
father felt

That, through her pilot lost, his reeling  
ship

Warped off,—himself e'en steered her in  
the nighted waves, 1210

Upheaving many a groan, and in his soul

1205. The Nymph of the Derwent seems to  
have been hardly less dangerous in Damon's view:  
"Within our Darwin, in her rockie cell,  
A nymph there lives, which thousand boyes  
hath harm'd;  
All as she gliding rides in boats of shell,  
Darting her eyes, (where spite and beauty dwell:  
Ay me, that spite with beautie should be  
arm'd!)

Her witching eye the boy and boat hath  
charm'd.  
No sooner drinks he down that pois'nous eye,  
But mourns and pines: (ah piteous cruelty!)  
With her he longs to live; for her he longs to  
die." P. Fletcher, *Piscatory Eclogues*, v. 5.

1210. The gallant soldier seems to have become  
an able seaman, so as not to have needed the warn-  
ing of Chromis:  
"Ah, foolish lads, that think with waves to play,  
And rule rough seas, which never knew com-  
mand!  
First in some river thy new skill essay,  
Till time and practice teach thy weakly hand.  
A thin, thin plank keeps in thy vital breath:  
Death ready waits. Fond boyes, to play with  
death!"

P. Fletcher, *Piscatory Eclogues*, iv. 16.

"Inur'd to peril, with unconquer'd soul,  
The chief beheld tempestuous oceans roll  
O'er the wild surge, when dismal shades preside,  
His equal skill the lonely bark could guide;  
His genius, ever for th' event prepared,  
Rose with the storm, and all its dangers shared."  
Falconer, *Shipwreck*, i. 2.

1211. "He must not float upon his watery bier  
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
Without the mead of some melodious tear."

The idea in this beautiful passage of Milton's



Shocked at the misadventure of his friend :  
 "O thou, who to a sky and ocean bright

(*Lycidas*) is borrowed from Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, i. 1:

"Vouchsafe me, I may do him these last rites,  
 But kiss his flower, and sing some mourning  
*strain*  
*Over his wa'r'y hearse."*

See Gifford's note. No excuse is needed for transcribing the charming dirge a little farther on:

"Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt  
 tears:  
 Yet slower yet; O faintly, gentle springs:  
 List to the heavy part the music bears,  
 Woe weeps out her division, when she sings.  
 Droop herbs and flowers,  
 Fall grief in showers,  
 Our beauties are not ours;  
 O, I could still,  
 Like melting snow upon some craggy hill,  
 Drop, drop, drop, drop,  
 Since nature's pride is now a wither'd  
 daffodil."

This lament of Æneas over Palinurus may remind

O'ermuch hast trusted, naked shalt thou  
 lie,  
 O Palinurus, on an unknown strand!"

Shakespeare's readers of the exquisite address of Pericles to his dead queen, when committing her to a watery grave:

"No light, no fire: th' unfriendly elements  
 Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time  
 To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight  
 Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;  
 Where for a monument upon thy bones  
 And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale  
 And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,  
 Lying with simple shells."

Why Æneas should make no remark about the loss of the rudder and piece of stern seems hard to explain; his steering his ship without a rudder is still more unintelligible. Even in modern days, with all the advantages of nautical and mechanical skill, the loss of a rudder occasions no small concern to a ship's company.

The language of the story seems to be much better than the construction of it. Surely there was no "*digressu vindice nodus*" in the case.

## BOOK VI.

So speaks he weeping, and upon the  
 fleet  
 Let loose the reins, and softly gains at  
 last  
 Cumæ's Euboean coasts. They veer around  
 The prow towards ocean; then with grip-  
 ing fang  
 The anchor firmed the ships, and fringe  
 the shores  
 Their arching sterns. A band of youths  
 springs forth  
 In fervor on Hesperia's strand. Some  
 seek  
 The seeds of fire concealed in veins of  
 flint;  
 Some scour wild creatures' matted shrouds,  
 The forests; and discovered floods re-  
 veal.  
 But good Æneas to the tow'rs, whereon

*Line 8.* Milton alludes to other artificial modes of striking a light:

"While the winds  
 Blow moist and keen, shattering the grateful locks  
 Of these fair spreading trees; which bids us seek  
 Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish  
 Our limbs benumb'd, ere this diurnal star  
 Leave cold the night, how we his gather'd beams  
 Reflected may with matter sere foment;  
 Or by collision of two bodies, grind  
 The air attrite to fire."  
*P. L., x. end.*

Apollo guardian sits aloft, and far  
 To th' awful Sibyl's cloisters,—cavern  
 huge,—  
 Repairs; in whom a giant intellect  
 And spirit does the Delian sec inbreathe,  
 And opes [events] to come. They enter  
 now  
 The groves of Trivia, and his gilded domes.  
 Dædalus, as goes the legend, as he flies  
 The realms of Minos on his sweepy wings,  
 Adventuring to trust him to the sky, 20  
 Along a wontless region floated off  
 To th' icy Bears, and on the Chalcian height  
 Alighted airily at last. Restored  
 To these lands first, O Phœbus, unto thee  
 He sanctified the orage of his wings,  
 And reared a monster fane. Upon the  
 doors  
 Androgeus' death; then, penalties to pay  
 Ceropians doomed,—O piteous plight!—  
 by sevens  
 Each year the bodies of their progeny;  
 Stands,—drawn the lots,—the urn. On  
 th' other side, 30

12. "Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,  
 Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;  
 While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between  
 With memorable grandeur mark the scene."  
*Goldsmith, Traveller.*

Upraised from Ocean, answers Gnossus' land.  
Here the inhuman passion for a bull,  
And, prostituted through an artifice,  
Pasiphaë; and her confounded birth,  
And twain-shaped imp, the Minotaur,  
stands there,

Memorials of her execrable lust;  
Here is that toilsome work of his abode,  
And its inextricable maze. But sooth,  
The mighty passion of the royal maid  
Commiserating, Dædalus himself 40  
The cheats and windings of the dome un-  
clewed,

Directing random footsteps by a thread.  
Thou, too, a leading share in such a noble  
work,  
Might grief allow, O Icarus, would'st  
hold.

He twice essayed upon the gold to grave  
Thy fall; twice dropped thy father's hands.  
Yea, all

They in succession with their eyes would  
scan,

Had not Achates, in advance despatched,  
Been present now, and, in his company,  
Priestess of Phœbus and the Trivian [maid],  
Deiophobe of Glaucus [daughter], who 51  
Such like pronounces to the king: "This  
hour

Exacteth not these gazings for itself;  
Now to be slaying from the herd untouched  
Sev'n steers were meetest, just as many ewes  
Of two years' old, in customary fashion  
cull'd."

Having addressed Æneas in such words  
(Nor do the men the holy rites enjoined  
Delay), the Teucri to the lofty fane  
The priestess calls. Th' Eubœan cliff's  
huge side 60  
Is scooped into a cavern, whither lead

38. "A stately palace he forthwith did build;  
Whose intricate innumerable ways,  
With such confused errors, so beguill'd  
Th' unguided ent'ers with uncertain strays,  
And doubtful turnings kept them in delays;  
With bootless labour leading them about,  
Able to find no way, nor in, nor out."  
Daniel, *Complaint of Rosamond*.

"Well knew'st thou what a monster I would be,  
When thou didst build this labyrinth for me,  
Whose strange meanders, turning ev'ry way,  
Be like the course wherein my youth did stray:  
Only a clue doth guide me out and in,  
But yet still walk I circular in sin."  
Dryden, *Rosamond to King Henry*.

45. "This strange my master should be yet so  
young  
A puppy, that he cannot see his fall,  
And got so near the sun."  
J. Fletcher, *The Noble Gentleman*, i. 1.

61. Yalden, in his fine *Hymn to Darkness*, xiii.:

Wide avenues a hundred, hundred gates,  
Whence just as many voices sally forth,  
The Sibyl's answers. To the threshold  
they

Were come, when cries the maid: "To  
claim the fates

'Tis time: the god! behold the god!" With  
whom,

While [words] the like she speaks before  
the doors,

Upon a sudden neither mien, nor hue  
Are uniform, nor trim remained her locks;  
But heaving stands her breast, and, frenzy-  
wild, 70

Her heart is swelling up: and she appears  
Enlarged [in figure], neither utt'ring [tone]  
Of mortals, seeing she is breathed upon  
By now a closer power of the god.

"Dost thou betake thee idly to thy vows  
And prayers, Troy-born Æneas?" she  
exclaims;

"Dost thou betake thee idly? for ere-  
then

Shall not yawn open the enormous jaws  
Of the astounded mansion." And the  
like

She having spoken held her peace. Ice-  
cold 80

Throughout the hardy bones of Teucer's  
sons

A shudder ran, and prayers the monarch  
pours

From out his bosom's depth: "O Phœbus,  
who

Hast ever pitied Troja's weighty woes,  
Who Paris' Dardan shafts and hands didst  
aim

Against the body of Æacides;  
So many seas, vast lands encircling, I  
Have entered,—thou my guide,—and, far  
withdrawn,

The clans of the Massylians, and the fields,  
Dispread in front by Syrtis; now at last 90  
The flying coasts of Italy we grasp.  
May Troja's fate have followed us thus far!  
O ye, too, it is lawful now to spare  
The Pergamean race,—e'en all ye gods  
And goddesses, to whom hath stood op-  
posed

"In caves of night, the oracles of old  
Did all their mysteries unfold:  
Darkness did first Religion grace,  
Gave terrors to the god, and reverence to the  
place."

72. "The Pythian goddess  
Is dumb and sullen, till with fury fill'd  
She spreads, she rises, growing to the sight,  
She stares, she foams, she raves; the awful secrets  
Burst from her trembling lips, and ease the tortur'd  
maid." Smith, *Phædra and Hippolytus*, i. 1.

Our Ilium and Dardania's high renown.  
Do thou too, O most holy prophetess,  
Foresightful of futurity, vouchsafe,—  
Realms not undue to my own fates I claim,—  
That Teucri may in Latium settle down,  
And wand'ring gods and hunted Pow'rs of  
Troy. 101

I then to Phœbus, and the Trivian [maid],  
A fane of solid marble will appoint,  
And days of festival from Phœbus' name.  
Thee also there awaits within my realm  
A stately sanctuary ; for I here  
Thy oracles and mystical replies,  
Pronounced to my own nation, will lay up,  
And chosen men, boon [maiden], sanctify.  
Only to leaves thy verses do not trust, 110  
Lest, troubled, they may flit abroad, the  
sport

Of sweepy winds : pray chant them thou  
thyself."

An end he made of speaking with his lips.  
But not as yet of Phœbus tolerant,  
Wild raves the prophetess within the cave,  
If she the mighty god from out her breast  
Can shake : so much the more he tires her  
mouth

Of fury, taming down her haggard heart,  
And by his pressure moulds her [to his will].  
And now the dome's one hundred vasty  
gates 120

Flew open of their own accord, and waft  
The prophetess' replies through air : "O  
thou,

Who art at last discharged from mighty risks  
Of sea, yet heavier of the land remain.  
Into Lavinium's realms the Dardan sons  
Shall come ;—chase this disquiet from thy  
breast ;—

But that they'd come they shall not also wish.  
Wars, dreadful wars, and with a flood of  
blood

93. "Thou fathom'st the deep gulf of ages past,  
And canst pluck up with ease  
The years when thou dost please :  
Like shipwreck'd treasures, by rude tempests cast  
Long since into the sea,

Brought up again to light and public use by thee.  
Nor dost thou only dive so low, but fly  
With an unwearied wing the other way on high,  
Where fates among the stars do grow ;

And there, with piercing eye,  
Through the firm shell and the thick white dost spy  
Years to come a-forming lie,

Close in their sacred secundine asleep,  
Till hatch'd by the sun's vital heat,  
Which o'er them yet does brooding set,  
They life and motion get,

And, ripe at last, with vigorous might  
Break through the shell, and take their everlasting  
flight." Cowley, *Pindaric Odes*, The Muse.

127. "But e'en shall wish that they had never  
come."

The Tiber in a foam do I perceive.  
To thee shall not a Simois, nor Xanthus,  
Nor camp of Dorians [there] be lacking  
found ; 131

A new Achilles there is now secured  
In Latium, aye himself a goddess' son.  
Neither shall Juno, to the Teucri linked,  
In any quarter be aloof ; whilst thou  
In humble fashion, in thy state of want,—  
What nations of the Itali, or what  
The cities [thou] shalt not have craved !  
The cause 138

Of such a grievous woe once more a bride,  
The hostess of the Teucri, and once more  
Foreign espousals. Yield thou not to woes ;  
But, in their face, the bolder go, as thee  
Thy fortune shall allow. The foremost path  
Of safety, which thou dost imagine least,  
Shall from a Grecian city be disclosed."

In such like accents from her shrine  
chants forth

The Cuman Sibyl dreadful mysteries,  
And through the cave rebellows, with the  
dark

The true enwrapping. O'er the frenzied  
[maid]

These curbs Apollo shakes, and plies his  
goads 150

Beneath her breast. As soon as paused her  
rage,

And madding lips reposed, hero Æneas  
Begins : "No phase of toils, O maid, to  
me

Arises strange or unexpected : all  
Have I forestalled, and in my mind ere now  
Gone o'er them with myself. One thing I  
crave :

Since here the portal of the hellish king  
Is said [to lie], and, fraught with murk, the  
fen,

From Acheron o'erflowed, that it may prove  
My lot to wend my journey to the gaze

139. Hermia says to Helena :

"You, mistress, all this coil is long of you."  
Shakespeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2.

142. The Bastard to King John :

"Be great in act, as you have been in thought ;  
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,  
Govern the motion of a kingly eye :  
Be stirring as the time : be fire with fire :  
Threaten the threat'ner ; and outface the brow  
Of bragging horror ; so shall inferior eyes,  
That borrow their behaviours from the great,  
Grow great by your example, and put on  
The dauntless spirit of resolution."

Shakespeare, *King John*, v. 1.

"Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,  
And sit thee by our side : yield not thy neck  
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind  
Still ride in triumph over all mi-chance."

3 *K. Henry VI.*, iii. 3.



And presence of my darling sire ; that thou  
Would'st teach the route, and ope the holy  
gates. 162

Him I through flames and thousand chasing  
darts

Saved on these shoulders, and from 'mid  
the foe

Recovered ; he attended on my path ;  
All seas along with me, and all the threats  
Alike of ocean and of sky, he bore ;—

Infirm, beyond the strength and lot of eld.  
Yea that in lowly guise I thee should seek,  
And thresholds thine approach, imploring  
me, 170

The selfsame charges gave. Both son and  
sire,

Kind [maid], compassionate, I entreat ;  
(For thou canst all things, nor hath Hecat  
thee

In vain appointed o'er Avernian groves ;)  
If Orpheus could his consort's ghost evoke,  
Resting on Thracian lute and tuneful  
strings ;

If Pollux ransomed by alternate death  
A brother ; goes, too, and returns the way  
so oft ;—

Why mighty Theseus, why Alcides, name ?  
My birth, too, is from Jupiter supreme."

In accents such he sued, and th' altars  
held, 181

When thus the prophetess began to speak :  
"O sprung from blood of gods, thou child  
of Troy,

Son of Anchises, easy the descent  
T' Avernus ; night and day lies ope the gate  
Of ghastly Dis : but to recall the step,  
And to effect escape to upper air,—  
This is the difficulty, this the toil.

176. Julio attributes a similar power to his fair  
one's voice :

"And when she speaks, oh, angels, then music  
(Such as old Orpheus made, that gave a soul  
To aged mountains, and made rugged beasts  
Lay by their rages ; and tall trees, that knew  
No sound but tempests, to bow down their  
branches,  
And hear and wonder ; and the sea, whose surges  
Shook their white heads in heaven, to be as  
midnight

Still and attentive) steals into our souls  
So suddenly and strangely, that we are  
From that time no more ours, but what she  
pleases !" Fletcher, *The Captain*, ii. 1.

184. "But easy is the way and passage plaine  
To Pleasure's pallace ; it may soone be spide,  
And day and night her dores to all stand open wide."  
Spenser, *F. Q.*, ii. 3, 41.

"But many shapes  
Of Death, and many are the ways that lead  
To his grim cave, all dismal." Milton, *P. L.*, xi.

188. "Long is the way  
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light ;

The few, whom Jove hath in his kindness  
loved,

Or glowing merit lifted to the sky, 190

The children of the gods, have had the  
power.

All intervening [regions] forests hold,  
And Cocyt, gliding with his black embrace,  
Environs them. But if such deep desire,  
If yearning so intense possess thy mind,  
Twice o'er the Stygian pools to float, twice  
view

The murky Tartarus, and thee it joys  
To yield thy spirit to the wild emprise,  
Receive what needs must be accomplished  
first.

There lurks within a shady tree a bough  
Of gold, alike in leaves and lither spray,  
To Juno of the nether world pronounced  
Devote : this all the grove imbow'rs, and  
shades 203

With darkling glens inclose. But 'tis not  
deigned

Beneath the hidden [spots] of earth to pass,  
Before one shall have cropped away the  
sprigs

With golden tresses from the tree. This gift,  
Her own, to be presented to herself  
Hath beauteous Proserpine ordained. The  
first

Our prison strong ; this huge convex of fire  
Outrageous to devour, immures us round  
Ninefold ; and gates of burning adamant,  
Barr'd over us, prohibit all egress.

These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound  
Of unessential night receives him next,  
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being  
Threatens him, plunged in that abortive gulf.  
If thence he scape into whatever world,  
Or unknown region, what remains him less  
Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?"

*Par. Lost*, ii.

190. "How just our pride, when we behold those  
heights !

Not those ambition paints in air, but those  
Reason points out, and ardent virtue gains,  
And angels emulate ; our pride how just !  
When mount we ? when these shackles cast ? when  
quit

This cell of the creation ? this small nest,  
Stuck in a corner of the universe,  
Wrapt up in fleecy cloud and fine-spun air ?  
Fine-spun to sense ; but gross and feculent  
To souls celestial ; souls ordain'd to breathe  
Ambrosial gales, and drink a purer sky :  
Greatly triumphant on Time's further shore,  
Where virtue reigns, enrich'd with full arrears ;  
While pomp imperial begs an alms of peace."

Young, *The Complaint*, N. 6.

"To chase each partial purpose from his breast ;  
And through the mists of passion and of sense,  
And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,  
To hold his course unflinching, while the voice  
Of Truth and Virtue, up the steep ascent  
Of nature, calls him to his high reward,  
The applauding smile of Heaven."  
Akenside, *Pleasures of Imagination*, i. 160-6.

Plucked off, fails not a second [bough] of  
 gold, 210  
 And with like metal does the shoot begin  
 To leaf. Aloft then search it with thine  
 eyes,  
 And duly cull it with thy hand when found.  
 For freely it will follow of itself,  
 And readily, if thee the Weirds invite :  
 Thou else wilt not have pow'r by any  
 strength  
 To master it, nor wrench it off with stub-  
 born steel.  
 Moreo'er, lies dead the body of thy friend,—  
 Alas ! thou know'st it not,—and thy whole  
 fleet  
 It taints with death, while my advices thou  
 Art seeking, and delaying in my door.  
 In his own resting-place consign him first,  
 And hearse him in the grave. Bring sable  
 flocks : 223  
 Be these the first atonements. Thus at last  
 The groves of Styx, and realms impassable  
 To living [beings], thou shalt view." She  
 said,  
 And with a tightened lip she dumb became.  
 Æneas, downcast in his eyes, with  
 mournful look,  
 Fares on, the cavern leaving, and in mind  
 Revolves the hidden issues with himself ;  
 To whom the stanch Achates comrade  
 goes, 231  
 And firms his footsteps, [filled] with like  
 concerns.  
 Much they between them in diverse dis-  
 course  
 Conferred,—what lifeless mate the pro-  
 phetess  
 Could mean, what body was to be ingraved.  
 And they Misenus on the doughty beach,  
 When came they, see by death unworthy  
 killed ;—  
 Misenus, son of Æolus, than whom  
 None else more eminent with bronze to  
 rouse  
 The crews, and Mars to kindle with the  
 strain. 240  
 Of mighty Hector he had been the mate ;  
 Round Hector, e'en with clarion and with  
 spear  
 Distinguished, was he wont to meet the  
 frays.

221. Or: "and dost on my threshold hang."  
 But it is not easy to preserve the metaphor in  
*pendes*, without conveying the notion of a different  
 kind of dependence from that which the poet had  
 in view.

236. *Atque* (v. 162) has almost the force of  
 "straightway." See Wagner, *Quæst. Virg.* xxxv.  
 22.

As soon as him the conquering Achilles  
 Berobbed of life, t' Æneas Dardan-born  
 Had the thrice-gallant hero joined himself  
 As comrade, following no meaner [fates].  
 But then, while haply he on hollow shell  
 With music fills the seas, and in his strain  
 To contests madly challenges the gods, 250  
 The jealous Triton,—if 'tis worth belief,—  
 Had plunged the hero, 'mongst the rocks  
 surprised,

Upon the foamy billow. Therefore all  
 With lusty outcry shouted round ; in chief  
 The good Æneas. Then the Sibyl's  
 orders,—

There's no delay,—in tears do they des-  
 patch,

And th' altar of the sepulchre to pile  
 With trees, and stretch it forth to heav'n,  
 they strive.

The route is taken to an ancient wood,  
 Wild creatures' lofty lairs. Down fall  
 pitch-pines ; 260

With axes stricken does the ilex ring ;  
 And ashen timbers, and the splitting oak  
 Is cleft with wedges ; towards it roll they  
 on

Huge mountain-ashes from the mounts.  
 Yea too,

Æneas, 'mid such toils the foremost, cheers  
 His mates, and with like weapons is  
 equipped.

And these himself within his own sad heart  
 Revolves, while gazing on the boundless  
 wood,

And thus with voice he prays : " Would  
 heav'n that now

To us that golden branch upon the tree 270  
 Would show itself within a grove so vast !  
 Since all with truth,—alas ! with too much  
 [truth],—

Of thee the prophetess, Misenus, spake."  
 These [words] he scarce had uttered, when  
 by chance

Two doves, before the hero's very face,  
 Swooped from the firmament upon the wing,

248. Misenus was not so modest, and perhaps not  
 so skilful, as P. Fletcher represents Thelgon in one  
 of his charming Eclogues :

" I have a pipe, which once thou loved'st well,  
 (Was never pipe that gave a better sound,)  
 Which oft to heare, fair Thetis from her cell,  
 Thetis, the queen of seas, attended round  
 With hundred nymphs, and many powers that  
 dwell  
 In th' ocean's rocky walls, came up to heare,  
 And gave me gifts, which still for thee lye hoarded  
 here." *Piscatory Eclogues*, i. 19.

269. Notwithstanding all that Wagner says, *forte*  
 (v. 185) seems to make nonsense of the passage.  
 Nor does the objection to *voce*,—for which there is  
 very good authority,—seem to be worth very much.

And lighted down upon the sward of green.  
Then does the highest hero recognize  
His mother's birds, and blithe he prays :

"Be ye,

O [be] my guides, if any path there lies,  
And steer through air your passage to the  
groves, 281

Where shades the precious bough the  
fruitful soil.

And thou, O goddess-mother, fail me not  
In my uncertain state." Thus having said,  
He checked his footsteps, watching what  
the signs

They furnish, whither they proceed to pass.  
In feeding they so far advance on wing,  
As could the eyes of those pursuing keep  
Within their view. Thereon, what time  
they came

Up to Avernus' noisome-smelling jaws, 290  
They mount them fleet, and through the  
crystal air

Gliding away, upon the perch desired,  
Atop the double tree, they settle, whence  
A chequered sheen of gold throughout the  
boughs

Gleamed back. As mistletoe is wont in  
woods

In cold of winter to be green with leaf  
New [-born], (which soweth not its native  
tree,)

And with its saffron offspring to enring  
The rounded branches : suchlike was the  
guise

Of the gold leafing on the shady holm ; 300

287. Spenser makes use of the same agency to  
bring the heart-broken Squire to Belphebe :

"The same he tooke, and with a riband new,  
In which his ladies colours were, did bind  
About the turtle's necke, that with the vew  
Did greatly solace his engriued mind.  
All unawares the bird, when she did find  
Herselfe so deckt, her nimble wings displaid,  
And flew away as lightly as the wind :  
Which sodaine accident him much dismayd ;  
And, looking after long, did mark which way she  
straid,

But whenas long he looked had in vaine,  
Yet saw her forward still to make her flight,  
His weary eie return'd to him againe,  
Full of discomfort and disquiet plight,  
That both his iuell he had lost so light,  
And eke his deare companion of his care.  
But that sweet bird departing flew forthright,  
Through the wide region of the wastfull aire,  
Untill she came where wonned his Belphebe fair."

F. Q., iv. 8, 7, 8.

293. *Gemina*, rather than *gemma*, has the au-  
thority of the best manuscripts. *Gemina* looks  
very awkward and intrusive, while it is doubtful  
that Virgil ever uses the word at all with an ellipsis  
of the noun.

There seems to be as little doubt about the mean-  
ing as about the lection. It would be an abrupt  
weakness, quite below the poet, to introduce the

The foil thus tinkled in the balmy breeze.  
Æneas in a moment seizes it,  
And, eager, breaks away the coying [bough],  
And bears it to the Sibyl-seer's abode.

Nor less meanwhile Misenus on the shore  
The Teuceri wept, and paid the latest [dues]  
To thankless ashes. First, with pitch-pines  
rich

And oak cut up, a mighty pyre they reared ;  
Whose sides they interlace with sombre  
leaves,

And deathly cypresses in front erect, 310  
And grace it o'er with gleaming arms. A  
part

Warm waters, and bronze vessels, surging up  
Through flames, prepare, and wash and  
oint the corpse

Of him death-cold. Up springs a groan.  
They then

The limbs, bewept, upon a couch lay down,  
And o'er them fling his purple wardrobe,  
wraps

Well known. Some underwent the mighty  
bier,—

Sad service,—and in fashion of their sires  
A torch, laid underneath, averted held.

Together huddled are consumed their gifts  
Of incense, viands, jars with oil outpoured.  
Soon as the ashes had fall'n in, and slept  
The flame, with wine they moistened the  
remains 323

And spongy embers ; and the gathered  
bones

In bronzen casket Corinæus urned.  
The same thrice circled with the crystal wave

His comrades, sprinkling them with filmy  
dew,

And branch of blessed olive, and the men  
He purified, and spake the latest words.

element of a fork in the tree in this way ; indeed  
to mention it at all would be trifling. He is all  
along dwelling upon the double character of the  
tree, in consequence of the presence of an extraneous  
branch.

317. "Most worthy soldiers,  
Let me entreat your knowledge to inform me  
What noble body that is, which you bear  
With such a sad and ceremonious grief,  
As if ye meant to woo the world and nature  
To be in love with death."

Beaumont and Fletcher, *Bonduca*, v. 1.

329. P. Fletcher beautifully makes Love, or  
Charity, perform such offices ; *Purple Island*, ix.  
46 :

"And when the dead, by cruel tyrants' spite,  
Lie out to rav'nous birds and beasts expos'd,  
His yearful heart pitying that wretched sight,  
In seemly graves their weary flesh enclos'd,  
And strew'd with dainty flow'rs the lowly  
hearse ;

Then all alone the last words did rehearse,  
Bidding them softly sleep in his sad sighing verse."



But good Æneas rears of massy bulk 330  
The barrow, and the hero's arms, his own,  
Both oar and trumpet, beneath a skyey mount;  
That which "Misenus" now from him is  
called,

And holds through ages his undying name.

These [rites] discharged, in haste he carries out

The Sibyl's orders. Stood a cavern deep,  
And huge with chasm enormous, rife in  
crag,

Fenced by a pitchy mere and gloom of  
woods;

O'er which no flying creatures could, un-  
scathed,

A voyage steer upon their wings: such  
steam, 340

Forth flushing from its murky jaws, would  
waft

Its form to th' arch of heav'n; wherefrom  
the spot

336. "An hydeous hole al vaste, withouten shape  
Of endless depth, orewhelmede with rugged stone,  
Wyth ougly mouth, and grisly jawes doth gape,  
And to our sight confounds it selfe in one.  
Here entred we, and geding forth, anone  
An horrible lottly lake we might diserne  
As black as pitche that cleped is Averno.  
A deadly gulfe where nought but rubbish grows,  
With fowle black swelth in thickened lumpes lies,  
Which up in the ayer such stinking vapors throwes,  
That over there may fly no fowle but dyes,  
Choakt with the pestilent savours that arysse."

This extract is made from a very early imitation  
of Virgil by Sackville, called "Induction to A  
Mirror for Magistrates."

Spenser makes Night, at Duessa's request, carry  
Sansfoy to hell to be healed by Æsculapius, in  
which account he finely imitates Virgil, but with  
some grand original touches:

"Thence turning backe in silence softe they stole,  
And brought the heave corse with easie face  
To yawning gulfe of deepe Avernus hole:  
By that same hole an entrance dark and bace,  
With smoake and sulphur hiding all the place,  
Descends to Hell: there creature never past,  
That backe retourned without heavenly grace;  
But dreadful furies, which their chaines have  
brast,  
And damned sprights sent forth to make ill men  
aghist.

"By that same way the direfull dames do drive  
Their mournfull charett, fild with rusty blood,  
And downe to Plutoe's house are come bilive:  
Which passing through, on every side them stood  
The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,  
Chattring their iron teeth, and staring wide  
With stonie eies; and all the hellish brood  
Of fiends infernall flockt on every side,  
To gaze on earthly wight, that with the Night  
durst ride." *F. Q.*, i. 5, 31, 2.

339. "All that were made for man's use fly this  
desert;

No airy fowl dares make his flight over it,  
It is so ominous,  
Serpents and ugly things, the shames of nature,  
Roots of malignant tastes, foul standing waters,"

J. Fletcher, *The Sea Voyage*, i. 3.

The Grecians have entiled by the name  
"Aornos." Here four bullocks, swart of  
back,

First sets the priestess, and upon their brow  
The wines pours over, and the topmost hairs  
Cropping amid the centre of their horns,  
She places them upon the holy fires,—

The first libations,—calling with her voice  
On Hecat, puissant both in heaven and hell.  
Knives others plant beneath [their throats],  
and catch 351

The milk-warm blood in bowls. Æneas,  
e'en

Himself, a female lamb of sable fleece,  
Unto the mother of the Fury-train,

And her high sister, with the falcion stabs;  
A barren cow, too, Proserpine, to thee.

Then to the Monarch of the Styx he founds  
His nightly altars, and the flesh entire

Of bulls he lays upon the flames, rich oil  
O'er burning entrails pouring down. But lo!

Just at the rays and dawn of th' infant sun,  
The ground is rumbling underneath their  
feet, 362

And 'gan the heights of forests to be stirred,  
And dogs were seen to yell throughout the  
gloom,—

The goddess drawing nigh. "Far, oh!  
far hence

Avant, profane!" loud cries the pro-  
phetess,

"And from the grove entire withdraw;  
and thou

Start forward on thy way, and from its  
sheath

Tear forth the falcion. Now for courage  
need,

Æneas, now for steady heart." Thus much  
She having uttered, frantic plunged her-  
self 371

Within the open cave. His guide, as she  
Proceeds, he matches with undaunted steps.

Ye gods, whose sway is o'er the ghosts,  
and ye,

Still Shadows; Chaos, too, and Phlege-  
thon;

Spots silent far and wide in night;—to me  
Be it allowed what has been heard to speak;

362. "But loe, while thus amid the desert darke,  
We passed on with steppes and pace unmette:  
A rumbling roar confusde with howle and bark  
Of dogs, shoke all the ground under our feete,  
And stroke the din within our ears so deepe  
As halfe distraught unto the ground I fell,  
Besought retourne, and not to visite hell."

Sackville, *Induction*, 28.

364. Or, if gender must be observed:

"And through the gloom were bitches seen to  
howl."

See note on *Geo.* i. l. 648.

Be it allowed with your assent to ope  
The things, in deep of earth and darkness  
sunk.

They fared in gloom beneath the lonely  
night, 380  
Through shade, and through the tenantless  
abodes

And empty realms of Dis. As by the fitful  
moon,

Beneath her sullen light, a route is [ta'en]  
In woods, when Jove hath buried heav'n  
in shade,

And inky Night from Nature stripped her  
hue.

Before the court itself, and hell's first jaws,

380. "The bottom of a well  
At midnight, with but two stars on the top,  
Were broad day to this darkness."  
Shirley, *The Lady of Pleasure*, iv. 1.

383. "O thievish Night,  
Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,  
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,  
That Nature hung in heaven, and fill'd their lamps  
With everlasting oil, to give due light  
To the misled and lonely traveller?"

"I did not err; there does a silver cloud  
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,  
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove."  
Milton, *Comus*.

"Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall,  
A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,  
Magnificent and vast, are Heaven and Earth.  
Order confounded lies; all beauty void:  
Distinction lost; and gay variety  
One universal blot: such the fair power  
Of light, to kindle and create the whole.  
Drear is the state of that benighted wretch,  
Who then, bewild'rd, wanders through the dark,  
Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge;  
Nor visited by one directive ray,  
From cottage streaming, or from airy hall."  
Thomson, *Autumn*.

385. Or, more literally: "from objects reft their  
hue."

Savage has the same idea and its reverse. Speak-  
ing of the sun:

"What gay, creative power his presence brings!  
Hills, lawns, lakes, villages!—the face of things,  
All night beneath successive shadows miss'd,  
Instant begin in colours to exist."  
The Wanderer, c. iv.

386-395. Spenser has different occupants of the  
gates of hell:

"At length they came into a larger space,  
That stretcht itself into an ample playne;  
Through which a beaten broad highway did trace,  
That streight did lead to Plutoes griesly rayne:  
By that wayes side there sate infernal Payne,  
And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife;  
The one in hand an yron whip did strayne,  
The other brandished a bloody knife;  
And both did gnash their teeth, and both did  
threaten life.

"On th' other side in one consort there sate  
Cruell Revenge, and rancorous Despight,  
Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate;  
But gnawing Jealousy, out of their sight

Have Woe and vengeful Cares their pallets  
laid; 387

Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight:  
And trembling Fear still to and fro did fly,  
And found no place where safe he shroud him  
might:

Lamenting Sorrow did in darkness lye;  
And Shame his ugly face did hide from living eye.

"And over them sad Horror with grim hew  
Did alwaies sore, beating his yron wings:  
And after him owles and night-ravens flew,  
The hateful messengers of heavy things,"  
F. Q., ii. 7, 20-2.

387. "Vengeful Cares."

"And first within the portche and jawes of hell  
Sate diepe Remorse of Conscience, al besprent  
With teares: and to her selfe oft would she tell  
Her wretchednes, and cursing never stent  
To sob and sigh: but ever thus lament  
With thoughtful care, as she that all in payne  
Would weare and waste continually in payne.

"Her iyes unsteadfast rolling here and there,  
Whurld on eche place, as place that vengeauns  
brought,  
So was her minde continually in feare,  
Tossed and tormented with the tedious thought  
Of those detested crymes which she had wrought:  
With dreadful cheare and lookes thrown to the  
skye,  
Wyshyng for death, and yet she could not dye."  
Sackville, *Induction*, 32, 3.

"O conscience! into what abyss of fears  
And horrors hast thou driven me; out of which  
I find no way, from deep to deeper plunged."  
Adam's Soliloquy, Milton, *P. L.*, ix.

"Thoughts, my tormentors, arm'd with deadly  
stings,  
Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,  
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise  
Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb  
Of med'cinal liquor can assuage,  
Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.  
Sleep hath forsook and given me o'er  
To death's benumbing opium as my only cure:  
These faintings, swoonings of despair,  
And sense of Heaven's desertion."

Samson Agonistes.

"No—'tis the tale which angry conscience tells,  
When she with more than tragic horror swells  
Each circumstance of guilt; when stern, but  
true,

She brings bad actions forth into review:  
And, like the dread hand-writing on the wall,  
Bids late Remorse awake at Reason's call;  
Arm'd at all points bids scorpion Vengeance pass,  
And to the mind holds up Reflection's glass;  
The mind which, starting, heaves the heartfelt  
groan,

And hates that form she knows to be her own."  
Churchill, *The Conference*.

"O! it is monstrous! monstrous!  
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;  
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,  
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd  
The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass."  
Shakespeare, *Tempest*, iii. 3.

"O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!  
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.  
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.  
What do I fear? myself? there's none else by.

And wan Diseases haunt, and rueful Eld,  
And Fear, and Hunger, counselling to  
crime,  
And grisly Want,—shapes awful to be  
seen,— 390  
And Death, and Toil; then Death's own  
kinsman, Sleep,  
And guilty Joys of soul, and doomful War

Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.  
Is there a murderer here? No:—yes; I am:  
Then fly!—What? from myself? Great reason:  
why?

Lest I revenge. What? myself on myself?  
Alack! I love myself. Wherefore? for any good,  
That I myself have done unto myself?  
Oh, no: alas! I rather hate myself  
For hateful deeds committed by myself.  
I am a villain: yet I lie, I am not.  
Fool, of thyself speak well:—Fool, do not  
flatter.

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,  
And every tongue brings in a several tale,  
And every tale condemns me for a villain.  
Perjury, foul perjury, in the high'st degree,  
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree,  
All several sins, all used in each degree,  
Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!"

*K. Richard III., v. 3.*

388. "Wan Diseases."

"Immediately a place  
Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noisome, dark;  
A lazar-house it seem'd; wherein were laid  
Numbers of all diseased; all maladies  
Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms  
Of heart-sick agony, all feverish kinds,  
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,  
Intestine stone and ulcer, colic-pangs,  
Demoniac frenzy, moping melancholy,  
And moonstruck madness, pining atrophy,  
Marasmas, and wide-wasting pestilence,  
Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.  
Dire was the tossing, deep the groans. Despair  
Tended the sick busiest from couch to couch;  
And over them triumphant Death his dart  
Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invoc'd  
With vows, as their chief good and final hope."

*Milton, P. L., b. xi.*

391. "At last this odious offspring whom thou  
seest,

Thine own begotten, breaking violent way,  
Tore through my entrails, that, with fear and  
pain

Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew  
Transform'd. But he my inbred enemy  
Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart,  
Made to destroy. I fled, and cried out *Death!*  
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd  
From all her caves, and back resounded *Death!*"

*ibid., b. ii.*

392. "Hateful confounders both of blood and laws,  
Vile orators of shame, that plead delight;  
Ungracious agents in a wicked cause,  
Factors for darkness, messengers of night,  
Serpents of guile, devils that do unite  
The wanton taste of that forbidden tree,  
Whose fruit once pluck'd, will show how foul we  
be." Daniel, *Complaint of Rosamond.*

"Have mercy, Heaven! how have I been wan-  
dering,  
Wandering the way of lust, and left my Maker!

Upon the fronting sill, and iron cells  
Of Furies, and Disunion wild, enwreathed  
Upon her snaky hair with gory bands.  
Amidst it spreads its boughs and aged arms  
An elm umbrageous, huge; which haunt,  
they tell

Fantastic Dreams in clusters occupy,  
And grapple to it under every leaf.

And many a portentous form beside 400  
Of divers brutes are stalling in the doors,—  
Centaur, and Scyllæ of a double guise,  
And hundred-handed Briareus, and beast  
Of Lerna, hissing dread, and, armed with  
flames,

Chimæra; Gorgons, Harpies, too, and  
shape

Of the three-bodied Ghost. Here grasps  
his sword

Æneas, scared with sudden fear, and its  
drawn edge

Against them he presents as they advance;  
And had not his companion in her lore  
Reminded him that they were subtile  
sprites, 410

Without a body, hovering around  
Beneath the hollow phantom of a form,  
He would have hurtled on them, and in vain  
Have cut asunder spectres with a sword.

How have I slept like cork upon a water,  
And had no feeling of the storm that toss'd me!  
Trod the blind paths of death! forsook assurance,  
Eternity of blessedness, for a woman!"  
Fletcher, *The Island Princess*, iv. 5.

398. Dryden gives a lively description of dreams  
in a passage which he introduces into his transla-  
tion of Chaucer's *Nonnes Preestes Tale*:

"Dreams are but interludes, which Fancy makes;  
When monarch Reason sleeps, this mimic wakes:  
Compounds a medley of disjointed things,  
A mob of robbers, and a court of kings.  
Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad:  
Both are the reasonable soul run mad.  
And many wondrous forms in sleep we see,  
That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.  
Sometimes forgotten things long cast behind  
Rush forward to the brain, and come to mind.  
The nurse's legends are for truth receiv'd,  
And the man dreams but what the boy believ'd."

*The Cock and the Fox*, 325.

"I talk of dreams;

Which are the children of an idle brain,  
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;  
Which is as thin of substance as the air,  
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos  
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,  
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,  
Turning his face to the dew-dropping South."  
Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 4.

410. "Alas! good venturous youth,  
I love thy courage yet, and bold embrace;  
But here thy sword can do thee little stead."

*Milton, Comus.*

414. Ariel, seeing Alonzo and his company draw  
their swords, cries:



Hence lies the path that leadeth to the waves  
 Of the Tartarean Acheron. Troubled here  
 With mire and gorge prodigious, seethes  
 a gulf,  
 And into Cocyt belches all its sand.  
 These waters and the floods a ferryman,  
 Terrific, guards, of fearful filthiness,— 420  
 Charon; upon whose chin full much of  
 hoary hair  
 Neglected lies; stand [stiff] his eyes inflame;  
 Down from his shoulders hangs his frowsty  
 garb  
 In knot. Himself his shallop with a pole  
 Shoves on, and tends the sails, and carries  
 o'er  
 The bodies in his boat of rusty hue,  
 Now old; but flush and green the god's  
 old age.  
 Hither the throng, all tiding to the banks,  
 Kept rushing,—dames, and husbands, and  
 the forms  
 Of high-souled heroes, that have done with  
 life; 430  
 Boys, and unwedded maids, and striplings,  
 laid  
 On piles before the presence of their sires:

"You fools! I and my fellows  
 Are ministers of fate; the elements  
 Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well  
 Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs  
 Kill the still closing waters, as diminish  
 One dowe that's in my plume."

Shakespeare, *Tempest*, iii. 3.

416. "Four infernal rivers, that disgorge  
 Into the burning lake their baleful streams:  
 Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;  
 Sad Acheron, of sorrow black and deep;  
 Cocytus, named of lamentation loud,  
 Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegethon,  
 Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage:  
 Far off from these, a slow and silent stream,  
 Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls  
 Her watery labyrinth; whereof who drinks  
 Forthwith his former state and being forgets,  
 Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain."

Milton, *P. L.*, b. ii.

427. "Age had not shed  
 That dust of silver o'er his sable locks,  
 Which spoke his strength mature beyond its  
 prime,  
 Yet vigorous still; for from his healthy cheek  
 Time had not cropt a rose, or on his brow  
 One wrinkling furrow plough'd; his eagle eye  
 Had all its youthful lightning."

Mason, *English Garden*, b. ii.

428. "Gape, earth, and let the fiends infernal view  
 A hell as hopeless, and as full of fear,  
 As are the blasted banks of Erebus,  
 Where shaking ghosts, with ever howling groans,  
 Hover about the ugly ferryman,  
 To get a passage to Elysium."

Marlowe, *Tamburlaine the Great*, v. 2.

432. "First, Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with  
 blood  
 Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears;

As numerous as in the earliest cold  
 Of Autumn, in the forests gliding, fall  
 The leaves; or numerous as birds to land  
 Together flock them from the gulf pro-  
 found,  
 When the chill year is chasing them across  
 The deep, and driving them to sunny  
 climes.  
 They stood, beseeching they might be the  
 first  
 To make the passage over, and out-  
 stretched 440  
 Their hands with yearning for the farther  
 bank.  
 Yet, takes the surly boatman in now these,  
 Now those; but others, banished far aloof,  
 Debars he from the strand. Æneas, sooth,  
 In wonderment, and by the bustle moved,  
 Saith: "Tell me, O thou maiden, what  
 imports  
 The flocking to the river? Or what seek  
 The ghosts? Or by what diff'rence these  
 the banks  
 Forsake, those sweep with oars the leady  
 shoals?"

To him thus shortly th' aged priestess  
 spake: 450

"Sired of Anchises, most undoubted child  
 Of gods, Cocytus' pools profound thou  
 seest,

And fen of Styx, by whose divinity  
 Are gods afraid to swear, and swear un-  
 truth.

All this which thou descriest is a throng,  
 Unhopen and ungraved; yon ferryman  
 Is Charon; these, whom wafts the wave,  
 the tombd.

Though, for the noise of drums and timbrels  
 loud,

Their children's cries unheard, that passed  
 through fire

To his grim idol." Milton, *P. L.*, b. i.

438. "Part loosely wing the region, part more wise  
 In common, ranged in figure, wedge their way,  
 Intelligent of seasons, and set forth  
 Their airy caravan, high over seas  
 Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing  
 Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane  
 Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air  
 Floats as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd  
 plumes." *Ibid.*, b. vii.

"When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,  
 Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play  
 The swallow people; and toss'd wide around,  
 O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,  
 The feather'd eddy floats: rejoicing once,  
 Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire;  
 In clusters hung, beneath the mouldering band,  
 And where, unpierced by frost, the cavern  
 sweats;

Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,  
 With other kindred birds of season."

Thomson, *Autumn*.

Nor is it giv'n to carry them across  
The banks of terror, and the brawling  
floods,

Before their bones have in their homes re-  
posed. 460

A hundred years they stray and hover round  
These shores : thereon admitted, they at  
last

The pools sore wished-for come to view  
again."

Anchises' offspring paused, and checked  
his steps,

Revolving many a thought, and from his  
soul

Compassionated their unrighteous lot.

There spies he sad, and lacking rite of  
death,

Leucaspis, and the Lycian navy's chief,  
Orontes ; whom, together borne from Troy  
O'er gusty waters, Auster overwhelmed,  
Ingulfing in the tide both ship and men.

Lo ! pilot Palinurus moved him on : 472  
Who in the Libyan voyage late, while he  
Remarks the stars, had fallen off the stern,  
Flung forth amid the waves. Him, sorrow-  
struck,

When he with difficulty recognized  
In depth of gloom, he thus accosts him  
first :

"Who, Palinure, of gods reft thee from us,  
And whelmed thee 'neath the middle of  
the sea ?

Come say. For, not ere then found false,  
my soul 480

By this one answer hath Apollo duped ;  
Who chanted that thou shouldst on the  
deep

Be safe, and at Ausonia's bourns arrive.  
Behold ! is this his plighted faith ?" But  
he :

"Nor thee hath Phœbus' oracle misled,  
O prince, Anchises' son, nor did a god  
In ocean plunge me : for the helm, by  
chance

Through my excessive energy wrenched off,  
Whereto I grappled, its appointed guard,  
And steered our courses, in my headlong  
fall 490

474. "Orion's shoulders and the Pointers serve  
To be our loadstars in the lingering night ;  
The beauties of Arcturus we behold :  
And though the sailor is no bookman held,  
He knows more art than ever bookmen read."  
Robert Greene, *A Looking-Glass for London*.

490. "I saw your brother,  
Most provident in peril, bind himself  
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)  
To a strong mast, that lived upon the sea ;  
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,  
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves."  
Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, i. 2.

I with me dragged away. By felon seas  
I swear, that I no such intense alarm  
On my behalf conceived, as lest thy ship,  
Of tackle robbed, of pilot dispossessed,  
Should fall thee in such heaving mountain-  
waves.

Three wintry nights throughout the bound-  
less seas

Did Notus bear me forceful o'er the tide :  
On dawn the fourth scarce Italy I kened,  
High from the billow-top. By slow  
degrees

I swam to land ; was now securing spots  
Of safety, if a ruthless crew, as I 501  
With reeking gear was cumbered, and with  
hands

Inbent was clutching jaggy crests of rock,  
Had not with steel assailed me, and in  
ignorance

495. "Fall thee," or "founder."

Wolsey similarly protests his fidelity to his king :

"I do profess,  
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd  
More than mine own : that aim I have, and will.  
Though all the world should crack their duty to  
you,  
And throw it from their soul ; though perils did  
Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and  
Appear in forms more horrid ; yet my duty,  
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,  
Should the approach of this wild river break,  
And stand unshaken yours."

Shakespeare, *K. Henry VIII.*, iii. 2.

500. "*Francisco*. Sir, he may live :

I saw him beat the surges under him,  
And ride upon their backs ; he trod the water,  
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted  
The surge most swollen that met him ; his bold  
head  
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd  
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke  
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,  
As stooping to relieve him : I not doubt  
He came alive to land.

*Alonso*. No, no, he's gone."

Shakespeare, *Tempest*, ii. 1.

501. "I know among you some have oft beheld  
A blood-hound train, by Rapine's lust impell'd,  
On England's cruel coast impatient stand,  
To rob the wanderers wreck'd upon their strand.  
These, while their savage office they pursue,  
Oft wound to death the helpless plunder'd crew,  
Who, 'scap'd from ev'ry horror of the main,  
Implor'd their mercy, but implor'd in vain."

Falconer, *Shipwreck*, c. ii.

"Then we're deliver'd twice : first from the sea,  
And then from men, who, more remorseless, prey  
On shipwreck'd wretches, and who spoil and  
murder  
Those whom fell tempests and devouring waves  
In all their fury spared."

Lillo, *Fatal Curiosity*, i. 3.

503. *Mons* (from *emineo*), is strictly, any promi-  
nence. Here (v. 360) it cannot mean "mountain,"  
as Palinurus could not have reached the top of a  
mountain, while struggling for life in the water.

A prize imagined. Holds me now the surge,  
 And bandy me the winds about the shore.  
 Thee therefore by the joysome light and gales  
 Of heaven ; by thy father, I entreat ;  
 By hopes of rising Iulus, from these woes  
 Deliver me, unconquered [prince] ; or  
 earth 510  
 Do thou cast o'er me,—for thou hast the power,—  
 And seek out Velia's havens ; or do thou,  
 If any means exist, if any [means]  
 Thy goddess-mother hath to thee disclosed,  
 (For not, I deem, without the will of gods,  
 O'er floods so mighty, and the Stygian fen,  
 Dost thou prepare to float,) thy right hand lend  
 A wretch, and carry me away with thee  
 Along the waves, that I, at least in seats  
 Of peacefulness in death, may be at rest."  
 The like he'd spoken, when the like began  
 The prophethess : " Whence this so dread  
 desire, 522  
 O Palinure, to thee? Shalt thou, ungraved,  
 The Stygian waters, and the rigid tide  
 Of the Eumenides behold, or bank,  
 Unauthorised, approach? Cease thou to hope  
 That deities' decrees are warped by prayer.  
 But take in heedful mood [these] words [of mine],  
 Of thy sore plight the comforts : for thy bones  
 Shall neighbor [nations] far and wide  
 throughout 530

506. "Bandy," or "racket."

"Ha! total night and horror here preside;  
 My stunn'd ear tingles to the whizzing tide:  
 It is their funeral knell! And, gliding near,  
 Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear,  
 But lo! emerging from the wat'ry grave,  
 Again they float incumbent on the wave;  
 Again the dismal prospect opens round,  
 The wreck, the shore, the dying, and the drown'd.  
 And see, enfeebled by repeated shocks,  
 Those two, who scramble on th' adjacent rocks,  
 Their faithless hold no longer can retain:  
 They sink o'erwhelm'd, and never rise again."  
 Falconer, *Shipwreck*, c. iii.

511. There is no small pathos and power in Young's account of his committing Narcissa (Mrs. Temple) to the grave in France ; where her corpse fared as ill as did that of Palinurus :

"Denied the charity of dust to spread  
 O'er dust! A charity thy dogs enjoy!  
 What could I do? What succour? What resource?  
 With pious sacrilege a grave I stole;  
 With impious piety that grave I wronged;  
 Short in my duty: coward in my grief!  
 More like her murderer, than friend, I crept,  
 With soft-suspended step, and muffled deep  
 In midnight darkness, whisper'd my last sigh."  
*Complaint*, N. iii.

Their cities, by portents from heav'n enforced,  
 Appease, and rear a tomb, and at the tomb  
 Present their yearly off'rings, and the place  
 The deathless name of Palinure shall hold."  
 By these her words his cares were chased  
 away,  
 And banished from his dreary heart awhile  
 Its anguish: joys he in a name-sake land.  
 So they complete their route commenced,  
 and near  
 The river; whom when from that quarter  
 now  
 The boatman from the Stygian wave espied  
 Advancing through the silent grove, and foot  
 Directing to the bank, on this wise he 542  
 Is foremost to accost them with his speech,  
 And chides them, unassailed: "Whoe'er  
 thou art,  
 Who armor-clad art marching on our  
 streams,  
 Come, say, why com'st thou?—now,—  
 from yonder spot,—  
 And check thy step. The place of Shades  
 is this,  
 Of Sleep and drowsy Night: 'twere felony  
 To waft live bodies in the Stygian bark.  
 Nor sooth have I rejoiced that I took in  
 Alcides passenger upon the pool; 551  
 Nor Theseus and Pirithous, though they  
 Were sired of gods, and unsubdued in  
 might.  
 He with his hand the hellish warder sought  
 For fetters,—from our very monarch's  
 throne,—  
 And dragged him quaking: these, to force  
 away

Our mistress from the couching-hall of Dis,  
 Addressed themselves." In answer where-  
 unto

Spake briefly the Amphrysian prophethess:  
 "Here no such ambush; cease to be dis-  
 turbed; 560

535. "When humbly thus  
 The great descend to visit the afflicted,  
 When thus unmindful of their rest they come,  
 To soothe the sorrows of the midnight mourner,  
 Comfort comes with them, like the golden sun,  
 Dispers the sullen shades with her sweet influence,  
 And cheers the melancholy house of care."

Rowe, *Jane Shore*, act ii.

"You saw but sorrow in its waning form,  
 A working sea, remaining from a storm;  
 When the now weary waves roll o'er the deep,  
 And faintly murmur ere they fall asleep."  
 Dryden, *Aurungzebe*, iv. 1.

"In thy serener shades our ghosts delight,  
 And court the umbrage of the night;  
 In vaults and gloomy caves they stray,  
 But fly the morning's beams, and sicken at the  
 day."

Yalden, *Hymn to Darkness*, st. 6.



Nor do our weapons violence import,  
Let the colossal porter in his den,  
For ever barking, scare the bloodless  
shades ;

Chaste Proserpine her uncle's palace keep.  
Trojan Æneas, marked for piety  
And arms, is passing to his father down  
To lowest shades of Erebus. If thee  
No thought of such high piety affects,  
Yet thou this branch, (uncovers she the  
branch

That lurked beneath her robe ;) should'st  
recognise." 570

Then from its spleen down sinks his swell-  
ing heart :

Nor more to these. He looking in amaze  
At th' awful present of the fateful spray,  
After long interval beheld, towards these  
His dingy vessel turns, and nears the bank.  
Thereon the other spirits, which along  
The lengthful thwarts were sitting, flings  
he down,

And clears the gangways : at the same  
time takes

Within the hold the huge Æneas. Groaned  
The cobbled shallop underneath the weight,  
And, rife in leaks, took in the fen in  
floods. 581

At last, across the river, free from harm,  
Both prophetess and hero he debarks  
In ooze unsightly, and on sea-green sedge.

Huge Cerberus with triple-throated bay  
Peals through these kingdoms, in his  
fronting den

Couching immense. To whom the pro-  
phetess,

His necks now seeing bristle with their  
snakes,

With honey drowsed and drug-besprinkled  
grains,

A bolus throws. With madding hunger he

580. " The princely York himself, alone a freight,  
The Swiftsure groans beneath great Gloucester's  
weight." Dryden, *Astræa Redux*, 234.

587. Of course one is reminded here of Satan's  
address to Death, in Milton :

" Whence and what art thou, execrable shape !  
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance  
Thy miscreanted front athwart my way  
To yonder gates ? Through them I mean to pass,  
That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee !  
Retire, or taste thy folly ; and learn by proof,  
Hell-born ! not to contend with spirits of Heaven." *P. L.*, b. ii.

590. Spenser makes Night, under similar cir-  
cumstances, independent of the druggist's aid :

" Before the threshold dreadfull Cerberus  
His three deformed heads did lay along,  
Curled with thousand adders venomous ;  
And lilled forth his bloody flaming tong.

Three gullets op'ning, snaps up what was  
thrown, 591

And his huge chine unbraces, stretched on  
earth,

And, monstrous, all throughout his den is  
spread.

Æneas grasps the entrance,—[deep in sleep]  
The sentry buried,—and he quick escapes  
Beyond the rivage of the stream, that  
knows

Of no return. Forthwith are voices heard,  
And mighty crying, and the ghosts of babes,  
That weep within th' immediate threshold,  
whom,

Without their sharing in a life of charm,  
And ravished from the breast, black day  
hath reft, 601

And plunged in dissolution premature.  
Next these are they, who on a truthless  
charge

Were doomed to death. Nor, sooth, are  
these their homes

Assigned without a lot, without a judge :  
Investigator Minos shakes the urn ;

He both a council of the voiceless calls,  
And gains a knowledge of their lives and  
sins.

Then the next regions hold the wailful  
ones,

Who to themselves have death, while free  
from guilt, 610

At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,  
And felly gnarre, until Dayes enemy  
Did him appease : then downe his taile he hong,  
And suffered them to passen quietly :  
For she in Hell and Heaven had power equally." *P. Q.*, i. 5, 34.

Odin is equally potent :

" Uprose the King of men with speed,  
And saddled straight his coal-back steed ;  
Down the yawning steep he rode,  
That leads to Hela's drear abode.  
Him the Dog of Darkness spied,  
His shaggy mouth he open'd wide,  
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,  
Foam and human gore distill'd ;  
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,  
Eyes that glow and fangs that grin ;  
And long pursues, with fruitless yell,  
The father of the powerful spell."

Gray, *Descent of Odin*, i-12.

608. " Let guilty men remember, their black deeds  
Do lean on crutches made of slender reeds." *Webster, Vittoria Corombona*, end.

" A thousand stings are in me ! O, what vile prisons  
Make we our bodies to our immortal souls !  
Brave tenants to bad houses : 'tis a dear rent  
They pay for naughty lodging !"

Middleton, *The Spanish Gipsy*, iii. 1.

610. " Beneath the beech, whose branches bare,  
Smit with the lightning's livid glare,  
O'erhang the craggy road,  
And whistle hollow as they wave ;  
Within a solitary grave,  
A slayer of himself holds his accurs'd abode.

Procured by their own hand, and, loathing  
light,  
Have cast away their lives. How would  
they wish

"Lower'd the grim morn, in murky dies,  
Damp mists involv'd the scowling skies,  
And dimm'd the struggling day;  
As by the brook that ling'ring laves  
Yon rush-grown moor with sable waves,  
Full of the dark resolve he took his sullen way.

"I mark'd his desultory pace,  
His gestures strange, and varying face,  
With many a mutter'd sound;  
And ah! too late agast I view'd  
The reeking blade, the hand embru'd;  
He fell, and groaning grasp'd in agony the ground."

T. Warton, *Œde*, vi. 1-3.

"Forbear, forbear;

Think what a sea of deep perdition whirls  
The wretch's trembling soul, who launches forth  
Unlicens'd to eternity. Think, think:  
And let the thought restrain thy impious hand.  
The race of man is one vast marshall'd army,  
Summon'd to pass the spacious realms of Time;  
Their leader the Almighty. In that march,  
Ah! who may quit his post?" Mason, *Elfrida*.

"Who flies from life confesses  
He flies from something that appears so dreadful  
He dares not face it. Is it guilt or virtue  
That thus shrinks back and trembles at to-  
morrow?

Yes, this is meanness, and alone regards  
Its selfish ease; virtue is never leagued  
With its base dictates."

Mickle, *Siege of Marseilles*, iv. 2.

622. "Ay, but to die, and go we know not where  
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;  
This sensible warm motion to become  
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit  
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;  
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,  
And blown with restless violence round about  
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst  
Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts  
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!  
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,  
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment,  
Can lay on nature, is a paradise  
To what we fear of death."

Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure*, iii. 1.

"To be, or not to be,—that is the question:  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And, by opposing, end them? To die,—to sleep,—  
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end  
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;—  
To sleep! perchance to dream:—ay, there's the  
rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause: there's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long life.

For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's con-  
tumely,

The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,

In air aloft now even penury,  
And sore distresses to endure! The law  
[Of hell] withstands them, and th' unlovely  
fen

With melancholy billow binds them fast,  
And, nine times poured between, Styx  
hems them in.

Nor far from this, on every side dispread,  
Are shown "The Mourning Fields:" so  
call they them by name.

Here those, whom callous love with ruth-  
less waste 620

Hath eaten to the core, sequestered paths  
Bescreen, and myrtle-thicket bowers round:  
Their woes forsake them not in death it-  
self.

He Phædra in these regions, Procris too,  
And moanful Eriphyle, pointing out

The wounds from her unfeeling son, de-  
scries;

Evadne also, and Pasiphaë.

To these Laodamia comrade goes,  
And Cænis, erst a youth, a woman now,  
E'en changed again by fate to shape of  
yore. 630

Among whom Dido, the Phœnician  
dame,

Fresh from her wound, was wand'ring in a  
spacious grove.

When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;  
But that the dread of something after death,—  
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn  
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
Than fly to others that we know not of?

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all."  
*Hamlet*, iii. 1.

620. "Then hastens onward to the pensive grove,  
The silent mansion of disastrous love.  
Here Jealousy with jaundic'd look appears,  
And broken slumbers, and fantastic fears.  
The widow'd turtle hangs her moulting wings,  
And to the woods in mournful murmurs sings.  
No winds but sighs there are, no floods but tears;  
Each conscious tree a tragic signal bears:  
Their wounded bark records some broken vow,  
And willow-garlands hang on every bough."

Garth, *Dispensary*, vi. 242-50.

632. "Hence, all you vain delights,  
As short as are the nights,  
Wherein you spend your folly!  
There's nought in this life sweet,  
If man were wise to see't,  
But only melancholy:  
Oh, sweetest melancholy!

Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,

A sigh that piercing, mortifies,

A look that's fasten'd on the ground,

A tongue chain'd up without a sound!

Fountain-heads, and pathless groves,

Places which pale passion loves!

Moonlight walks, when all the fowls

Arc warmly hous'd, save bats and owls!

Near whom as soon as Troja's hero stood,  
 And recognized her dim among the  
 shades ;—  
 As who in th' infant month or sees, or  
 thinks  
 That he has seen, among the clouds the  
 moon  
 Arising ;—tears he dropped, and with  
 sweet love  
 Addressed her : " Hapless Dido, was then  
 true  
 The news which me had reached, that thou  
 wert dead,  
 And through the sword had sought the  
 closing [scene] ? 640  
 Alas ! was I to thee the cause of death ?  
 By stars I swear, by deities above,  
 And if lies any faith in deep of earth,  
 I loth, O queen, departed from thy shore.  
 But me the gods' commands, which force  
 me now

A midnight bell, a parting groan !  
 These are the sounds we feed upon ;  
 Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley ;  
 Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy."  
 J. Fletcher, *The Nice Valour*, iii. 3.

Any one can see Milton's obligations to this  
 exquisite song for some of the ideas in *Il Penseroso*.

636. " Or fairy elves,  
 Whose midnight revels, by a forest side,  
 Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,  
 Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon  
 Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth  
 Wheels her pale course,"  
 Milton, *P. L.*, b. i. end.

" For what I see, or only think I see,  
 Is like a glimpse of moonshine, streak'd with red :  
 A shuffled, sullen, and uncertain light,  
 That dances through the clouds, and shuts again."  
 Dryden, *Cleomenes*, iv. 1.

638. " Such is the fate unhappy women find,  
 And such the curse entail'd upon our kind,  
 That man, the lawless libertine, may rove  
 Free and unquestion'd through the wilds of love ;  
 While woman, sense and nature's easy fool,  
 If poor weak woman swerve from virtue's rule,  
 If, strongly charm'd, she leave the thorny way  
 And in the softer paths of pleasure stray,  
 Ruin ensues, reproach and endless shame,  
 And one false step entirely damns her fame.  
 In vain with tears the loss she may deplore,  
 In vain look back on what she was before ;  
 She sets, like stars that fall, to rise no more."  
 Rowe, *Jane Shore*, act. i. end.

645. " So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,  
 The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds."  
 Milton, *P. L.*, b. iv.

" A fellow that makes religion his stalking-horse,  
 He breeds a plague ; thou shalt poison him."  
 Marston, *The Malcontent*, iv. 3.

" Come, you shall not labour  
 To extenuate your guilt, but quit it clean :  
 Bad men excuse their faults ; good men will leave  
 them :  
 He acts the third crime that defends the first."  
 Ben Jonson, *Catiline*, iii. 2.

To travel through these shades, through  
 regions rife  
 In thorns through fallowness, and night's  
 abyss,  
 Constrained by their behests ; nor could I  
 deem  
 That this such grievous anguish I on thee  
 Could bring by my departure. Stay thy  
 step, 650  
 And from our gaze withdraw not thou thy-  
 self.

Whom fliest thou ? This [time], that I  
 Address thee, is by destiny the last."  
 With suchlike words Æneas tried to soothe  
 The soul afire, and fixing stern regards ;  
 And tears he waked. The other, turned  
 aloof,

Her eyes kept riveted upon the ground ;  
 Nor is in visage by his speech commenced  
 More influenced, than if she stood a flint  
 Unyielding, or Marpesian rock. At last  
 She tore herself away, and in her hate 661  
 Retreated to the shady forest, where  
 Her former consort echoes to her griefs,  
 And her affection does Sychæus match.  
 Nor less Æneas, by her fate unkind  
 Struck to the heart, pursues her weeping  
 far,

And feels compassion for her as she goes.  
 Therefrom he toils along the route as-  
 signed.

And now they occupied the utmost fields,  
 Which, set apart, the famed in battle  
 haunt. 670

Here meets him Tydeus, here, renowned  
 in arms,  
 Parthenopæus, and the wan Adrastus' ghost.  
 Here, sorely wept 'mong denizens of air,  
 And fall'n in fight, the sons of Dardanus :  
 All whom as he perceives in long array,

" The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose."  
 Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, i. 3.

" And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault  
 Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse."  
 King John, iv. 2.

" Gospel is in thy face and outward garb,  
 And treason on thy tongue."  
 Dryden, *The Duke of Guise*, iv. 1.

656. " Small griefs find tongues ; full casks are  
 ever found  
 To give, if any, yet but little sound ;  
 Deep waters noiseless are ; and this we know  
 That chiding streams betray small depth below."  
 Herick, *Anatomy of Odes*, xlvi.

Had she condescended a word, she might have  
 said :

" If impious acts  
 Have left thee blood enough to blush,  
 I'll paint it on thy cheeks,"  
 Fletcher, *Spanish Curate*, iii. 3.

659. *Silx* is always feminine in Virgil.



He o'er them groaned; e'en Glaucus,  
Medon, too,  
Also Thersilochus, Antenor's children three,  
And, consecrate to Ceres, Polyphæte;  
Idæus, too, still grasping car, still arms.

Round stand the spirits right and left in  
crowds. 680

Nor is't sufficient to have seen him once;  
It joys to linger to the last, and move  
Their step with his, and of his coming learn  
The reasons. But the chieftains of the  
Greeks,

And Agamemnon's phalanxes, when they  
Beheld the hero and his gleaming arms  
Among the shadows, quake with deep  
alarm.

Some turn their backs, as erst they sought  
the ships;

Others a puny exclamation raise:  
The cry begun deludes them as they gape.

And here the son of Priam he beholds,  
Deiphobus, torn all throughout his form,  
And mercilessly mangled on his face,— 693  
His face, and both his hands, and temples  
robbed

Of ravished ears, and, maimed, with seem-  
less wound,

His nostrils. Him thus scarce he recognized,  
As quakes he, and the dread infiction hides;  
And with familiar tones he speaks him first:  
"Deiphobus, of might in arms, thou seed  
From lofty blood of Teucer, who hath  
chosen 700

Such bloody vengeance to inflict? To  
whom

Was such great pow'r o'er thee allowed?  
To me

Brought rumor [word] on [that] last night  
that thou,

Worn out with mighty slaughter of the  
Greeks,

Down sankst on a jumbled charnel-heap.

681. The smiths in the house of Riches were  
equally astonished at the sight of Sir Guyon:

"But when an earthly wight they present saw  
Glistring in armes and battailous array,  
From their whot work they did themselves with-  
draw

To wonder at the sight; for, till that day,  
They never creature saw that cam that way:  
Their staring eyes sparkling with fervent fyre,  
And ugly shapes did nigh the man dismay,  
That, were it not for shame, he wold retyre."  
Spenser, *F. Q.*, ii. 7, 37.

705. As Rowe makes Slaughter do:

"The dreadful business of the war is o'er;  
And Slaughter, that from yester morn till ev'n,  
With giant steps, passed striding o'er the field,  
Besmeard and horrid with the blood of nations,  
Now weary sits among the mangled heaps,  
And slumbers o'er her prey."

*Tamerlane*, ii. 1-6.

Then I myself upon Rhœteum's shore  
A tomb, an empty [tomb], upreared, and  
thrice

With thund'ring voice upon thy Manes  
called.

Thy name and weapons guard the spot;  
thee, friend,

I was unable to descry, and lay [in earth],  
At my departure from our native land."

Whereto the son of Priam: "Naught, my  
friend, 712

On thy part hath been left [undone]; all  
[debts]

Hast thou to thy Deiphobus discharged,  
And to his corse's shades. But me my

fates,  
And [that] Laconian [woman's] deathful  
guilt,

Have plunged in these misfortunes. It is  
she

Hath these memorials left. For, our last  
night

How 'mid unreal joys we passed, thou  
know'st,

And thou must needs remember it too  
well. 720

What time with bound the doomful horse  
o'erleaped

High Pergamus, and, pregnant in its  
womb,

Brought infantry in armor on us; she,  
A dance pretending, led the Phrygian  
dames,

Enacting Bacchanalian revels round:  
Herself, the midmost, held a monster

torch,  
And from the castle summit hailed the  
Greeks.

Then me, foreshent with sorrows, and with  
sleep

Weighed down, my luckless couching-  
chamber held,

718. "Here lay Duncan,  
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;  
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature  
For Ruin's wasteful entrance."  
Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, ii. 3.

728, 9. He had no one to raise the warning  
voice:

"While you here do snoring lie,  
Open-ey'd Conspiracy  
His time doth take:

"If of life you keep a care,  
Shake off slumber and beware:  
Awake! awake!" *Tempest*, ii. 1.

"Sleep no more!  
Macbeth does murder sleep,—the innocent sleep;  
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast." *Macbeth*, ii. 2.

And overwhelmed me, as I lay, a rest, 730  
Balmy and deep, and likeliest to the still  
Of death. Meanwhile my exemplary wife  
All weapons from the house clears quite  
away,

And from my head had filched my trusty  
sword.

Inside the house she Menelaus calls,  
And opens the doors: sooth hoping this  
would prove

A signal service to her loving [lord],  
And that the scandal of her old misdeeds  
Could thus be blotted out. Why thee  
delay?

They burst within the hall of sleep; is  
joined 740

In company with them Æolides,  
Encourager of crimes. O gods! the like  
Requite ye to the Grecians if, with lip  
Religious, vengeance I demand in turn.  
But thee, with life endowed, what ac-  
cidents,—

Come, tell me in thy turn,—have hither  
brought?

Art come, enforced by wand'rings of the  
deep,

Or by a warning from the gods? Or thee  
What fortune harasses, that drear abodes,

731. "Shake off this downy sleep, death's coun-  
terfeit." *Macbeth*, ii. 3.

732. Helen well deserves Marston's satire:  
Sooner hard steel will melt with southern winds,  
A seaman's whistle calm the ocean,  
A town on fire be extinct with tears,  
Than women, vowed to blushing impudence,  
With sweet behaviour and soft minioning,  
Will turn from that where appetite is fixed."

*Malcontent*, iv. 3.

735. This miserable murderess scarce deserves to  
be connected with any allusion to Lady Macbeth:

"Come, come, you spirits  
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,  
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full  
Of direst cruelty! Make thick my blood;  
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse,  
That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between  
Th' effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,  
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring  
ministers.

Wherever in your sightless substances  
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick  
night,

And pall thee in the dunest smoke of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,  
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,  
To cry, *Hold! hold!*" Act i. 5.

742. "See'st thou the dreary plain, forlorn and wild,  
The seat of Desolation, void of light,  
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames  
Casts pale and dreadful?" *Milton*, *P. L.*, b. i.

"This is the place, by his commands, to meet in:  
It has a sad and fatal invitation:  
A hermit, that forsakes the world for prayer  
And solitude, would be timorous to live here.

Without a sun, spots troublous, thou  
should'st reach?" 750

At this, a turning point of their discourse,  
Aurora in her rosy four-horse car  
Had now mid heav'n in her empyreal race  
O'erpassed; and haply all the granted time  
Would they have whiled away in such  
employs;

But him the Sibyl, his companion, warned,  
And briefly [thus] addressed: "The night  
swoops on,

Æneas; we in weeping spend the hours.  
This is the spot, where into branches  
twain

The pathway splits itself. The right [is  
that], 760

There's not a spray for birds to perch upon;  
For every tree that overlooks the vale  
Carries the mark of lightning, and is blasted.  
The day, which smiled, as I came forth, and  
spread

Fair beams about, has taken a deep melancholy,  
That sits more ominous in her face than night:  
All darkness is less horrid than half light.  
Never was such a scene for death presented:  
And there's a ragged mountain peeping over,  
With many heads, seeming to crowd themselves  
Spectators of some tragedy."

*Shirley, The Court Secret*, iv. 2.

750. Or: "Sun-lacking, spots of trouble."

752. "*Naiis*. Behold the rosy dawn  
Rises in tinsell'd lawn,  
And smiling seems to fawn  
Upon the mountains.

*Cloe*. Awaked from her dreams,  
Shooting forth golden beams,  
Dancing upon the streams,  
Courting the fountains."

*Drayton, The Muses' Elysium*, Nymphal iii.

"Is it so much, and yet the morn not up?  
See yonder, where the shame-fac'd maiden  
comes!

Into our sight how gently doth she slide,  
Hiding her chaste cheeks, like a modest bride,  
With a red veil of blushes!"

*Fletcher, The Woman-Hater*, i. 1.

757, 8. "The clock upbraids me with the waste of  
time." *Shakespeare, Twelfth Night*, iii. 1.

760. "Eternity, the various sentence past,  
Assigns the sever'd throng distinct abodes,  
Sulphureous or ambrosial: what ensues?  
The deed predominant! The deed of deeds!—  
Which makes a Hell of Hell, a Heaven of  
Heaven.

The goddess, with determin'd aspect, turns  
Her adamantyne key's enormous size  
Through destiny's inextricable wards,  
Deep driving every bolt, on both their fates.  
Then, from the crystal battlement of Heaven,  
Down, down she hurls it through the dark pro-  
found,  
Ten thousand thousand fathom; there to rust,  
And ne'er unlock her resolution more.  
The deep resounds; and Hell, through all her  
glooms,  
Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar."

*Young, Complaint*, N. ix.

Which stretches 'neath the walls of mighty  
Dis;  
By this the route t' Elysium lies for us;  
But punishments of wicked [souls] the left  
Works out, and sends them to accursed  
Hell."

Deiphobus in answer: "Storm thou not,  
Great priestess; I shall pass away, fill up  
The tale, and be restored to gloom. Go  
thou,

Our pride! go, better fates enjoy!" Thus  
much

He said, and at the word his footsteps  
wheeled.

Æneas on a sudden looks behind, 770  
And 'neath a cliff upon the left he sees  
A spacious hold, engirt with triple wall,  
Which, ravening with its scorching flames,  
the flood,

Tartarean Phlegethon, beclips, and whirls  
The booming rocks. A gate there is in front,  
Colossal, and of solid adamant  
Its pillars; that no might of men, not e'en  
The heav'nly ones themselves, may have

the power  
To root them from their base with steel.

There stands  
[Up-mounting] to the gales an iron keep;  
And, sitting down, Tisiphone, with robe

Blood-spattered, tucked beneath, the vesti-  
bule 782  
Unsleeping sentinels both night and day.

Hence groans are heard, and felon lashes  
ring;

The clank of iron and the trail of chains.  
Æneas paused, and, startled by the din,  
Stood still. "What forms of guilt [are  
these], O maid?"

Speak forth!—or by what vengeance are  
they plagued?

What such distressful wailing to the air?"

Then thus the prophetess began to speak:

"O famous prince of Teucry, it to none 791  
Is lawful in his purity to plant

A foot upon the cursèd sill; but me

When o'er the groves Avernian Hecat  
placed,

Herself explained the vengeance of the  
gods,

And she escorted me through every [spot].  
These does the Gnosian Rhadamanthus

hold,

Thrice-rigid realms, and punishes and  
hears

Their crafty sins, and forces them to own

What crimes, committed in the upper  
world, 800

Each [soul], in unavailing secrecy

Exulting, hath deferred to death [s] late  
[hour].

Forthwith the guilty ones Avengeress

Tisiphone, accoutred with a scourge,

Torments in mockery, and stretching out

In her left hand her grisly snakes, she calls

The ruthless squadrons of the sister-crew.

At last then, grating on dread-jarring hinge,

The cursèd gates are oped. Dost see what  
guise

772. "At last appear  
Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,  
And thrice threefold the gates; threefold were  
brass,  
Three iron, three of adamant rock,  
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,  
Yet unconsumed." Milton, *P. L.*, b. ii.

773. "Horrors beneath, darkness in darkness, Hell  
Of Hell, where torments behind torments dwell;  
A furnace formidable, deep, and wide,  
O'er-boiling with a mad sulphureous tide,  
Expands its jaws, most dreadful to survey,  
And roars outrageous for the destin'd prey.  
The sons of light scarce unappall'd look down,  
And nearer press Heaven's everlasting throne."  
Young, *Last Day*, b. iii.

774. See note on l. 416.

780. "Methinks Suspicion and Distrust dwell here,  
Staring with meagre forms through grated  
windows;  
Death lurks within, and unrelenting punishment;  
Without, grim danger, fear, and fiercest pow'r;  
Sit on the rude old tow'rs and Gothic battle-  
ments:

While horror overlooks the dreadful wall,  
And frowns on all around."

Rowe, *Lady Jane Grey*, act iii.

784. A touching picture of a prisoner's woe from  
Chaucer; *Knight's Tale*. Speaking of Palamon,  
1281, 2:

"The pure fetters on his shinnies grete  
Were of his bitter salte teres wete."

802. "Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,  
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd;  
No reckoning made, but sent to my account  
With all my imperfections on my head:  
O, horrible! O horrible! most horrible!"  
Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, i. 5.

"Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell,  
To see the helpless wretches that remain'd;  
There left through delves and deserts dire to yell;  
Amaz'd, their looks with pale dismay were stain'd,  
And, spreading wide their hands, they meek re-  
pentance feign'd.

"But ah! their scorned day of grace was past,  
For (horrible to tell!) a desert wild  
Before them stretch'd, bare, comfortless, and vast,  
With gibbets, bones, and carcasses defil'd.  
There nor trim field, nor lively culture smil'd;  
Nor waving shade was seen, nor fountain fair;  
But sands abrupt on sands lay loosely pil'd,  
Through which they floundering toil'd with pain-  
ful care,  
Whilst Phœbus smote them sore, and fir'd the  
cloudless air."

Thomson, *Castle of Indolence*, end.

809. "Before the gates there sat

On either side a formidable shape:

The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair,



Of sentry in the entrance sits? What shape  
The threshold guards? With fifty pitchy  
chasms 811

Terrific, Hydra fiercer holds within  
His seat. Then Tartarus itself opes twice  
So deep adown the steep, and stretches forth  
Beneath the darkness, as the upward gaze  
To th' empyrean firmament of Heaven.  
Here Terra's ancient progeny, the brood  
Titanian, dashed by lightning down, are  
rolled

At bottom of the pit. Here, too, I saw  
Aloeus' twins, huge bodies, who with hands  
Attempted to demolish mighty heaven, 821  
And Jove thrust out from his ancestral  
realms.

I saw, too, paying penalties severe,  
Salmones, while he apes the fires of Jove,  
And peals of Heav'n. He, drawn by  
coursers four,

And cresset brandishing, through states of  
Greeks,

And through the city of mid Elis, rode  
In triumph, and the worship of the gods  
Claimed to himself,—the madman!—who  
the storms,

And flash inimitable, with his bronze 830

But ended foul in many a scaly fold,  
Voluminous and vast; a serpent arm'd  
With mortal sting. About her middle round  
A cry of hellhounds never ceasing bark'd  
With wide Cerberian mouths full loud, and rung  
A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would creep,  
If aught disturb'd their noise, into her womb,  
And kennel there; yet there still bark'd and howl'd,  
Within, unseen." Milton, *P. L.*, b. ii.

818. "For such a numerous host  
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep,  
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,  
Confusion worse confounded; and Heaven-gates  
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands  
Pursuing." *Ibid.*, b. ii.

821. "He it was, whose guile  
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceived  
The mother of mankind, what time his pride  
Had cast him out of Heaven, with all his host  
Of rebel angels: by whose aid, aspiring  
To set himself in glory above his peers,  
He trusted to have equal'd the Most High,  
If he opposed; and, with ambitious aim  
Against the throne and monarchy of God,  
Raised impious war in Heaven, and battle proud,  
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power  
Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,  
With hideous ruin and combustion, down  
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell  
In adamantine chains and penal fire,  
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms."

*Ibid.*, b. i.

824. "What devil art thou, that counterfeit'st  
heaven's thunder?"

Webster, *The Duchess of Malfi*, iii. 5.

830. Drayton, speaking of David's skill on the  
lyre, says that the birds strained themselves

"To imitate the inimitable touch."

*David and Goliath.*

And tramp of horn-hoofed steeds would  
counterfeit.

But the almighty sire, 'mid massy clouds  
His levin-bolt elanced,—not torches he,  
Nor smoky lights from pitchy pines;—and  
him

Headforemost in a wild tornado hurled.  
Moreover, Tityus, too, the foster-child  
Of Earth all-teeming, was there to behold;  
Whose frame through nine whole acres is  
dispread;

A monstrous vulture, too, with hooky bill  
The deathless liver pecking, and the flesh  
That teems for punishments, both roots  
them up 841

For cates, and nestles 'neath his tow'ring  
chest:

Nor to the inwards, bourgeoning anew,  
Is any respite granted. Wherefore name  
The Lapithæ, Ixion, and Pirithous?

O'er whom there beetles black a [rock of]  
flint,

Now, now about to topple o'er, and like  
One falling. Shine 'neath lofty couches boon  
Their golden props, and banquets are  
served up

With kingly lavishness before their view.  
The eldest of the Furies near reclines 851

And bars their touching with their hands  
the boards,

And rises up, her brand uplifting high,  
And thunders with her mouth. Here they  
by whom

The brotherhood were loathed, while life  
endured;

Or parent buffeted, or craft inwove

840. No such very imaginary scene in warm  
regions:

"A surface hideous, delug'd o'er with blood,  
Beyond my view illimitably stretch'd,  
One vast expanse of horror. There supine,  
Of huge dimension, coving half the plain,  
A giant corse lay mangled, red with wounds  
Delv'd in th' enormous flesh, which, bubbling, fed  
Ten thousand thousand grisly beaks and jaws,  
Insatiably devouring." Glover, *Leonidas*, b. xi.

852. "But on they roll'd in heaps, and, up the trees  
Climbing, sat thicker than the snaky locks  
That curl'd Megæra. Greedily they plucked  
The fruitage fair to sight, like that which grew  
Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flamed;  
This more delusive, not the touch but taste  
Deceived. They, fondly thinking to allay  
Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit,  
Chew'd bitter ashes, which the offended taste  
With spattering noise rejected: oft they essay'd,  
Hunger and thirst constraining: drugg'd as oft,  
With hatefullest disrelish writhed their jaws,  
With soot and cinders fill'd." Milton, *P. L.*, b. x.

856, 7. "How often in contempt of laws,  
To sound the bottom of a cause,  
To search out ev'ry rotten part,  
And worm into its very heart,

Against a client ; or they who, alone,  
Have brooded o'er the riches they have  
gained,  
Nor set aside a portion for their kin ;—  
Which is the vastest multitude ;—and who  
For their adultery were put to death ; 861  
And who have godless arms pursued, nor  
feared  
The right hands of their masters to be-  
guile :—  
In durance they their punishment await.  
Seek not to be informed what punishment ;  
Or what the shape [of pain], or fate, hath  
whelmed

Hath he ta'en briefs on false pretence,  
And undertaken the defence  
Of trusting fools, whom in the end  
He meant to ruin, not defend."  
Churchill, *The Duellist*, b. iii.

" I have seen some of his profession  
Out of a case as plain, as clear as day,  
Pick out such hard, inextricable doubts,  
That they have spun a suit of seven years long,  
And led their hood-wink clients in a wood,  
A most irremediable labyrinth,  
Till they have quite consumed them."  
May, *The Heir*, act iv.

858. " A thousand black tormentors shall pursue  
thee,  
Until thou leap into eternal flames,  
Where gold, which thou adorest here on earth,  
Melted, the fiends shall pour into thy throat."  
Fletcher and Shirley, *The Night Walker*, ii. 4.

From a noble passage of Ben Jonson's :  
" Good morning to the day ; and next, my gold !  
Open the shrine, that I may see my saint,  
Hail the world's soul, and mine ! More glad  
than is  
The teeming earth to see the long'd-for sun  
Peep through the horns of the celestial Ram,  
Am I to view thy splendor darkening his :  
That lying here, amongst my other hoards,  
Shew'st like a flame by night, or like the day  
Struck out of Chaos, when all darkness fled  
Unto the centre. O thou son of Sol,  
But brighter than thy father, let me kiss  
With adoration thee, and every relick  
Of sacred treasure in this blessed room."  
The Fox, i. 1, 1-13.

Also see Ford's *City Madam*, iii. 3.

861. " Groans are too late : sooner the ravisher  
Whose soul is hurled into eternal frost,  
Stung with the force of twenty thousand winters,  
To punish the distempers of his blood,  
Shall hope to get from thence, than those avoid  
The certainty of hell where he is."  
Fletcher and Shirley, *The Night Walker*, iv. 5.

862. " Be virtuous ends pursu'd by virtuous means,  
Nor think th' intention sanctifies the deed :  
That maxim, publish'd in an impious age,  
Would loose the wild enthusiast to destroy,  
And fix the fierce usurper's bloody title ;  
Then bigotry might send her slaves to war,  
And bid success become the test of truth ;  
Unpitying massacre might waste the world,  
And persecution boast the call of Heaven."  
Johnson, *Irene*, iii. 8.

Their subjects. Others roll a monster  
rock,  
And hang distended on the spokes of  
wheels.  
The ill-starred Theseus sits, and sit he will  
For ever ; Phlegyas, too, in depth of woe,  
Puts all in mind, and with a thund'ring  
voice 871  
Bears witness through the shades : ' Learn  
righteousness,  
When warned, and not to slight the gods !'  
This [wretch]  
Hath sold away a native land for gold,  
And over it a tyrant master placed ;  
Made statutes, and unmade them, for his  
fee.  
Another hath assailed a daughter's bed,  
And barred espousals. All of them have  
dared  
Gigantic guilt, and what they dared have  
gained.

[No,] not although I had a hundred  
tongues, 880

869. " Prayers there are idle, death is woo'd in vain :  
In midst of death poor wretches long to die :  
Night without day or rest, still doubling pain :  
Woes spending still, yet still their end less nigh :  
The soul there restless, helpless, hopeless lies :  
There's life that never lives, there's death that  
never dies."

P. Fletcher, *Purple Island*, vi. 37.

" A dungeon, horrible on all sides round,  
As one great furnace flamed ; yet from those  
flames  
No light ; but rather darkness visible  
Served only to discover sights of woe,  
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace  
And rest can never dwell ; hope never comes,  
That comes to all ; but torture without end  
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed  
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed."

Milton, *P. L.*, b. i.

" Or for ever sunk  
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapp'd in chains ;  
There to converse with everlasting groans,  
Unrespired, unpitied, unreprieved,  
Ages of hopeless end." *Ibid.*, b. ii.

874. Shirley, of similar guilt :

" Does he call treason justice ? Such a treason  
As heathens blush at, nature and religion  
Tremble to hear : to fight against my country !  
'Tis a less sin to kill my father, there,  
Or stab my own heart : these are private mischiefs  
And may in time be wept for ; but the least  
Wound I can fasten on my country makes  
A nation bleed." *The Young Admiral*, iii. 1.

" But view them closer, craft and fraud appear ;  
E'en liberty itself is barter'd here.  
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies ;  
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys."  
Goldsmith, *Traveller*.

" O Portius, is there not some chosen curse,  
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,  
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man  
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin ?"  
Addison, *Cato*, i. 1, 21-24.

And hundred mouths, and iron voice,  
could I

All shapes of their enormities embrace,  
All titles of their punishments recount."

These words when Phœbus' agèd priestess  
spake :—

"But come now, seize the pathway, and  
complete

The undertaken service : let us haste !"

She cries. "The walls do I discern, up-  
reared

In forges of the Cyclops, and the gates  
With their confronting archway, where  
these gifts

Do our injunctions bid us to lay down." 890  
She said, and, footing on with even step  
Along the darkness of the paths, they  
grasp

The intervening space, and near the doors.  
Upon the entrance does Æneas seize,  
And dews his person o'er with water fresh,  
And on the fronting threshold pins the  
branch.

At length, these [duties] having been  
discharged,

The service of the goddess done, they  
reached

The gladsome regions and the charming  
greens,

882. In Ford's First Play the following sublime  
passage occurs ; 'Tis Pity, iii. 6 :

"There is a place,  
(List, daughter) in a black and hollow vault,  
Where day is never seen ; there shines no sun,  
But flaming horror of consuming fires ;  
A lightless sulphur, chok'd with smoky fogs  
Of an infected darkness : in this place  
Dwell many thousand thousand sundry sorts  
Of never-dying deaths ; there damnèd souls  
Roar without pity ; there are gluttons fed  
With toads and adders ; there is burning oil  
Pour'd down the drunkard's throat : the usurer  
Is forc'd to sup whole draughts of molten gold ;  
There is the murderer for ever stabb'd,  
Yet can he never die ; there lies the wanton  
On racks of burning steel, whilst in his soul  
He feels the torment of his raging lust."

899. "With greater light Heaven's temples opened  
shine ;

Morns smiling rise, evens blushing do decline ;  
Clouds dappled glist, boisterous winds are calm,  
Soft zephyrs do the fields with sighs embalm ;  
In silent calms the sea hath hush'd his roars,  
And with enamour'd curls doth kiss the shores ;  
All-bearing Earth, like a new-married queen,  
Her beauties heightens, in a gown of green  
Perfumes the air, her meads are wrought with  
flow'rs,

In colours various, figures, smelling, pow'rs ;  
Trees wanton in the groves with leavy locks,  
Here hills enamell'd stand, the vales, the rocks,  
Ring peals of joy ; here floods and prattling brooks,  
(Stars' liquid mirrors,) with serpentine crooks,  
And whispering murmurs, sound unto the main,  
The golden age returned is again."

Drummond, *Flowers of Sion*.

And blessèd mansions of the happy groves.  
Here does a more expansive atmosphere,  
Yea with a glitt'ring sheen, the plains  
enrobe, 902

And their own sun, the stars their own,  
they know.

Some play their limbs upon the turfy lists,  
In frolic strive, and on the golden sand  
Engage in wrestle ; others with their feet  
Strike up the dances, and their sonnets sing.  
Moreo'er, the Thracian priest with length-  
ful garb

Answers the sev'n varieties of tones  
In rhythmic strains ; and now the same he  
strikes 910

With fingers, now with quill of iv'ry. Here

"Their glittering tents he pass'd, and now is come  
Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,  
And flowering odours, cassia, nard, and balm ;  
A wilderness of sweets ; for Nature here  
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will,  
Her virgin fancies pouring forth more sweet,  
Wild above rule or art, enormous bliss."

Milton, *P. L.*, b. v.

900. "O sacred innocence that sweetly sleeps  
On turtles' feathers, whilst a guilty conscience  
Is a black register, wherein is writ  
All our good deeds and bad, a perspective  
That shews us hell"

Webster, *The Duchess of Malfi*, iv. 2.

904. Milton makes both Angels and Devils engage  
in earthly games : even Virgil, in his necessary  
ignorance, did not venture so far as this.

A scene similar to this is described by Sir William  
Jones in his "Seven Fountains :

"Then in a car, by snow-white coursers drawn,  
They led him o'er the dew-besprinkled lawn,  
Through groves of joy and arbours of delight,  
With all that could allure his ravish'd sight ;  
Green hillocks, meads, and rosy grots he view'd,  
And verdurous plains with winding streams  
bedew'd.

On every bank, and under every shade,  
A thousand youths, a thousand damsels play'd ;  
Some wantonly were tripping in a ring  
On the soft border of a gushing spring ;  
While some, reclining in the shady vales,  
Told to their smiling loves their amorous tales."

"Sometimes with secure delight  
The upland hamlets will invite,  
When the merry bells go round,  
And the jocund rebecks sound  
To many a youth and many a maid,  
Dancing in the chequer'd shade ;  
And young and old come forth to play  
On a sunshine holy-day."

Milton, *L'Allegro*.

907. "O the pleasure of the plains !  
Happy nymphs and happy swains  
(Harmless, merry, free, and gay,)  
Dance and sport the hours away."

Gay, *Acis and Galatea*, 1-4.

911. How charming is Spenser !

"Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,  
Of all that note delight a daintie eare,  
Such as attence might not on living ground,  
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere :



The ancient strain of Teucer, fairest race,  
The high-souled heroes, born in better  
years,  
E'en Ilius, and Assaracus, and Dardanus,  
Troy's founder. He from far in wonder  
views

The warriors' armor and their phantom cars.  
Their spears stand firmly planted in the  
earth,

And all around unyoked throughout the  
plain

Their horses feed. What zest for cars and  
arms

Resided in them living, what concern 920  
In feeding glossy coursers, that the same

Pursues them when in earth inhearsed.  
Behold!

Descries he others on the right and left  
Throughout the herbage feasting, and in  
choir

Glad Pæan hymning 'mid a spicy grove  
Of bay; whence from above [in] fullest  
[tide]

The river of Eridanus is rolled

Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,  
To read what manner musick that mote bee;  
For all that pleasing is to living eare  
Was there consorted in one harmonie;

Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree.

"The ioyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade,  
Their notes unto the voice attempted sweet;  
Th' angelicall soft trembling voyces made  
To th' instruments divine response meet;  
The silver-sounding instruments did meet  
With the base murmur of the waters fall;  
The waters fall with difference discreet  
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;  
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all."

*F. Q.*, ii. 12, 70, 1.

922. This idea is beautifully embodied by P.  
Fletcher:

"Thomalin, mourn not for him; he's sweetly  
sleeping  
In Neptune's court, whom here he sought to  
please;

While humming rivers, by his cabin creeping,  
Rock soft his slumbering thoughts in quiet  
ease." *Piscatory Eclogues*, ii. 17.

926. Chatterton well describes the descent of a  
river, and its subsequent emergence:

"On Tiber's banks, Tiber, whose waters glide  
In slow meanders down to Gaigra's side;  
And, circling all the horrid mountain round,  
Rushes impetuous to the deep profound;  
Rolls o'er the ragged rocks with hideous yell;  
Collects its waves beneath the earth's vast shell.  
There for a while in loud confusion hurl'd,  
It crumbles mountains down, and shakes the  
world;  
Till borne upon the pinions of the air,  
Through the rent earth the bursting waves  
appear;

Fiercely propell'd the whiten'd billows rise,  
Break from the cavern, and ascend the skies."

*The Death of Nicou*, 1-12.

Along the forest. Here the band [of those,  
Who] in their fighting for their native land  
Have suffered wounds; and who were  
tainless priests,

While life endured; and who were holy  
bards,

And strains, of Phœbus worthy, spoke; or  
they,

Who by discovered arts have life refined,  
And who have others mindful of them  
made

By their deserving it:—with all of these  
Their brows are circled by a snowy wreath.

Whom, flocking round, the Sibyl thus ad-  
dressed;

'Fore all Musæus: for a num'rous throng  
Have him their centre, and to him look up,  
Above them standing by his shoulders

high:— 940  
"Say, happy souls, and thou thrice-worthy  
bard,

What tract, what place, contains Anchises?  
We

On his account have come, and mighty  
streams

Of Erebus sailed over." Straight to her  
Reply in few the hero thus returned:

"To none there is a fixed abode: we  
dwell

In shady bow'rs; and couches of the banks,

929. "Welcome, my son! here lay him down, my  
friends,

Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure  
The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.  
How beautiful is death, when earned by virtue!  
Who would not be that youth? What pity is it  
That we can die but once to serve our country?"

Addison, *Cato*, iv.

931. "From yonder realms of empyrean day  
Bursts on my ear th' indignant lay:  
There sit the sainted sage, the bard divine,  
The few, whom Genius gave to shine  
Through every unborn age and undiscover'd clime."

Gray, *Ode for Music*, ii.

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to  
heaven;

And, as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name."

Shakespeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. 1.

947. The British poets abound in descriptions of  
such scenes as are here only briefly touched upon:  
the difficulty is in the selection. To quote but a  
few:

"A gardein saw I, full of blossomed bowis,  
Upon a river, in a grene mede,  
There as sweetness evermore inough is,  
With flowres white, blew, yellowe, and rede,  
And cold welles streames, nothing dede,  
That swommen full of smale fishes light,  
With finnes rede, and scales silver bright:—" &c.  
Chaucer, *Assembly of Foules*, st. 27.

And meadows, fresh with runnels, do we haunt.

But ye, if thus the fancy in your heart Inclines you, overpass this brow, and I 950 Forthwith will set you in an easy path." He said, and in the front advanced his step, And from above the glist'ring plains points out :

They thereupon the topmost summits leave.

But sire Anchises, deep in verdant glen, The souls confined, and fated to advance To upper light, was passing in review, With earnestness reflecting; and by chance Was counting all the number of his kin, And dear descendants, and the destinies And fortunes of the men, their manners too, And their achievements. And when he beheld, 962

Advancing in his front along the grass, Æneas, he in eagerness both hands Outstretched, and tears were jetted o'er his cheeks,

" Fresh shadowes, fit to shroud from sunny ray : Fair lawnds, to take the sunne in season dew : Sweet springs, in which a thousand nymphs did play ;

Soft-rombling brookes, that gentle slomber drew ; High-reared mounts, the lands about to view ; Low-looking dales, disloigned from common gaze, Delightful bowres, to solace lovers trew ; False labyrinthes, fond runners eyes to daze ; All which, by Nature made, did Nature selfe amaze.

" And all without were walkes and alleyes dight With divers trees enrang'd in even rankes ; And here and there were pleasant arbors pight, And shadie seates, and sundrie flowring bankes." Spenser, *F. Q.*, iv. 10, 24, 5.

" I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows, Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows ; Quite over canopied with lush woodbine, With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine : There sleeps Titania, some time of the night, Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight : And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin, Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in." Shakespeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 2.

" Consent to be my mistress, Celestina, And we will have it spring-time all the year : Upon whose invitations, when we walk, The winds shall play soft descant to our feet, And breathe rich odours to re-pure the air : Green bowers on every side shall tempt our stay, And violets stoop to have us tread upon 'em. The red rose shall grow pale, being near thy cheek,

And the white, blush, o'ercome with such a forehead.

Here laid, and measuring with ourselves some bank,

A thousand birds shall from the woods repair, And place themselves so cunningly behind The leaves of every tree, that while they pay Us tribute of their songs, thou shalt imagine The very trees bear music, and sweet voices Do grow in every arbour."

Shirley, *The Lady of Pleasure*, v. 1.

And from his lips dropped forth the voice :

" Hast thou

Arrived at last, and hath thy piety, Awaited by a parent, overcome The painful journey? Is it deigned, my son,

To look upon thy features, and to hear 970 Familiar accents, and return them? Thus In sooth I judged within my mind, and deemed

That it would happen, reckoning up the times ;

Nor me hath my anxiety misled.

Borne [o'er] what lands, and o'er how spacious seas,

Do I receive thee! By how grievous risks Betossed, my son! What terror have I felt, Lest Libya's realms might do thee aught of harm!"

But he : " Me, sire, thy [ghost], thy rueful ghost,

Of, oft appearing, these abodes hath forced To near : my ships are riding in the Tyrrhene sea. 981

Vouchsafe to link right hand, vouchsafe, O sire ;

And steal thee not away from our embrace." In such wise speaking, at the same time he Bewet his features with a flood of tears.

Three times he there essayed to throw his arms

Around his neck ; three times, in vain engrasped,

The phantom-form escaped his hands, a match

For wanton winds, and likeliest wingy sleep.

Meanwhile Æneas sees within a vale, 990 That stretched in curve away, a grove retired,

And shrubs in thickets rustling, and the stream

Of Lethe, which along the homes of peace Flows on. Round this uncounted states and tribes

977, 8. Or, more literally :

" How have I dreaded, lest In aught the realms of Libya thee might harm!"

985. The ancient Epic poets could scarce have comprehended the Dauphin, when he says to Lord Salisbury :

" Let me wipe off this honourable dew, That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks : My heart hath melted at a lady's tears, Being an ordinary inundation ; But this effusion of such manly drops, This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul, Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors."

Shakespeare, *King John*, v. 2.

Were flitting; and,—as when among the meads

The bees in cloudless summer [-hour] alight  
On chequered blossoms, and are streamed around

White lilies,—hums with musicall the plain.  
Æneas shudders at the sudden sight,  
And in his ignorance does he demand 1000  
The reasons:—what may be those floods beyond,

Or who the persons, in a host so vast  
Have filled the banks. Then sire Anchises [thus]:

“The souls, to whom are other bodies due  
By destiny, at Lethe’s river-wave  
Care-chasing draughts and long oblivion drink.

Hereof in sooth to give thee an account,  
And spread them out before thy view, the line

Of my [descendants] to recount, long since [Have] I desire[d]; that thou the more with me 1010

In Italy discovered may’st rejoice.”

“O father, is it then to be conceived  
That any spirits to the world above  
Pass hence uplifted, and again return  
To sluggish bodies? In these wretched [souls]

What so portentous passion for the light?”  
“I sooth will tell, nor keep thee poised [in doubt],

My son:” Anchises catches up [the speech],  
And duly each particular unfolds.

“Firstly; the sky, and lands, and wat’ry plains, 1020

And sheeny ball of Luna, and the stars  
Titanian, soul within supports, and mind,  
Shed through the members, stirs the mass entire,

And with the mighty framework blends itself.

Thence birth of men and cattle, and the lives

Of flying creatures, and the monster forms,  
Which ‘neath its marble surface breeds the deep.

A fiery energy and heav’nly source  
Resides within these principles, so far  
As harmful bodies clog them not, nor blunt them 1030

Earth-gendered joints and perishable limbs.  
Hence fear they and desire, they grieve and joy;

Nor do they peer abroad upon the heavens,  
Confined in darkness and a gloomy jail.

Yea too, when with its latest ray hath life  
Left them, yet do not from the woeful ones  
Their every ill, nor all their body-plagues  
Depart entirely. And it needs must be  
That many a fault, long grown up with their growth,

In wondrous ways should deep within them root. 1040

Hence are they disciplined by punishments,

1030. The English idiom absolutely demands a negative in the positive clause in v. 732; otherwise a meaning the reverse of the poet’s will be conveyed.

“O ignorant poor man! What dost thou fear,  
Lock’d up within the casket of thy breast?  
What jewels and what riches hast thou there?  
What heav’nly treasure in so weak a chest?

“Look in thy soul, and thou shalt beauties find,  
Like those which drown’d Narcissus in the flood:

Honour and pleasure both are in thy mind,  
And all that in the world is counted good.

“Think of her worth, and think that God did mean  
This worthy mind should worthy things embrace:

Blot not her beauties with thy thoughts unclean,  
Nor her dishonour with thy passion base.

“Kill not her quick’ning pow’r with surfeitings;  
Mar not her sense with sensuality;  
Cast not her wit on idle things;  
Make not her free-will slave to vanity.

“And when thou think’st of her eternity,  
Think not that death against her nature is:  
Think it a birth: and when thou go’st to die,  
Sing like a swan, as if thou went’st to bliss.”  
Sir John Davies, *Immortality of the Soul*.

“Yet man, fool man! *here* buries all his thoughts;  
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.  
Prisoner of Earth, and pent beneath the Moon,  
*Here* pinions all his wishes; wing’d by Heaven  
To fly at infinite, and reach it there,  
Where seraphs gather immortality  
On life’s fair tree, fast by the throne of God.”

“A soul immortal, spending all her fires,  
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,  
Thrown into tumult, raptur’d or alarm’d,  
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,  
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,  
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.”  
Young, *The Complaint*, N. i.

1041. “I am thy father’s spirit,  
Doom’d for a certain term to walk the night,  
And, for the day, confin’d to lasting fires,

996. Spenser, beautifully of Clarion:

“There he arriving, round about doth flie,  
From bed to bed, from one to other border;  
And takes survey, with curious busy eye,  
Of every flowre and herbe there set in order;  
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly,  
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,  
Ne with his feete their silken leaves deface;  
But pastures on the pleasures of each place.”

*Muipoptmos*, st. 22.

1006. See note on line 416.

1008. “The hour’s now come;  
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;  
Obey, and be attentive.”

Shakespeare, *Tempest*, i. 2.

See note, *ÆN.* v. 1027-9.



And penalties of crimes of old pay out.  
Some gibbeted are spread to empty winds;  
From others underneath the monstrous gulf  
Their wickedness ingrained is washed away,  
Or is burnt out by fire. We each endure  
His proper Manes; then we are dismissed  
Throughout the wide Elysium, and we few  
The gladsome fields possess : till length of  
day[s],—

Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,  
Are burnt and purg'd away."

Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, i. 5.

1044. Spenser magnificently introduces Pilate in the infernal regions, washing his hands, but in vain :

"He lookt a little further, and espyde  
Another wretch, whose carcas deepe was drent  
Within the river, which the same did hyde:  
But both his hands, most filthy feculent,  
Above the water were on high extent,  
And faynd to wash themselves incessantly,  
Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,  
But rather fowler seemed to the eye:  
So lost his labour, vaine and ydle industry.

"The knight, him calling, asked who he was?  
Who, lifting up his head, him answerd thus:  
'I Pilate am, the falsest judge, alas!  
And most unjust; that, by unrighteous  
And wicked doome,' &c. *F. Q.*, ii. 7, end.

Crashaw, on the original act itself:

"My hands are wash'd, but O the water's spilt,  
That labour'd to have wash'd thy guilt:  
The flood, if any be that can suffice,  
Must have its fountain in thine eyes."

"What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out  
mine eyes!  
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will  
rather  
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
Making the green—one red."

Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, ii. 2.

1046. "Nor custom, nor example, nor vast numbers  
Of such as do offend, make less the sin.  
For each particular crime a strict account  
Will be exacted, and that comfort which  
The damned pretend, fellows in misery,  
Takes nothing from their torments: every one  
Must suffer in himself the measure of  
His wickedness." Massinger, *The Picture*, iv. 1.

1049. "Deceit and artifice! the turn's too sudden:  
Habitual evils seldom change so soon,  
But many days must pass, and many sorrows,  
Conscious remorse and anguish must be felt,  
To curb desire, to break the stubborn will,  
And work a second nature in the soul."

Rowe, *Ulysses*, act i.

In Ford's Play *'Tis Pity*, the Friar thus touch-  
ingly addresses the guilty Giovanni; act i. 1:

"Hie to thy father's house: there lock thee fast  
Within thy chamber; then fall down  
On both thy knees, and grovel on the ground;  
Cry to thy heart; wash every word thou utter'st  
In tears (and if't be possible) in blood:  
Beg Heaven to cleanse the leprosy of lust  
That rots thy soul; acknowledge what thou art—  
A wretch, a worm, a nothing: weep, sigh, pray,  
Three times a day, and three times every night."

The round of time complete,—hath blotted  
out 1050  
Th' incorporated stain, and taintless left  
The heaven-born intelligence, and fire  
Of uncompounded spirit. All of these,  
When they have through a thousand years  
rolled round  
The wheel [of Time], to Lethe's flood the  
god

Forth summons in a mighty host; to wit,  
That, void of memory, the vault above  
They may again revisit, and begin  
To wish into their bodies to return." 1059  
Anchises said, and on he draws his son,  
The Sibyl with him too, within the midst  
Of the assemblies, and the humming crowd;  
And fixes on a hillock, whence them all  
In long array he can in front review,  
And learn their lineaments as they advance.  
"Now come! what fame upon our Dar-  
dan race

Mason follows up the Christian idea thus beau-  
tifully:

"O flinty Edgar,  
What! will this penitence not move thee? Know  
There is a rose-lipp'd seraph sits on high,  
Who ever bends his holy ear to earth,  
To mark the voice of penitence, to catch  
Her solemn sighs, to tune them to his harp,  
And echo them in harmonies divine  
Up to the throne of Grace." *Elfrida*.

1051. "*Merlin*. But follow thou the whispers of  
thy soul,  
That draw thee nearer Heaven;  
And, as thy place is nearest to the sky,  
The rays will reach thee first, and bleach thy soot.  
*Philidel*. In hope of that I spread my azure  
wings,  
And wishing still,—for yet I dare not pray,—  
I bask in daylight, and behold with joy  
My scum work outward, and my rust wear off." *Dryden, King Arthur*, ii. 1.

1059. "Heavens! can you then thus waste, in  
shameful wise,  
Your few important days of trial here?  
Heirs of eternity! yborn to rise  
Through endless states of being, still more near  
To bliss approaching, and perfection clear,  
Can you renounce a fortune so sublime,  
Such glorious hopes, your backward steps to steer,  
And roll, with vilest brutes, thro' mud and slime!  
No! no!—Your heaven-touch'd heart disdains the  
sordid crime!"

"Not less the life, the vivid joy serene,  
That lighted up these new-created men,  
Than that which wings th' exulting spirit clean,  
When just deliver'd from his fleshly den,  
It soaring seeks its native skies agen:  
How light its essence! how unlogg'd its powers,  
Beyond the blazon of my mortal pen!  
Ev'n so we glad forsook the sinful bowers,  
Ev'n such enraptur'd life, such energy was ours."  
Thomson, *Castle of Indolence*, ii. end.

1062. *Sonantem*, v. 753, must not be rendered  
too strongly: see vv. 705-9.

Attends hereafter, what posterity  
From the Italian nation us awaits,—  
Distinguished spirits, and about to pass  
Into our name,—I will explain in speech,  
And in thy destinies will tutor thee. 1071

“Yon youth, thou seest, who on his  
headless spear  
Is leaning, holds by lot the nearest post  
To light. He foremost to the stars of  
heaven,

Commingle with Italian blood, shall rise,—  
Silvius, an Alban title, thy last child;  
Whom late to thee, in thy old age, thy  
spouse

Lavinia shall bring forth within the woods,  
A king, and sire of kings, from whom our  
line

Shall rule in Alba Longa. He the next  
Is Procas, of the Trojan race the pride,  
And Capys [too], and Numitor, and he,  
Who thee shall in his name reflect, Silvius  
Æneas, equally for piety 1084

Or arms distinguished, if at any time  
He Alba shall receive to rule. What youths!  
Behold what mighty pow'rs do they display!  
E'en shaded with the civic oak, they bear  
Their temples. These Nomentum shall for  
thee,

And Gabii, and Fidenæ's city; these 1090  
Shall plant upon the hills Collatia's towers,  
For praise of chastity renowned; and add  
Pometii the haughty, and the Fort  
Of Inuus, and Bola, Cora too.

These then shall be their names; the lands  
are now

Without a name. Yea too, in company  
With his grandsire, Mavortian Romulus  
Shall join him; whom shall of Assarac's  
blood

His mother Ilia bring to light. Dost thou  
not see

How double plumes are standing from his  
head, 1100

And e'en the father of the gods above  
Now stamps him with a dignity, his own?  
Behold! beneath his auspices, my son,  
That glorious Rome her sovereignty shall  
bring

To match with earth, her gallantry with  
heaven,

And singly for herself her seven heights  
With rampart girdle, happy in a race  
Of heroes: as the Berecynthian dame

Is wafted in her chariot, crowned with  
towers,

Through Phrygia's cities, blithe with birth  
of gods, 1110

A hundred grandsons folding in her arms,  
All denizens of heav'n, all tenanting  
The heights empyreal. Hither both thine  
eyes

Now turn; this nation view, e'en Romans  
thine.

This Cæsar is, and all Iulus' strain,  
Decreed to pass beneath the mighty cope  
Of heav'n. This is the man, this he, whom  
thou

Dost often, often hear to thee is pledged,—  
Augustus Cæsar, offspring of a god;

He who shall found the age of gold again  
In Latium, o'er the territories ruled 1121

By Saturn erst; and past the Garamants  
And Indians shall his sovereignty extend.

Without the constellations lies their land,  
Without the pathways of the year and sun,  
Where heav'n-supporting Atlas whirls the  
pole

Upon his shoulder, chased with blazing  
stars.

At his approach e'en now both Caspian  
realms,

And the Mæotian land, are struck aghast

1125. “In climes beyond the solar road,  
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains  
roam,

The Muse has broke the twilight gloom,  
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.”  
Gray, *The Progress of Poesy*.

1127. “Even from the fiery-spangled veil of  
heaven.”

Marlowe, *Tamburlaine the Great*, v. 2.

Dr. Young has somewhere “blossomed with  
stars.” Milton's “powdered with stars,” *P. L.*,  
b. vii., may have been taken from Sackville's *In-*  
*duction*, st. 9:

“Then looking upward to the heavens beames,  
With nightes starres thicke powdered every where,  
Which erst so glistened with the golden streames,  
That chearefull Phebus spread downe from his  
sphere.”

1069. The idea in *ituras*, v. 758, seems to be that  
which Sir John Davies combats here:

“Nor in a secret cloister doth he keep  
These virgin-spirits, till their marriage-day:  
Nor locks them up in chambers, where they sleep  
Till they awake within these beds of clay.”

*Immortality of the Soul*, section 5.

But Thomson avails himself of it in *Alfred*, ii. 3:

“From those eternal regions bright,  
Where suns that never set in night  
Diffuse the golden day,  
Where Spring unfading pours around,  
O'er all the dew-impearled ground,  
Her thousand colours gay;  
O! whether on the fountain's flowery side,  
Whence living waters glide,  
Or in the fragrant grove  
Whose shade embosoms Peace and Love,  
New pleasures all your hours employ,  
And ravish every sense with every joy:  
Great heirs of empire yet unborn  
Who shall this island late adore!  
A monarch's drooping thought to cheer,  
Appear! appear! appear!”

At answers of the gods, and troubled be  
The flurried outlets of the sev'nfold Nile.  
Nor did in sooth Alcides overpass 1132  
So wide [a span] of earth, although he  
pierced

The bronzen-footed hind, or tranquillized  
The groves of Erymanth, and Lerna forced  
To shudder through his bow : nor he who  
sways

His team with reins, encircled with the vine,  
In conquest,—Liber, driving tigers down  
From Nysa's lofty crest. And do we still  
Demur to spread our fame by our exploits?  
Or is it fear, that bars our settling down  
Upon Ausonia's land?" "But who is he  
Afar, distinguished by the olive-sprays,  
Bearing the holy things?" "I know the  
locks 1144

And frosty chin of Roma's monarch, who  
The city first shall stablish by his laws ;  
From petty Cures, and a poor estate,  
Commissioned to majestic sway. To whom  
Shall Tullus next succeed, he who shall  
break

The quiet of his native land, and rouse 1150  
To arms his restful subjects, and the hosts,  
To triumphs now unused. Whom follows  
close

Too vauntful Ancus, now, e'en now, o'er-  
much  
Rejoicing in mob-breath. And dost thou  
list

1147, 8. "And, as in cloudy days, we see the sun  
Glide over turrets, temples, richest fields,  
All those left dark, and slighted in his way,  
And on the wretched plight of some poor shed,  
Pours all the glories of his golden head :  
So heavenly virtue on this envied lord  
Points all his graces." Shirley, *Chabot*, iv. 1.

1153, 4. "O popular applause ! What heart of man  
Is proof against thy sweet seducing charms?  
The wisest and the best feel urgent need  
Of all their caution in thy gentlest gales ;  
But swell'd into a gust,—who then, alas !  
With all his canvas set, and inexpert,  
And therefore heedless, can withstand thy  
pow'r?" Cowper, *Task*, b. ii.

"Foe to restraint, unpractic'd in deceit,  
Too resolute, from nature's active heat,  
To brook affronts, and tamely pass them by ;  
Too proud to flatter, too sincere to lie,  
Too plain to please, too honest to be great,  
Give me, kind Heav'n, an humbler, happier state ;  
Far from the place where men with pride deceive,  
Where rascals promise, and where fools believe ;  
Far from the walk of folly, vice, and strife,  
Calm, independent, let me steal through life,  
Nor one vain wish my steady thoughts beguile  
To fear his lordship's frown, or court his smile."  
Churchill, *Night*.

"Wilt thou assign the flatteries, whereon  
The reeling pillars of a popular breath  
Have rais'd thy giant-like conceit?"  
Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Laws of Candy*, i. 2.

The Tarquin monarchs, and the haughty  
soul

Of vengeful Brutus, and the fascial rods,  
Recovered, to behold? The consul's sway  
And ruthless axes he shall first receive ;  
And, [though] a father, shall his sons,  
strange wars

Arousing, to their punishment, for sake 1160  
Of beauteous freedom, call. Unhappy man !  
Howe'er posterity these deeds shall brook,  
The love of country, and a boundless lust  
Of praises, shall prevail. Moreover too,  
The Decii, and the Drusi far away,  
And, unrelenting with his axe, behold  
Torquatus ; and, the standards bringing  
back,

Camillus. But those sprites, whom thou  
perceiv'st

Gleaming in weapons uniform, in heart  
Knit now, and while in night they're over-  
whelmed,— 1170

Alas ! how sore the war between them, if  
The light of life they shall have reached !  
How sore

The battles and the carnage they shall wake !  
From Alpine piles, and from Monæcus'  
tower,

The sire-in-law down swooping ; son-in-law,

1159. "*Raymond*. What 'treason is it to redeem  
my king,  
And to reform the state ?

*Torrismond*. That's a stale cheat :  
The primitive rebel, Lucifer, first us'd it,  
And was the first reformer of the skies."

Dryden, *Spanish Fryar*, v.

1161. "Beauteous freedom." The Tarquins  
would have said :

"Now mince the sin,  
And mollify damnation with a phrase."  
Dryden, *Spanish Fryar*, v.

1162. "Brook," or, perhaps, "tell." The mean-  
ing of the passage seems to be this. It is as if  
Anchises had said : "I am aware that this act of  
Brutus is questionable, and that hereafter it will be  
freely canvassed, and by some as freely condemned.  
But, notwithstanding this difference of opinion, I  
believe that the upholders of Brutus will at last  
carry the world with them. The love of country,  
and the desire for the approval of good men, will  
be pronounced paramount to all considerations of  
private interest or affection."

1163, 4. "Though the desire of fame be the last  
weakness  
Wise men put off."

Massinger, *A Very Woman*, v. 4.

Gifford, in a note on this passage, says that  
Massinger and Milton (who calls fame, "That  
last infirmity of a noble mind,") were probably both  
indebted to Tacitus : "*Quando etiam sapientibus  
cupido glorie novissima exiit.*" Hist. xi. 6.

1171. "If you can look into the seeds of time,  
And say, which grain will grow, and which will  
not." Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, i. 3.



With troops to meet him, from the East  
supplied !

Do not, my sons, do not familiarize  
Such grievous battles to your minds, nor turn  
Your lusty strength against your country's  
bowels :

And thou the first, do thou forbear, who  
draw'st 1180

Thy lineage from Olympus ; fling away  
The weapons from thy hand, O my own  
blood !

That [warrior] to the lofty Capitol,  
A conqueror, on Corinth triumphed o'er,  
Shall drive his chariot, marked by slaugh-  
tered Greeks.

This Argos shall uproot, Mycenæ, too,  
[The seat] of Agamemnon, aye and e'en  
A child of Æacus, Achilles' seed,  
The powerful in armor, having venged  
Thé ancestors of Troja, and Minerva's  
fane, 1190

That was disgraced. Who, mighty Cato,  
thee,

Or thee, O Cossus, could unmentioned leave ?  
Who could therace of Gracchus ? Or [those]  
twain,

Two levin-bolts of war, the Scipios,  
The scourge of Libya ? And Fabricius,  
A master [spirit] in a petty sphere ?  
Or thee, Serranus, sowing in thy trench ?  
Whither, O Fabii, hurry wearied me ?  
Thou art that "Maximus," who dost alone

1199. "See, see, the pining malady of France !  
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,  
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast !  
O, turn thy edged sword another way ;  
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that  
help ;  
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's  
bosom,  
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign  
gore." Shakespeare, *1 K. Hen. VI.*, iii. 3.

"Every wound  
We give our country is a crimson tear  
From our own heart. They are a viperous brood  
Gnaw through the bowels of their parent."  
Shirley, *The Politician*, iv. 2.

1197. "Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away am-  
bition :

By that sin fell the angels."  
Shakespeare, *King Henry VIII.*, iii. 2.

"You have worth,  
And, though your lofty merit might sit crown'd  
On Caucasus, or the Pyrenean mountains,  
You choose the humbler valley, and had rather  
Grow a safe shrub below, than dare the winds,  
And be a cedar."

Randolph, *The Muses' Looking-Glass*, iii. 2.

"Trust me, I prize poor virtue with a rag  
Better than vice with both the Indies."  
Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Faithful  
Friends*, iv. 4.

For us by dallying retrieve the state. 1200  
Others more tenderly shall model out  
Their breathing bronzes, truly I believe ;  
Shall living features from the marble draw ;  
Plead causes better ; and the heav'n's career  
Map out with wand, and rise of stars de-  
scribe :

Do thou, to rule the nations 'neath thy  
sway,

Remember, Roman ! these shall be thy  
arts :—

E'en to obtrude upon them terms of peace,  
To spare the prostrate, and to crush the  
proud."

Thus sire Anchises ; and, in their amazement,  
He these subjoins : "See how Marcellus,  
badged 1211

With trophies from the gen'ral, stalks along  
And, cong'ror, all the heroes overtops !  
He shall the state of Rome, while tumult vast  
Is troubling it, support ; he, mounted on  
his steed,

Shall quell the Pœni and revolting Gaul,  
And the third captured arms shall hang aloft  
To sire Quirinus." And Æneas here :—

For pacing by his side he saw a youth,  
Peerless in figure and in gleaming arms,  
But little blithe his forehead, and his eyne  
With downcast look :—"Who, sire, is he,  
who thus 1222

Accompanies the warrior as he goes ?  
His son ? Or any of his mighty stock  
Of grandsons ? What a buzz of retinue

1202. "Breathing : " that is, of course, seemingly  
alive ; as Spenser represents Minerva working a  
Butterfly :

"Amongst these leaves she made a butterfly,  
With excellent device and wondrous slight,  
Fluttering among the olives wantonly,  
That seem'd to live, so like it was in sight :  
The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie,  
The silken downe with which his backe is dight,  
His broad outstretched hornes, his hayricc thies,  
His glorious colours, and his glistering eies."

*Muioptomos*, 42.

"Such are thy pieces, imitating life  
So near, they almost conquer in the strife."  
Dryden, *Ep. to Sir G. Kneller*.

"Still to new scenes my wandering muse retires,  
And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires ;  
Where the smooth chisel all its force has shown,  
And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone."  
Addison, *Letter to Lord Halifax*.

"Beneath yon storied roof, where mimic life  
Glows to the eye, and at the painter's touch  
A new creation lives along the walls."  
Murphy, *The Orphan of China*, act ii.

1225. 6. So Gray of Queen Elizabeth :

"Girt with many a baron bold  
Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;  
And gorgeous dames and statesmen old,  
In bearded majesty, appear."

Around! His bearing in himself how grand!  
But ebon Night is hov'ring round his head  
With sullen shade." The sire Anchises then  
began,

With eyedrops starting forth: "O son,  
seek not

The weighty sorrows of thy kin. The  
Fates 1230

Shall but just hold him to the view of earth,  
Nor farther let him live. O'ermuch to you  
Rome's race had puissant seemed, ye gods  
above,

If these your boons had ever-during proved.  
What grievous groans of warriors will that  
field,

By Mars' majestic city, send abroad!  
Aye, too, what obsequies, O Tiberine,  
Shalt thou behold, when thou shalt glide  
along

By his fresh grave! Nor shall there any  
youth

Of Ilían race his Latin ancestors 1240  
To such a lofty pitch with hope upraise:

Nor ever shall the land of Romulus

In any nursing vaunt herself so high.

Ah piety! Ah faith of olden days!

And thou, O right hand, unsubdued in war!

Not with impunity would any [knight]

Have tilted on to meet him, cased in arms,

Or when afoot against the foeman he would  
march,

Or gore with spurs his foaming charger's  
flanks.

Alas! O youth, for pity meet! If thou

Thy felon destinies in any wise 1251

Canst burst away, Marcellus thou shalt be.

By handfuls give me lilies; let me strew

Their gaudy blossoms, and uppile the shade

In the midst a form divine!  
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton line:  
Her lion-fort, her awe-commanding face,  
Attemper'd sweet to virgin grace."

*The Bard*, iii. 2.

1231. "He has a victory in 's death: this world  
Deserved him not. How soon he was translated  
To glorious eternity! 'Tis too late  
To fright the air with words; my tears embalm  
him." Shirley, *Chabot*, end.

1244. "Oh, thou art gone, and gone with thee all  
goodness,

The great example of all equity,  
(Oh, thou alone a Roman, thou art perished!)  
Faith, fortitude, and constant nobleness!  
Weep, Rome! weep, Italy! Weep all that knew  
him." J. Fletcher, *Valentinian*, iv. 4.

1254. "Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers  
rise

Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing  
brooks,

On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparsely looks;

Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,

That on the green turf seek the honied showers,  
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.

Of my descendant with these gifts at least,  
And an unprofitable duty pay."

Thus they at large throughout the region  
range

In spacious plains of air, and all survey.  
Through each whereof when had Anchises  
led

His son, and fired his spirit with the love  
Of coming fame, he next the hero tells 1261

The battles, which thereafter should be  
waged;

Informs him also of Laurentine clans,  
And city of Latinus; and the means,

Whereby each toil he may or shun or bear.

Two gates there are of Sleep, whereof  
the one

Is said to be of horn, through which is  
given

A ready outlet to the real shades:

The other, lustrous, finished off with sheen

Of iv'ry; but [by this] to th' upper world

Fantastic visions do the Manes send. 1271

When with these words Anchises then es-  
corts

His offspring, and the Sibyl by his side,

And lets them out by th' iv'ry gate,—he  
treads

The pathway to the galleys, and his mates

Revisits; then straight bears him through  
the shore

To Caiet's port. The anchor from the bow

Is cast; the sterns are resting on the  
strand.

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,  
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,  
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,  
The glowing violet,  
The musk rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,  
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:  
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,  
To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies."  
Milton, *Lycidas*.

"With fairest flowers,  
While summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,  
I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack  
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor  
The azur'd harebell, like thy veins; no, nor  
The leafy eglantine, whom not to slander,  
Outsweeten'd not thy breath. The ruddock would,  
With charitable bill, "bring thee all this;  
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,  
To winter-guard thy corse."

Shakespeare, *Cymbeline*, iv. 2.

1256. "Hung be the heavens with black, yield day  
to night!

Comets, importing change of times and states,

Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,

And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,

That have consented unto Henry's death!

Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!

England ne'er lost a king of so much worth."

Shakespeare, *King Henry VI.*, i. 1, 1-7.

## BOOK VII.

THOU, also, to our shores, Ænean nurse,  
Caieta, at thy death undying fame  
Hast giv'n; and now thy glory guards thy  
home,

And in the great Hesperia does thy name  
Thy bones mark out, if that is any boast.  
But good Æneas,—her funeral rites  
Duly discharged, the barrow of the tomb  
Upraised,—when once the mountain seas  
reposed,

Pursues his voyage under sail, and quits  
The haven. Breathe the breezes on the night,  
Nor does the silver moon their course  
forbid; 11  
The ocean gleams beneath her dancing  
ray.

The nearest shores to Circe's land are grazed,  
Wherein the wealthy daughter of the Sun

Line 8. "And weary waves, withdrawing from the  
fight,

Lie lull'd and panting on the silent shore."  
Dryden, *Annus Mirabilis*, 98.

11, 12. "Now through the passing cloud she seems  
to stoop,  
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.  
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild  
O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,  
While rocks and flocks reflect the quivering gleam,  
The whole air whits with a boundless tide  
Of silver radiance, trembling round the world."

Thomson, *Autumn*.

"But soft! the golden glow subsides;  
Her chariot mounts on high;  
And now in silver'd pomp she rides  
Pale regent of the sky."

Cunningham, *The Contemplatist*, 7.

12. Or, by less displacement of the Latin words:  
"Gleams underneath her bickering light the deep."

14. "Within the navel of this hideous wood,  
Immured in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells,  
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,  
Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries;  
And here to every thirsty wanderer  
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,  
With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison  
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,  
And the inglorious likeness of a beast  
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage,  
Character'd in the face. This have I learnt,  
Tending my flocks hard by i' the hilly crofts,  
That brow this bottom glade: whence night by  
night

He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl,  
Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,  
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate  
In their obscure haunts of inward bowers.  
Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,  
To inveigle and invite the unwary sense  
Of them that pass unweeting by the way."

Milton, *Comus*.

See Ben Jonson's magnificent Witch scene in  
*The Masque of Queens*, enacted before James I.,  
1609.

The groves, that must not be approached,  
makes ring

With ceaseless song, and in her prideful  
domes

Burns musky cedar for her nightly lamps,  
Trav'ling the filmy warp with whistling  
reed.

Hence groans are clearly heard, and lions'  
wrath, 19

Rejecting chains, and roaring late at night;

16. "Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould

Breathe such divine, enchanting ravishment?

Sure something holy lodges in that breast,

And with these raptures moves the vocal air

To testify his hidden residence.

How sweetly did they float upon the wings

Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,

At every fall smoothing the raven down

Of darkness, till it smil'd! I have oft heard

My mother Circe with the Syrens three,

Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,

Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs;

Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,

And lap it in Elysium." Milton, *Comus*.

19. "Whiles we stood here securing your repose,  
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing,  
Like bulls, or rather lions: did it not wake you?  
It struck mine ear most terribly."

Shakespeare, *Tempest*, ii. 1.

"Silence and solitude are every where.

Through all the gloomy ways, and iron doors,

That hither lead, nor human face nor voice

Is seen or heard. A dreadful din was wont

To grate the sense, when entered here, from  
groans,

And howls of slaves condemned; from clink of  
chains,

And crash of rusty bars and creaking hinges:

And ever and anon the sight was dashed

With frightful faces, and the meagre looks

Of grim and ghastly executioners."

Congreve, *The Mourning Bride*, v.

"He knows her shifts and haunts;  
And all her wiles and turns; the venom'd plants  
Wherewith she kills; where the sad mandrake  
grows,

Whose groans are deathful: the dead-numbing  
nightshade,

The stupefying hemlock, adder's tongue,

And mactagan: the shrieks of luckless owls

We hear, and croaking night-crows in the air!

Green-bellied snakes, blue fire-drakes in the sky,

And giddy flitter-mice with leathern wings!

The scaly beetles, with their habergeons,

That make a humming murmur as they fly!

There in the stocks of trees white faies do dwell,

And span-long elves that dance about a pool,

With each a little changeling in their arms!

The airy spirits play with falling stars,

And mount the sphere of fire to kiss the moon!

While she sits reading by the glow-worm's light,

Or rotten wood, o'er which the worm hath crept,

The baneful schedule of her nocent charms,

And binding characters, through which she wounds

Her puppets, the sigilla of her witchcraft."

Ben Jonson, *The Sad Shepherd*, ii. 2.



And bristly boars and bears within their  
stalls  
Are raging ; howl, too, shapes of monster  
wolves ;  
Which from the guise of men the goddess  
grim,  
Circe, had by her pow'rful herbs transshaped  
To visages and forms of savage beasts.  
Which such portents that Troja's holy sons  
Might not endure, when wafted into port,  
Nor near the shores accursed, Neptune  
filled  
Their sails with fav'ring winds, and sped  
their flight,  
And carried them beyond the seething  
shoals.  
And now 'gan flush with beams [of light]  
the main,  
And from the lofty welkin saffron Morn  
In rosy chariot gleamed ; when fell the  
gales,  
And every blast sank suddenly to rest,  
And on the lazy surface strain the oars.  
And here a grove immense Æneas spies  
From forth the ocean. Through the midst  
thereof  
[The god] of Tiber in his charming stream,  
With racing eddies, and of golden hue  
With plenteous sand, bursts onward to the  
sea ;  
And motley birds around and overhead,  
Used to the banks and channel of the tide,

26, 7. " You spotted snakes, with double tongue,  
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen ;  
Newts, and blind-worms do no wrong :  
Come not near our fairy queen.

Philomel, with melody  
Sing in our sweet lullaby :  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby ;  
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,  
Come our lovely lady nigh ;  
So, good night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not near ;  
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence ;  
Beetles black, approach not near ;  
Worm, nor snail, do no offence."  
Shakespeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 3.

" I know thy trains,  
Though dearly to my cost, thy gins, and toils ;  
Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms,  
No more on me have power ; thy force is null'd :  
So much of adder's wisdom have I learn'd,  
To fence my ear against thy sorceries."

Milton, *Samson*.

28. Similarly Guyon escapes the " Rock of Re-  
proch."

" So forth they rowed ; and that ferryman  
With his stiffe oares did brush the sea so strong,  
That the hoare waters from his frigot ran,  
And the light bubbles daunced all along,  
Whiles the salt brine out of the billowes sprong."

Spenser, *Fæerie Queene*, ii. 12, 10.

The welkin were enchanting with their  
song,  
And flutt'ring through the grove. To  
bend their course,  
And veer the prow to land, he bids the  
crews,  
And enters in delight the shady flood.  
Come now, O Erato, who were the  
kings,  
What crises of affairs, the posture what  
Of ancient Latium, when a foreign host  
Their fleet first landed on Ausonian coasts,  
Will I unfold, and from the first retrace 51  
The sources of the fray : thou, thou, thy  
bard,  
Teach, goddess ! I will sing of dreadful  
wars,  
Will sing of battles, and of princes, forced  
To death by passions, and the Tyrrhene  
band,  
And whole Hesperia mustered under arms.  
A higher train of subjects rises up  
For me ; a higher task I undertake.  
The king Latinus fields and towns, at rest  
In lengthful peace, in years now stricken,  
ruled.  
That he of Faunus and a Laurent Nymph,  
Marica, was begotten, we receive.  
To Faunus Picus father was ; and he

43. " The briddes singen, it is no nay,  
The sperhawk and the popingay,  
That joie it was to here ;  
The throstel cok made eke his lay,  
The wode dove upon the spray,  
He sang ful loud and clere."  
Chaucer, *Rime of Sir Thopas*, 10.

" The warblers lively tunes essay,  
The lark on wing, the linnet on the spray,  
While music trembles in their songful throats ;  
The bullfinch whistles soft his flute-like notes,  
The bolder blackbird swells sonorous lays ;  
The varying thrush commands a tuneful maze :  
Each a wild length of melody pursues,  
While the soft-murmuring, amorous wood-dove  
coos ;  
And, when in spring these melting mixtures flow,  
The cuckoo sends her unison of woe."  
Savage, *The Wanderer*, c. v.

53. " So much the rather thou, celestial Light,  
Shine inward, and the mind through all her  
powers  
Irradiate ; there plant eyes, all mist from thence  
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
Of things invisible to mortal sight."  
Milton, *P. L.*, b. iii.

57. " Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,  
Escap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd  
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight  
Through utter and through middle darkness  
borne,  
With other notes than to the Orphean lyre,  
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night ;  
Taught by the heavenly muse to venture down  
The dark descent, and up to reascend,  
Though hard and rare."

*Ibid.*

Relates that thou, O Saturn, wast his sire ;  
Thou art remotest founder of the race.  
By the decree of gods, a son to him  
And issue male was none ; e'en as it dawned,  
'Twas ravished from him in the prime of  
youth.

His palace, and his tenements so vast,  
An only daughter kept, now ripe for man,  
Now fit for marriage in completed years.  
Her, many from great Latium, and through-  
out

Entire Ausonia, courted ; Turnus courts,  
Before all other [suitors] passing fair,  
Of pow'r through ancestors on ancestors ;  
Whom to have linked to her as son-in-law  
The royal consort sped with wondrous zeal :  
But signs of gods with manifold alarms  
Withstand. There was a "Laurel" 'mid  
the dome,

Within its deep recesses, consecrate  
In locks, and during many a year with awe  
Enguarded ; which, when lighted on, the  
sire

Latinus, when he reared his maiden towers,  
Himself was rumored to have sanctified  
For Phœbus, and therefrom the name,  
"Laurentines," on the settlers to have fixed.  
The topmost crest hereof did clustering  
bees,—

A marvel to be told !—with mighty hum  
Across the limpid welkin borne, invest,  
And, with their feet in one another's linked,  
A swarm hung sudden from a bough in leaf.  
Straight cries a seer : "A foreign hero we  
Behold approaching, and a host in quest  
Of the same quarters from the selfsame parts,  
And lording o'er us from the castle height."  
Moreover, while the altars with religious  
links

The maid Lavinia kindles, as she stands  
Beside her father, she appeared,—oh,  
dread !—

With her long tresses to catch up the fire,  
And through her whole apparel to be burnt  
In crackling flame, alike in royal locks  
Ablaze, ablaze in diadem, adorned

79. *Laurus*, however, is the "bay-tree."

80. "For it had been an ancient tree  
Sacred with many a mysteree,  
And often crost with the priestes crewe,  
And often hallowed with holy-water dewe."  
*Shepherds Calender*, Februarie.

102. "'Tis well ! so great a beauty  
Must have her ornaments. Nature adorns  
The peacock's tail with stars ; 'tis she attires  
The bird of paradise in all her plumes ;  
She decks the fields with various flowers ; 'tis she  
Spangled the heavens with all those glorious  
lights :  
She spotted the ermine's skin ; and arm'd the fish

With jewelry ; then smoky to be wrapt  
In ruddy light, and all throughout the dome  
To scatter Vulcan. This in sooth was held  
[A] dread [portent], and wondrous to be  
seen :

For chanted they that she would brilliant  
prove

In fame and fortunes ; but that it presaged  
To her own people a momentous war.  
But, anxious at the prodigies, the king  
The oracles of Faunus, his prophetic sire,  
Approaches, and consults the groves  
By deep Albunea, which of woodland  
[streams]

The noblest, from its holy well-head brawls,  
And, dark, breathes out fell pestilential  
reek.

Herefrom the clans of Italy, and all  
Cenotria's land in their perplexities  
Seek answers. Hither when his gifts the  
priest

Hath brought, and underneath the stilly  
night,

On skins of butchered ewes outspread, lain  
down,

And slumbers courted ; many a spectral  
shape,

In wondrous fashions flutt'ring, he beholds,  
And sundry voices hears ; enjoys he too  
The converse of the gods, and from Avernus'  
depths

Accosts the Ach'ron. Here then e'en himself  
The sire Latinus, seeking for replies,  
A hundred woolly ewes of two years old  
Slew duly, and upon the skin thereof,  
And fleeces spread, he cushioned lay. A  
voice

Is sudden from the lofty grove returned :  
"Seek not in Latin marriage-ties to wed

In silver mail. But man she sent forth naked,  
Not that he should remain so, but that he,  
Indued with reason, should adorn himself  
With every one of these. The silk-worm is  
Only man's spinster ; else we might suspect  
That she esteem'd the painted butterfly  
Above her master-piece. You are the image  
Of that bright goddess, therefore wear the jewels  
Of all the east ; let the Red Sea be ransack'd  
To make you glitter."

Randolph, *The Muses' Looking-Glass*, iv. 1.

112. "As those Druids taught, which kept the  
British rites,  
And dwelt in darksome groves, there counselling  
with sprites." Drayton, *Polyolbion*, s. l. 34. 5.

124. "Oh ! bear me to the vast embowering shades,  
To twilight groves, and visionary vales ;  
To weeping grottoes, and prophetic glooms ;  
Where angel forms athwart the solemn dusk  
Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along ;  
And voices more than human, through the void  
Deep-sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear !"

Thomson, *Autumn*.

Thy daughter, O my offspring, neither trust  
The nuptial union that has been arranged.  
Come foreign sons-in-law, who by their  
blood

134

Our reputation to the stars may waft,  
And from whose root our children's chil-  
dren, all

Beneath their feet, where Sol, careering  
back,

Each Ocean views, both rolled and ruled  
shall see."

These father Faunus' answers and his  
warnings,

Vouchsafed him in the still of night, him-  
self

140

Latinus shuts not up within his lip ;

But, flitting round far-wide, had Rumor  
now

Through towns Ausonian wafted them away,  
When the Laomedontian youth fast moored  
Their navy to the margent's turfy rise.

Æneas, and the leading chiefs, and fair  
Iulus, lay their bodies down beneath

The branches of a stately tree, and set  
In order their repast, and wheaten cakes

Along the grass they place beneath the  
feast ;—

150

'Twas thus that did he, Jupiter, inspire ;—  
And with wild fruits the corny board enrich.

Here th' other [cates] by chance devoured,  
what time

To turn their teeth upon the scanty bread  
The dearth of diet forced them, and profane

With hand and jaws presumptuous the disc  
Of fateful cake, nor spare its quarters broad :

"Ho ! e'en our boards are we devouring !"   
cries

Iulus, nor indulging further jests.

That speech, when heard, first brought an  
end of woes ;

160

And from the speaker's lips straight caught  
it up

His sire, and, mazed at th' oracle, he  
paused.

Forthwith, "Hail ! land by fates my due,  
and ye,"

He cries, "O trusty household gods of Troy,  
All hail ! Our home is here, our country  
this.

For sire Anchises suchlike mysteries  
Of fates,—I now recall it,—hath to me

Bequeathed : 'What time shall hunger thee,  
my son,

To shores unknown conveyed, when be  
thy cates

Consumed, compel thy tables to devour,—  
Then, wearied out, remember to expect 171

Thy homes, and there to plant with [thy  
own] hand

Thy maiden roofs, and found them with a  
trench.

This was that hunger ; this the crowning  
[act]

Awaited us, to set a bound to woes.

Then come, and gladsome with the Sun's  
first light—

What spots, or who the men that hold  
them, where

The city of the nation,—let us trace,  
And [regions,] branching from the harbor,  
seek.

Now saucers in libation pour ye forth 180  
To Jove, and with your orisons invoke

My sire Anchises, and the wines replace  
Upon the boards." Thus having spoken

forth,

He then his temples with a leafing bough  
Enwreathes, and both the Genius of the

place,  
And Tellus, foremost of the gods, and

Nymphs,  
And Floods, unknown as yet, he prays ;

then Night,  
And Night's arising signs, and Ida's Jove ;

And next the Phrygian Mother he invokes,  
And both his parents both in heaven and  
hell.

Then the almighty father thrice from heaven  
Aloft in brightness thundered ; and, afire

With rays of sheen and gold, within his  
hand

193

He, shaking it himself, from heaven dis-  
played

A cloud. Here suddenly a rumor's spread  
Through Troja's squadrons, that the day

was come,  
Wherein the walls, their due, they might  
uprear.

In rivalry the banquet they renew,  
And, at the mighty prodigy rejoiced,

176. As if he had said :  
"Hence, loathed Melancholy,  
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,  
In Stygian cave forlorn,  
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights  
unholy,  
Find out some uncouth cell  
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous  
wings,  
And the night-raven sings :  
There under ebon shades and low-brow'd rocks  
As rugged as thy locks,  
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell."  
Milton, *L'Allegro*.

193. "Right against the eastern gate,  
Where the sun begins his state,  
Robed in flames, and amber light,  
The clouds in thousand liveries dight."

*Ibid.*



They set the wassail-bowls, and crown the  
wines. 200

What time next Day, with earliest torch  
arisen,

Surveyed the lands, the nation's city, and  
its bourns,

And shores, in groups dissevered search  
they out ;—

That these are plashes of Numicius' spring,  
That this the river Tiber, that here dwell

The gallant Latins. Then Anchises' son  
A hundred envoys, culled from every rank,

To the majestic palace of the king  
Commands to march, all decked with

Pallas' sprays,  
And bear the hero presents, and entreat 210

Peace for the Teucris. No demur : they  
haste,

[As] ordered, and with rapid steps are  
borne.

Himself scores out the walls with lowly  
trench,

And builds upon the spot ; and on the  
shore

Their homes, the first, in fashion of a camp,  
Encompasses with battlements and mound.

And now their journey having spanned,  
the towers

Of the Latini, and their lofty roofs,  
The youths began to see, and near the wall.

Before the city, boys, and, in the bloom 220  
Of early age, the youth are trained on steeds,

And tame their chariot[-courser]s on the  
dust ;

Or strain the restive bows, or limber bolts  
Launch by [the dint of] arms, and in the race

And fight give challenge : when upon his  
steed

Borne in advance, to th' aged monarch's ears  
A courier brings the news, that giant men

In strange apparel had arrived. He gives  
Commandment, that within the palace they

Should be invited, and he in the midst 230  
Upon his throne ancestral took his seat.

A dome, majestic, immense, upraised  
Aloft upon a hundred pillars, stood

Upon the city's crest, the royal court  
Of Laurent Picus, awful from its woods,

And rev'rence of the fathers. Here to take  
Their sceptres, and first fasces to upraise,

Was the auspicious usance of the kings ;  
This sainted building was their senate-hall,

These the apartments for their holy feasts ;  
Here, on the slaughter of a ram, the sires

At stretching boards were wont to seat them  
down. 242

Yea, too, the statues of their ancestors of  
yore,

In line, of cedar old,—both Italus,  
And sire Sabinus, planter of the vine,

Holding a hooky bill below his bust,  
And Saturn aged, and twain-faced Janus' form,

Were standing in the court ; and other  
kings

From the beginning, who the wounds of  
war

In fighting for their country's sake endured.  
And many arms, more'er, on holy posts,

Cars captived, hang, arched battle-axes too,  
And plumes of casques, and massy bars of

gates, 253

Or forms the pillars' long-extended rows,  
Upon which the planted grove, the pensile garden,  
grows.

The workmen here obey the master's call,  
To gild the turret, and to paint the wall ;

To mark the pavement there with various stone,  
And on the jasper steps to rear the throne.

The spreading cedar, that an age had stood,  
\* Supreme of trees, and mistress of the wood,

Cut down and carv'd, my shining roof adorns,  
And Lebanon his ruin'd honour mourns." 2

Prior, *Solomon*, b. ii.

243. " Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,  
Sad luxury ! to vulgar minds unknown.

Along the walls where speaking marbles show  
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below ;

Proud names, who once the reins of empire held ;  
In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd ;

Chiefs, grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood ;  
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood ;

Just men, by whom impartial laws are given ;  
And saints, who taught, and led, the way to  
Heaven." Tickell, *On the Death of Addison*.

" Those are the models of the ancient world,  
Left like the Roman statues to stir up  
Our following hopes ; the place itself puts on  
The brow of majesty, and flings her lustre

Like the air newly lighten'd." 3  
Fletcher, *The Noble Gentleman*, i. 1.

250. " Patriots have toil'd, and in their country's  
cause

Bled nobly ; and their deeds, as they deserve,  
Receive proud recompense. We give in charge  
Their names to the sweet lyre. Th' historic Muse,

Proud of the treasure, marches with it down  
To latest times ; and Sculpture, in her turn,  
Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass

To guard them, and t' immortalise her trust." 4  
Cowper, *Task*, v.

200. The following song is introduced by Beaumont and Fletcher in a similar scene in *Valentinian*, v. 8 :

" God Lyæus, ever young,  
Ever honour'd, ever sung,  
Stain'd with blood of lusty grapes,  
In a thousand lusty shapes,  
Dance upon the mazer's brim,  
In the crimson liquor swim ;  
From thy plenteous hand divine,  
Let a river run with wine :  
God of youth, let this day here  
Enter neither care nor fear !"

233. " From furthest Africa's tormented womb  
The marble brought erects the spacious dome,

And darts, and shields, and beaks from  
vessels wrenched.

Himself with his Quirinal augur-staff,  
And scanty "trabea" short-girded, sat,  
And in his left hand the "ancile" bare—  
Picus, steed-tamer : whom, with golden  
wand

When struck, and metamorphosed by her  
drugs,

His wooer Circe, witched by passion, made  
A bird, and powdered o'er his wings with  
hues.

Within such holy building of the gods, 261  
And sitting on th' hereditary throne,  
Latinus to his presence in the dome  
The Teucri summoned, and to them these  
[words],

When entered in, he first from peaceful lip  
Delivered : " Say, ye sons of Dardanus !—  
For neither are we unaware  
Or of your city, or your race ; and known  
By rumor, on the main your course ye  
steer,— 270

What seek ye, what the reason, or whereof  
In want, your galleys to the Auson shore  
Thro'out so many azure seas hath brought ?  
Whether it be by misconceit of course,  
Or driv'n by tempests, such as, many a  
one,

In deep of ocean mariners endure,  
Within the margents of our river ye  
Have come, and in the harbor lie at rest :  
Fly not our hospitality, nor yet  
Be strangers to the Latins, Saturn's race,  
Not righteous by controlment nor by laws,  
Themselves restraining of their free accord,  
And by the usance of their ancient god. 283  
And sooth I mind me,—the tradition goes  
Dim somewhat through [the lapse of] years,  
—that thus

The elders of Auruncans noised it, how,  
Sprung from these countries, Dardanus  
pierced through

As far as the Idæan towns of Phrygia,  
And Thracian Samos, which now Samo-  
thrace

Is called. Him, hence set out from Tyrr-  
hene seat 290

Of Coryth, now upon a throne receives  
The golden palace of the starry sky,

282. " The rest, we live  
Law to ourselves : our reason is our law."  
Milton, *P. L.*, b. ix.

292. " But see, my Muse, if yet thy ravish'd sight  
Can bear that blaze, that rushing stream of light,  
Where the great hero's disencumber'd soul  
Springs from the Earth to reach her native pole.  
Boldly she quits th' abandoned cask of clay,  
Freed from her chains, and towers th' ethereal  
way ;

And of the altars of the gods he swells  
The number." He had spoken, and his  
speech

Ilioneus thus followed with his voice :

" O king, of Faunus the distinguished son,  
Nor, tossed by billows, hath a murky storm  
Forced us to enter on your lands, nor star,  
Or shore, misled us from our line of route :  
We all, of purpose and with willing minds,  
Are wafted to this city, driv'n from realms,  
The greatest whilom, which, in his career  
From farmost heaven, used the Sun to view.  
From Jove the fountain of our race ; in  
Jove, 304

Their ancestor, the Dardan youth rejoice.  
Our king himself, from Jove's sublimest  
strain,

Troy-born Æneas, sent us to thy courts.  
How fierce a storm, from fell Mycenæ burst,  
O'er Ida's plains hath swept ; forced by  
what fates,

Each sphere of Europe and of Asia  
clashed ;— 310

E'en he hath heard, if exiles any man  
The end of earth, in ocean tided back ;  
And if the zone of the unrighteous Sun,  
Amid four zones dispread, cuts any off.  
Borne from that deluge o'er so many seas,  
Immense, a scanty home for country-gods,  
And shore secure from harm, we crave,  
and, free

To every being, water e'en and air.  
We not discreditable to your realm  
Shall prove ; nor yours be noised a light  
renown ; 320

Or thankfulness for such a noble deed  
Die off ; nor shall it irk Ausonia's sons  
That Troy within their lap they had received.  
By [our] Æneas' destinies I swear,  
And his right hand of power, whether any  
man

In troth, or war and arms, hath proved it, us  
Hath many a nation, many (—scorn us not,  
That, of our own accord, upon our hands  
The fillets we advance, and words of  
prayer,—)

Soars o'er th' eternal funds of hail and snow,  
And leaves Heaven's stormy magazine below.  
Thence through the vast profound of Heaven she  
flies,  
And measures all the concave of the skies."  
Pitt, *On the Death of Earl Stanhope.*

329. Ilioneus seems to have been a good, wise,  
gentle, yet vigorous character (see *Æn.* i. v. 521 ;  
ix. 507, 569) ; possessed of a mind like that described  
by Ben Jonson in a graceful poem entitled "*The  
Picture of the Mind.*"

" Not swelling like the ocean proud,  
But stooping gently, as a cloud,  
As smooth as oil pour'd forth, and calm  
As showers, and sweet as drops of balm.

A clan both sought, and with themselves  
desired 330

To link. But us the oracles of gods,  
To search out thoroughly these lands of  
yours,

By their behests have forced. Hence  
Dardanus

Arose ; Apollo hither claims us back,  
And hurries us with his sublime commands  
To Tyrrhene Tiber, and the saintly streams  
Of the Numician spring. He gives to  
thee,

Moreo'er, a former Fortune's trifling gifts,  
Remnants recovered from a blazing Troy.

From this gold [cup] his sire Anchises used  
To pour libations at the altars ; this 341  
Was Priam's ornament, when he their rights  
To summoned commons, in accustomed  
form

Would grant :—both sceptre, and the reve-  
rend cap,

And robes, the travail of the Ilian dames."

At such expressions of Ilioneus  
Latinus keeps his features downward fixed  
In gaze, and moveless to the ground he  
cleaves,

While rolling round his eyeballs on the  
stretch.

Neither the broidered purple moves the  
king, 350

Neither does Priam's sceptre move so much,  
As o'er his daughter's spousal bonds and  
bed

He muses, and old Faunus' prophecy  
Revolves within his bosom :—that this  
[prince],

Who from a foreign seat hath issued forth,  
That son-in-law is by the fates foreshown,  
And to the realm with equal auspices

Is summoned ; that to him a line will rise,  
In prowess eminent, and one to grasp

The whole of earth by valor. He at last  
Exclaims in gladness : " Prosper may the  
gods 361

Our undertakings, and their own presage !  
That shall be granted, Trojan, that you  
list ;

Nor do I scorn the presents. Not to you,—  
Latinus ruler,—breast of fruitful land,  
Or wealth of Troja, lacking shall be found.

Let but Æneas, e'en his very self,—

If such a deep affection for us there exists ;  
If to be linked in hospitage he speeds,

And be entitled our ally,—arrive ; 370  
Nor let him shudder at the looks of friends.

To me a portion will it be of peace  
T' have touched the right hand of your  
prince. Do ye

In answer to your king my message now  
Return. I have a daughter, whom to wed

With husband of our race, nor oracles  
From my paternal shrine, nor prodigies,

Full many, from the sky allow : that here  
Shall sons-in-law appear from foreign  
coasts,

That this remains for Latium, do they  
chant ;— 380

Who by their blood our reputation to the  
stars

May waft. That this is he [whom] fates  
demand,

I both imagine, and,—if aught of truth  
My mind presages,—wish." These having  
said,

Coursers from all his stud the father culls :  
Stood thrice a hundred, sleek in lofty stalls.

At once for all the sons of Teucer he  
Commands in order to be led, caparisoned

In purple and embroidered trappings,  
[steeds]

Of winy foot. Down dangling from their  
chests 390

Hang golden poitrells ; covered o'er with  
gold,

The yellow gold they champ beneath their  
teeth.

A chariot for Æneas absent, and in yoke  
A pair [of horses] from celestial seed,

Fire puffing from their nostrils, of *their*  
strain,

Which cunning Circe, stealing from her  
sire,

Raised spurious from a substituted dam.  
The comrades of Æneas, with such gifts

And sayings of Latinus, raised on high  
Upon their steeds, return, and peace bring  
home. 400

But lo ! from the Inachian Argos back  
Returning was the ruthless spouse of Jove,

And, wafted onward, occupied the air ;  
When blithe Æneas and the Dardan fleet

From out the welkin in the distance she,  
Even from Sicily's Pachynus, spied.

She sees that buildings they are rearing  
now,

Now trusting to the land ; that they their  
ships

371. Or :

" Nor friendly countenances let him dread."



Had quitted. Stung with poignant smart  
she stood:

Then, tossing to and fro her head, these  
words

Outpours she from her breast: "Ah!  
loathsome brood,

And fates of Phrygians to our fates op-  
posed!

Could they not on Sigeon plains have fallen?  
Could they not, captived, have been cap-  
tive led?

Did not the blazing Troy its heroes burn?  
Amidst the fights, and through the midst  
of fires,

A path they have discovered. But, I ween,  
My deity at last exhausted lies,  
Or I, with rancor gluttied, have reposed.

Yea, even from their country shaken forth,  
Throughout the billows I in spite have  
dared

To chase them, and to set my face against  
The refugees all through the deep; on  
Teucer's sons

Are squandered pow'rs alike of sky and sea.  
What booteth me the Syrts or Scylla? what  
The vast Charybdis? They are lodged  
within

The Tiber's wished-for channel, uncon-  
cerned

At ocean and at me. The pow'r had Mars  
To wreck the ruffian brood of Lapithæ;  
The sire of gods himself delivered up

The ancient Calydon to Dian's wrath;—  
What curse so direful either Lapithæ,  
Or Calydon, deserving? But sooth I,

Jove's sovereign spouse, who naught un-  
tried could leave,

Ill-fortuned, who myself to every [plan]  
Have turned, am by Æneas overmatched!

But if my godhead is not great enough,  
I certes should not scruple to entreat  
Whatever anywhere there be: if I

418. "First Magician. But we, that can  
Command armies from hell for our design,  
And blast him, now stand idle and benumb'd,  
And shall grow here ridiculous statues! I'll  
Muster my fiends.

Second Magician. And if I have not lost  
My power, the spirits shall obey, to drown  
This straggler, and secure this threaten'd island.

Archimagus. Stay! Which of you can boast  
more power than I?

For every spirit you command, my spells  
Can raise a legion. You know I can  
Untenant hell, dispeople the wide air  
Where, like innumerable atoms, the black genii  
Hover, and jostle one another. All  
That haunt the woods and waters, all i' the dark  
And solitary chambers of the earth,  
Break through their adamant chains, and fly  
Like lightning to my will."

Shirley, *St. Patrick for Ireland*, i. 1.

Can't bend the deities above, I'll rouse 440  
The Ach'ron. Grant it will not be vouch-  
safed

To bar them from the Latin realms, and  
by the fates

Lavinia rests unchangeably his bride:

Yet 'tis allowed to stay it, and to heap  
Impediments against such high events;

Yet 'tis allowed the subjects of both kings  
To ruin. At this cost of their own [friends],  
Let sire-in-law and son-in-law unite.

With Trojan and Rutulian blood shalt thou  
Be dowered, damsel, and Bellona thee 450  
Awaits, thy bridesmaid; nor, with torch  
impregn'd,

Hath nuptial fires Cisseis teemed alone:  
Yea shall *her* birth the same to Venus  
prove,—

Another Paris e'en, and brands of death  
Once more against the re-aring Troy."

These words when she pronounced, she  
direful sought

The earth. Baleful Allecto from the seat

440, 1. See note on l. 418.

"By the sulphureous damps,  
That feed the hungry and incessant darkness,  
Which curls around the grim Alastor's back,  
Mutter again, and with one powerful word  
I'll call an host up from the Stygian lakes,  
Shall waft thee to the Acherontic fens;  
Where, chok'd with mists as black as thy im-  
postures,  
Thou shalt live still a-dying."

Fletcher, *The Fair Maid of the Inn*, iii. 1.

"I can call spirits from the vasty deep."  
Shakespeare, 1 *King Henry IV.*, iii. 1.

450. "The greatest courage brave men can labour  
under

Is the strong witchcraft of a woman's eyes."  
Fletcher, *The Lover's Progress*, iv. 3.

452. So Henry VI. to Gloster (Richard III.):

"And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,  
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear;  
And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,  
And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—  
Men for their sons', wives for their husbands' fate,  
And orphans for their parents' timeless death,—  
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.  
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;  
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;  
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down  
trees;

The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,  
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.  
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,  
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope."  
Shakespeare, 3 *King Henry VI.*, v. 6.

457. "Forth from this place of dread, Earth to appal  
Three Furies rushed at the angels' call.

One with long tresses doth her visage mask,  
Her temples clouding in a horrid cask;  
Her right hand swings a brandon in the air,  
While flames and terror hurleth every where;  
Pond'rous with darts, her left doth bear a shield,  
Where Gorgon's head looks grim in sable field.

Of the dread goddesses, and murk of hell,  
She wakes; whose heart's [delight are]  
woeful wars,

And wrath, and stratagems, and harmful  
crimes. 460

E'en doth her very father Pluto hate,  
Her hellish sisters hate, the fiend: she  
turns herself

Into so many visages, so fell her forms,  
She burgeons grisly with so many snakes.  
Whom Juno in these accents instigates,  
And speaks the like: "To me vouchsafe  
this toil,

Thine own, O maiden sprung from Night,  
this task,—

That our respect or reputation, rent  
In pieces, from their ground may not  
retreat;

Nor that the Æneadæ should have the  
power 470

To importune Latinus for the match,  
Or gain a footing in Italian coasts.

Thou brethren, knit in soul, canst arm to  
frays,

And households rack with hatred: lashes  
thou

On dwellings, and the brands of death  
[canst] bring;

Her eyes blaze fire and blood, each hair 'stills  
blood,  
Blood thrills from either pap, and where she stood  
Blood's liquid coral sprang her feet beneath;  
Where she doth stretch her arm is blood and  
death."

Drummond, *The Shadow of the Judgment*.

See note on l. 418.

458. Wagner's reading *dearum* (v. 324) seems to  
have better authority than *sororum*, which Weise  
adopts; but if the latter be preferred, the version  
must be varied thus:

"Of the dread Sisters, and the murk of hell."

451. "Soon as these hellish monsters came in sight,  
The Sun his eye in jettish vapours drown'd,  
Scard at such hell-hounds' view? Heaven's mazed  
light

Sets in an early evening: Earth astound,  
Bids dogs with howls give warning: at which  
sound

The fearful air starts, seas break their bound,  
And frighted fled away; no sands might them  
impound." P. Fletcher, *Purple Island*, xii. 39.

"Think of thy sin;  
It is the heir-apparent unto hell,  
And has so many, and so ugly shapes,  
His father Pluto and the Furies hate  
To look on their own birth."

"Besides 'tis so abhorr'd of all that's good,  
That when this monster lifts his cursed head  
Above the earth, and wraps it in the clouds,  
The sun flies back, as loth to stain his rays  
With such a foul pollution; and night,  
In emulation of so black a deed,  
Puts on her darkest robe to cover it."

Marmion, *The Antiquary*, iii. 1.

Thou hast a thousand names, a thousand  
arts

Of harming. Ransack thy prolific breast;  
Dash into atoms their adjusted peace;

Sow crimes [the germs] of warfare; let  
the youth

Their weapons wish, and beg at once, and  
seize." 480

Allecto then, with Gorgon poisons  
baned,

At first to Latium and the stately roofs  
Of the Laurentine king repairs, and down

Upon Amata's silent threshold sat;  
Whom, o'er th' arrival of the Teucer-host

And spousal [rights] of Turnus, as she  
flames,

Alike her woman-cares and spleen in fer-  
ment kept.

At her the goddess from her dingy locks  
One serpent launches, and within her

breast,  
To her heart's core, she plunges it beneath;

That, madding with the monster, all the  
court 491

She may embroil. He, gliding 'tween her  
robes

And glossy breast, is rolled with contact  
none,

And 'scapes the raver, as he breathes  
within

An adder soul: becomes the lusty snake  
Entwisted gold about her neck, becomes

A band of stretching fillet, and entwines  
Her locks, and slimy strays throughout her

limbs.  
And while the first contagion, as it steals

477. "Over their heads a black distemper'd sky,  
And through the air let grinning Furies fly;  
Charg'd with commissions of infernal date,

To raise fell Discord and intestine Hate;  
From their foul heads let them by handfoul tear

The ugliest snakes and best-lov'd favourites tear;  
Then whirl them (spouting venom as they fall)

'Mongst the assembled numbers of the hall;  
There into murmuring bosoms let them go,

Till their infection to confusion grow;  
Till such bold tumults and disorders rise,

As when the impious sons of Earth assail'd the  
threaten'd skies." Otway, *Windsor Castle*.

483. "Then with expanded wings he steers his  
flight  
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air

That felt unusual weight; till on dry land  
He lights, if it were land, that ever burn'd

With solid, as the lake with liquid fire."  
Milton, *P. L.*, b. i.

489. Imitated by Cowley, where he makes Envy  
take possession of Saul:

"With that she takes  
One of her worst, her best-beloved snakes:  
'Softly, dear worm! soft and unseen,' said she,  
'Into his bosom steal, and in it be  
My vicroy.'" *Davidéis*, b. i.

With moistful poison, thrills her senses  
through, 500  
And round her bones inweaves the flame ;  
nor yet  
Her mind throughout her bosom felt the  
fire ;  
In gentler strain, and in the custom'd  
mode  
Of mothers, spake she, shedding many a  
tear  
Over her daughter and the Phrygian match :  
" To Trojan exiles is Lavinia given  
[In marriage] to be led, O thou her sire ?  
Nor dost compassionate alike thy child,  
And thy own self ? Nor dost compas-  
sionate  
A mother, whom the traitor will forsake  
With the first northern breeze, a pirate-  
knaves, 511  
Seeking the depths,—the damsel carried off ?  
Sooth not on this wise doth the Phrygian  
swain  
Pierce Lacedæmon, and hath borne away  
Ledaean Helen to the Trojan towns !  
Where is thy saintly faith ? where old  
regard  
For thy own [friends], and right hand  
deigned so oft  
To kinsman Turnus ? If a son-in-law 518  
For the Latini from [some] foreign land  
Is sought, and that is settled, and on thee  
The mandates of thy father Faunus weigh ;  
Sooth every land, which independent lies  
Distinct from sway of ours, a foreign [land]  
I deem, and that the gods intend it thus.  
E'en Turnus, if his family's first source  
Be backward traced, hath Inachus,  
Acrisius, too, his fathers, and [his town,]  
Central Mycenæ." When by these her  
words  
Latinus having vainly tried, she sees  
That firm he stands opposed, and deep had  
sunk 530  
Into her inwards the adder's rageful bane,  
And wholly through her spreads ; then  
sooth unblest,  
By monster goblins roused, past wont she  
raves  
Crazed through the boundless city : as at  
times,  
A top that flies beneath the twisted thong,

502. Or : "through her whole breast caught up the fire."

535. Surely this is no elegant comparison, though it cannot be more elegantly expressed. The idea of a queen racing about the town, like a whip-top, is ludicrous, if not mean. Shakespeare draws an illustration from school-boy sports, which is more dignified, and far more ingenious :

Which striplings in a spacious ring, around  
Unpeopled halls, in frolic earnest, ply :  
It, driven by the whip, is borne along  
In wheeling courses ; o'er it stand amazed  
The inexperienced and unbearded groups,  
In admiration at the spinning box : 541  
The lashes give it life. Than that career  
No slower, she throughout the midst of  
towns,  
And ruffian mobs is driven. Yea more'er,  
Into the forests,—Bacchus' spirit feigned,—  
Attempting deeper guilt, and deeper rage  
Commencing, off she flies, and hides away  
Her daughter in the mountains, rife in  
leaves,  
That she may wrest the marriage from the  
sons  
Of Teucer, and the [hymeneal] torches  
stay ; 550  
" Evoe Bacchus," screaming, yelling forth,  
" That thou alone art worthy of the maid ;  
For that the tender ivy-shafts she takes  
For thee, that thee she circles in the dance,  
For thee she fosters her devoted hair."  
The rumor flies ; and, by the Furies fired  
Within their bosom, drives the selfsame  
glow  
The matrons all at once strange roofs to  
seek.  
Their homes have they abandoned ; to the  
winds  
They give their necks and locks. But other  
[dames] 560  
With thrilling shrieks the welkin fill, and  
wield  
Vine-girdled lances, wrapped about in  
skins.  
Herself among the midmost in her heat  
A blazing pine upbears, and chants the  
match  
Of Turnus and her daughter, rolling round  
A blood-shot eye, and sudden fiercely  
cries :  
" Ho ! list ye Latin dames, where'er ye be :  
If in your duteous spirits any love  
For your unfortunate Amata dwells,  
If some concernment for a mother's right

" In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,  
I shot his fellow of the selfsame flight  
The selfsame way, with more advised watch,  
To find the other forth ; and by advent'ring both,  
I oft found both : I urge this childhood proof,  
Because what follows is pure innocence.  
I owe you much ; and, like a wilful youth,  
That which I owe is lost : but if you please  
To shoot another arrow that self way  
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,  
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,  
Or bring your latter hazard back again,  
And thankfully rest debtor for the first."

*The Merchant of Venice*, i. 1.



Deep preys upon you, loose your tressy  
bands, 571

Take up the orgy-rites along with me."  
Suchlike 'mid woods, 'mid wild beasts'  
lonely [lairs]

Allecto baits the queen on every side  
With goads of Bacchus. When she seemed  
enough

First transports to have whetted, and the  
plan

And all Latinus' court o'erthrown; straight  
hence

The sullen goddess on her raven wings  
Is wafted to the bold Rutulian's walls,—  
Which city Danae is said t' have built 580  
For her Acrisian settlers,—onward borne  
Upon the sweepy southern gale. The spot  
Was Ardea erst by our forefathers called;  
And Ardea still remains a noble name;  
But its prosperity is of the past.

Here Turnus in his stately palace now  
In ebon night was snatching mid repose.  
Allecto doffs grim face and rageful limbs;  
Transshapes her into haggish lineaments,  
And scores her frowzy brow with wrinkles;  
dons 590

Hoar tresses with a fillet; then inweaves  
A sprig of olive; Calybe becomes  
The priestess-crone of Juno and her fane,  
And to the youth before his eyes herself  
With accents these presents: "O Turnus,  
wilt thou bear

That toils so many should be spent in vain,  
And that thy sceptre should be signed  
away

To Dardan emigrants? The king to thee  
The match and dowry, purchased by thy  
blood,

Denies, and for his realm a foreign heir  
Is sought. Go now! to thankless jeopardy  
Expose thee, flouted [man]! the Tyrrhene  
ranks 602

584. If *tenet* be read with Wagner and Forbiger,  
instead of *manet* (v. 412), the passage must be  
altered thus:

"Preserves a noble name."

585. Or: "hath passed away."

590. "These many ruts and furrows in thy cheek  
Proves thy old face to be but champion ground  
Tilled with the plough of age."

Randolph, *Hey for Honesty*.

See Dyce's Middleton, ii. 73.

Like the crone which Gay describes in Fable 23,  
Pt. i.:

"A wrinkled hag, of wicked fame,  
Beside a little smoky flame  
Sat hovering, pinch'd with age and frost:  
Her shrivell'd hands, with veins emboss'd,  
Upon her knees her weight sustains,  
While palsy shook her crazy brains."

Lay prostrate; shelter Latins by a peace.  
These e'en to thee, while thou in still of  
night

Shouldst lie, th' all-powerful Saturnian  
[queen]

Herself hath bid me openly to speak.

Then rouse thee up! and that the youth be  
armed,

And from the gates marched out, thou,  
blithe at arms,

Make ready; and the Phrygian chieftains,  
who

Have ta'en their station in the lovely flood,  
And their bepainted barks to ashes burn.

The sovereign power of the heav'nly  
[gods] 612

Commands. Let king Latinus e'en him-  
self,—

Save that to grant the match, and with his  
word

Comply, he gives assurance,—Turnus feel,  
And at the last make proof of him in arms."

The youth, here jeering the divineress,  
Thus op'ning words from lip in turn replies:

"The news, that ships to Tiber's wave are  
borne,

Hath not, as thou imaginest, escaped 620  
Mine ears; (forge not for me such great  
alarms;)

Nor royal Juno mindless is of us.  
But, crushed by dotage, and past bearing  
truth,

Thy eld, O mother, worries thee with cares  
All idly, and amid the arms of kings

Mocks a divineress with phantom dread.  
Thy province is, the statues of the gods,  
And temples, to defend; let wars and  
peace

623. "'Dotard,' said he, 'let be thy deepe advise;  
Seemes that through many yeares thy wits thee  
faile,

And that weake eld hath left thee nothing wise."  
Spenser, *F. Q.*, ii. 3, 16.

"But thou, since Nature bids, the world resign;  
'Tis now thy daughter's daughter's time to shine."

Parnell, *Elegy to an Old Beauty*.

"I pardon thee th' effects of doting age;  
Vain doubts, and idle cares, and over-caution;  
The second non-age of a soul more wise;  
But now decay'd and sunk into the socket,  
Peeping by fits, and giving feeble light."

Dryden, *Don Sebastian*, v. 1.

624. "Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters  
be  
When no breath troubles them: believe me, boy,  
Care seeks out wrinkled brows and hollow eyes,  
And builds himself caves to abide in them."

Beaumont and Fletcher, *Philaster*, ii. 3.

Turnus seems scarce to have remembered that  
"Who scorns at eld peels off his own young hairs,"

Ben Jonson, *Sad Shepherd*, ii. 2.

Men carry on, by whom should wars be waged."

At such his words Allecto into wrath 630  
Blazed out. But in the stripling, as he speaks,

A sudden shiver seizes on his joints ;  
Stiff stood his eyeballs : with so many snakes

The Fury hisses, and so dread a shape  
Presents it[*s* form]. Then, rolling eyes of fire,

As falters he, and further [*words*] he seeks  
To speak, she thrust him back, and lifted up

Twain serpents from her tresses, and her thongs

Made ring, and these subjoins with rageful mouth :

"Behold ! by dotage I am crushed, whom eld, 640

Past bearing truth, amid the arms of kings  
Bemoeks with phantom dread ! Look thou to these :

Here am I from the awful Sisters' seat ;  
Battles and death I carry in my hand."

Thus having spoken, at the youth she launched

A brand, and, smoking with a sooty light,  
Her torches fastened deep within his breast.  
His sleep huge shudd'ring breaks, and bones and joints

Sweat, bursten forth from his whole body, bathes.

"Arms !" mad he yells ; for arms through couch and halls 650

He searches. Storms a passion for the sword,

635. "But she thereat was wroth, that for despite  
The glauncing sparkles through her bever glared,  
And from her eies did flash out fiery light,  
Like coles that through a silver censer sparkle bright." Spenser, *F. Q.*, v. 6, 38.

645. "Some Fury,  
From burning Acheron, snatch'd a sulphur brand,  
That smok'd with hate, the parent of red murder,  
And threw it in her bosom." Massinger, *Parliament of Love*, v. 1.

650. "A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !" Shakespeare, *K. Richard III.*, v. 6.

651. "O save me from the tumult of the soul,  
From the wild beasts within ! For circling sands,  
When the swift whirlwind whelms them o'er the lands ;

The roaring deeps that to the clouds arise,  
While through the storm the darting lightning flies ;

The monster brood to which this land gives birth ;

The blazing city and the gaping earth ;  
All deaths, all tortures, in one pang combined,  
Are gentle to the tempest of the mind."

*Masinissa*, in Thomson's *Sophonissa*, i. 5.

And cursèd rage for warfare ; wrath 'bove all :

As when with mighty din, a fire of twigs  
Is laid beneath a surging caldron's sides,  
And with the heat up leap the waters ;  
raves

The fluid's steamy tide within, and high  
With foam o'erflows ; nor can the billow now

Contain itself ; flies sooty rack to air.

An expedition therefore to the king  
Latinus, on the outrage done to peace, 660  
Enjoins he on the chieftains of the youths,  
And orders arms to be prepared to guard  
Italia, from their bourns to oust the foe :

"That he is coming on, a match for both,  
Both Teucer's sons and Latins." When these words

He uttered, and the gods to [*share*] his vows

He called, in rivalry the Rutuli  
Cheer them to arms. This—rouses matchless pride

Of shape and youth ; that—his ancestral kings ;

Another—his right hand of brilliant deeds.  
While Turnus fills the Rutuli with daring soul, 671

Allecto 'gainst the Trojans set herself  
In nimble motion on her Stygian wings ;  
With fresh manœuvre having spied the spot

Wherein upon the strand Iulus fair  
With ambush, and in chase, the savage beasts

Was hunting. Here a sudden furiousness  
Upon his hounds the maid of Cocyt darts,  
And dews their nostrils with familiar scent,  
That they in mettle might a hart pursue :  
Which proved the leading cause of woes,  
and fired 681

The spirits of the peasantry for war.

The hart was of surpassing shape, and huge

672. So Drayton of "Mischief:"

"She, with a sharp sight and a meagre look,  
Was always prying where she might do ill,  
In which the fiend continual pleasure took,  
(Her starved body plenty could not fill)  
Searching in every corner, every nook ;  
With winged feet, too swift to work her will,  
Furnish'd with deadly instruments she went,  
Of ev'ry sort, to wound where so she meant.

"Having a vial fill'd with baneful wrath,  
(Brought from Cocytus by that cursed sprite)  
Which in her pale hand purposely she hath,  
And drops the poison upon every wight."

*The Barons' Wars*, ii. 4-6.

682. "Now  
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,  
And snarlth in the gentle eyes of peace."  
Shakespeare, *K. John*, iv. end.

With horns, which, ravished from the  
mother's pap,  
The sons of Tyrrheus fostered, Tyrrheus,  
too,

Their sire, to whom the royal herds submit,  
And far and wide the wardship of the  
plain

Is trusted. Him, accustomed to their sway,  
Their sister Silvia, with a world of pains  
His antlers interlacing with soft wreaths,  
Was wont to trick them out, and comb the  
beast, 691

And wash him in the crystal spring. He,  
tolerant

Of hands, and to his master's table used,  
Would wander in the forests, and again  
To the familiar thresholds, of himself,  
Betake him home, however late at night.  
Him, straying far, Iulus' madding hounds,  
As he is hunting, started up, what time  
[The stag] by chance adown the fav'ring  
stream

Was floating, and upon the emerald bank  
His heats assuaging. E'en himself, afire  
With love of special praise, Ascanius,  
aimed 702

Shafts from his arching bow : nor was the  
god

Not present to his right hand as it swerves :  
And, shot with mighty whizzing both along

690. "At early dawn the youth his journey took,  
And many a mountain pass'd and valley wide,  
Then reach'd the wild ; where, in a flowery nook,  
And seated on a mossy stone, he spied  
An ancient man : his harp lay him beside.  
A stag sprung from the pasture at his call,  
And, kneeling, lick'd the wither'd hand that tied  
A wreath of woodbine round his antlers tall,  
And hung his lofty neck with many a flow'ret  
small." Beattie, *Minstrel*, b. ii. 25.

702. "But now the monarch murderer comes in,  
Destructive man ! whom Nature would not arme,  
As when in madness mischief is foreseen,  
We leave it weaponless for fear of harme.

"For she defenceless made him, that he might  
Less readily offend ; but art armes all,  
From single strife makes us in numbers fight ;  
And by such art this roylall stagg did fall.

"He weeps till grief does even his murd'ers pierce :  
Grief which so nobly through his anger strove,  
That it deserv'd the dignity of verse,  
And had it words, as humanly would move.

"Thrice from the ground his vanquish'd head he  
rear'd,  
And with last looks his forrest walks did view ;  
Where sixty summers he had rul'd the heard,  
And where sharp dittany now vainly grew :

"Whose hoary leaves no more his wounds shall  
heale ;

For with a sigh (a blast of all his breath)  
That viewless thing, call'd life, did from him steale,  
And with their bugle horns they winde his  
death." Davenant, *Gondibert*, i. 2, 52-6.

The belly, and along the flank, careered  
The arrow. But the wounded beast within  
His well-known shelter homeward fled,  
and passed

Groaning beneath the cotes, and with his  
plaint, 709

Bloody and suitor-like, filled all the house.  
First sister Silvia, smiting with her hands

706. Sackville introduces a wounded hart, to  
illustrate the "griefe of consynce:"

"Like to the dere that stryken with the dart  
Withdrawes himselfe into some secrete place,  
And feeling green the wound about his hart,  
Startles with panges tyl he fall on the grasse,  
And in great feare lyes gasping there a space,  
Furth braying sighes as though eche pange had  
brought

The present death which he doeth dread so oft."  
*Complaynt of Henrye D. of Buckingham*, st. 34.

Not very dissimilarly, Pope :

"What are the falling rills, the pendent shades,  
The morning bowers, the evening colonnades,  
But soft recesses for th' uneasy mind  
To sigh unheard in to the passing wind !  
So the struck deer, in some sequester'd part,  
Lies down to die (the arrow in his heart) ;  
There hid in shades, and wasting day by day,  
Inly he bleeds, and pants his soul away."

*A Fragment.*

711. Silvia was as tender-hearted as the Prioress  
in the prologue to the *Canterbury Tales* :

"Of smale houndes hadde she, that she fedde  
With rosted flesh, and milk, and wastel brede.  
But sore wept she if on of hem were dede,  
Or if men smote it with a yerde smert :  
And all was conscience and tendre herte."

Chaucer.

Thyrsis, in a Bucolic of Herrick's, is equally  
miserable from a similar cause :

"I have lost my lovely steer,  
That to me was far more dear  
Than these kine which I milk here ;  
Broad of forehead, large of eye,  
Party-colour'd like a pie,  
Smooth in each limb as a die ;  
Clear of hoof, and clear of horn,  
Sharply pointed like a thorn ;  
With a neck by yoke unworn,  
From the which hung down by strings,  
Balls of crowslips, daisy rings,  
Interplac'd with ribbonings :  
Pardon, Lacon, if I weep ;  
Tears will spring where woes are deep."  
*Hesperides : Pastoral and Descriptive*, x.

Andrew Marvell has a charming poem on the  
like subject :

"The wanton troopers riding by,  
Have shot my Fawn, and it will dye.  
Ungentle men ! they cannot thrive,  
Who kill'd thee. Thou ne'er didst alive  
Them any harm : alas ! nor could  
Thy death yet do them any good."

"With sweetest milk and sugar first  
I it at mine own fingers nurs'd ;  
And as it grew, so every day  
It wax'd more white and sweet than they."

"It is a wondrous thing, how fleet  
'Twas on these little silver feet !



Her arms, aid summons, and together calls  
The sturdy peasants. They,—for skulked  
the plague

Grim in the stilly forests,—unforeseen  
Are present; one with firebrand burnt at  
end

Equipped, one with the knots of weighty  
club:

Whate'er is found by each in narrow search,  
Their anger makes a weapon. Tyrreus  
calls 718

With what a pretty skipping grace,  
It oft would challenge me the race;  
And when 't had left me far away,  
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay.  
For it was nimbler much than hinds,  
And trod as if on the four winds.

"I have a garden of my own,  
But so with roses overgrown,  
And lillies, that you would it guess  
To be a little wilderness;  
And all the spring-time of the year  
It only loved to be there.  
Among the beds of lillies I  
Have sought it oft, where it should lye;  
Yet could not, till itself would rise,  
Find it, although before mine eyes.  
For in the flaxen lillies' shade  
It like a bank of lillies laid.  
Upon the roses it would feed,  
Until its lips ev'n seem'd to bleed;  
And then to me 't would boldly trip,  
And print those roses on my lip.  
But all its chief delight was still  
On roses thus itself to fill;  
And its pure virgin limbs to fold  
In whitest sheets of lillies cold."

"O help! O help! I see it faint  
And dye as calmly as a saint.  
See how it weeps! The tears do come,  
Sad, slowly, dropping like a gum.  
So weeps the wounded balsam; so  
The holy frankincense doth flow.  
The brotherless Heliades  
Melt in such amber tears as these."

*The Nymph complaining for the Death of  
her Fawn.*

715. "Thus as he spoke, loe! with outrageous cry  
A thousand villains round about them swarmed  
Out of the rocks and caves adioyning nye;  
Vile captive wretches, ragged, rude, deformd,  
All threatening death, all in strange manner arm'd;  
Some with unwieldy clubs, some with long  
speares,  
Some rusty knives, some staves in fier warmd:  
Sterne was their looke; like wild amazed steares,  
Staring with hollow eies, and stiffe upstanding  
heares." Spenser, *F. Q.*, ii. 9, 13.

718. So Spenser of the "salvage man," who  
rescued Calepine:

"Yet armes or weapon had he none to fight,  
Ne knew the use of warlike instruments,  
Save such as sudden rage him lent to smite."  
*F. Q.*, vi. 4, 4.

"Infernal discord, hideous to behold,  
Hangs like its evil genius o'er the city,  
And sends a snake to every vulgar breast.  
From several quarters the mad rabble swarm,  
Arm'd with the instruments of hasty rage,

His troops, as he by chance a four-cleft oak  
Was splitting up with wedges driven home,  
Breathing ferociously, with axe engrasped.  
But the fell goddess, from her spying-place  
The season for her mischief having gained,  
Seeks the cote's lofty roofs, and from the  
crest

Of its ridge-height the shepherd-signal  
sings,

And on her winding horn her hellish voice  
She strains: wherewith straight quivered  
every grove

And deep, deep forests rang. E'en heard  
it far

The lake of Trivia, heard it Nar, the stream  
With sulph'rous water white, and Veline  
springs; 730

And anxious mothers folded to their breasts  
Their children. Then, sooth, posting to  
the sound,

Wherewith the fearful horn its signal gave,  
With weapons seized from every quarter,  
troop

The dauntless swains: yea too the Trojan  
youth

T' Ascanius aid outpour from open camp.  
They marshalled before their lines. Not  
now in rustic fray

With sturdy clubs, or stakes with burning  
tipped,

'Tis fought; but they with doubtful steel  
engage,

And bristles far and near a darkling crop  
Of swords unsheathed; and bronzes, sun-  
struck, gleam, 741

And in confus'd disorderly array,  
Most formidable march: their differing clamors,  
Together join'd, compose one deaf'ning sound;  
'Arm, arm,' they cry."

Rowe, *The Ambitious Stepmother*, act v. 9-17.

727. "My poor heart trembles like a timorous leaf,  
Which the wind shakes upon his sickly stalk,  
And frights into a palsy."

Shirley, *The Brothers*, iv. 5.

Allecto's voice produced both effects.

731. Goldsmith uses the idea to illustrate the  
attachment of the Swiss for their mountain-homes:

"And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,  
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,  
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,  
But bind him to his native mountains more,"

*The Traveller.*

741. "He spake: and, to confirm his words, out  
flew  
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs  
Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze  
Far round illumined Hell."

Milton, *P. L.*, b. i.

"The flights of whistling darts make brown the sky,  
Whose clashing points strike fire, and gild the  
dusk." Dryden, *Troilus and Cressida*, v. 2.

And fling their radiance underneath the clouds :

As when a billow with the rising gale  
Begins to whiten, by degrees the sea  
Upstairs itself, and higher lifts its waves ;  
Then tow'rs to heaven from its deepest bed.  
A stripling here, before the battle's front,  
With whizzing arrow, who of Tyrrheus'  
sons

Was eldest, Almo low is laid ; for clave  
Beneath his throat the bolt, and choked  
with blood 750

The passage of his moistful voice, and life  
Of thread. [Falls] many a corse of warriors  
round,

And elderly Galæsus, while himself  
He offers mediator for a peace ;  
Who was the one most righteous man [of  
all],

And erst the richest in Ausonia's fields.  
Five flocks of bleating ones to him, five  
herds,

Came home, and earth with hundred  
ploughs he turned.

Now whilst these [deeds] are going on  
throughout

The plains,—impartial Mars,—the goddess,  
made 760

Mistress of her engagement, when with  
blood

The warfare she imbrued, and set abroad

“ The setting sun,

With yellow radiance, lightened all the vale ;  
And, as the warriors moved, each polished helm,  
Corset, or spear, glanced back his gilded beams.  
The hill they climbed, and, halting at its top,  
Of more than mortal size, towering, they seemed  
An host angelic, clad in burning arms.”

Home, *Douglas*, iv. 1.

755. “ So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found  
Among the faithless, faithful only he :  
Among innumerable false unmoved,  
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,  
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal ;  
Nor number, nor example, with him wrought  
To swerve from truth, or change his constant  
mind,  
Though single.” Milton, *P. L.*, b. v. end.

759. “ Now,”—*atque*, v. 540,—see Wagner, *Quæz*.  
*Virg.* 35, 22.

760. “ This battle fares like to the morning's war,  
When dying clouds contend with growing light :  
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,  
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.  
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,  
For'd by the tide to combat with the wind ;  
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea  
For'd to retire by fury of the wind :  
Sometime, the flood prevails ; and then, the  
wind :  
Now, one the better ; then, another best ;  
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,  
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered :  
So is the equal poise of this fell war.”

Shakespeare, 3 *King Henry VI.*, ii. 5.

The deaths of their first fight, Hesperia  
quits,

And, turned away along the gales of  
heaven,

In triumph Juno speaks with haughty tone :  
“ Lo ! established for thee by a rueful war,  
Disunion ! Say, for friendship let them  
meet,

And leagues compact ! Since I with Auson  
blood

Have dewed the Trojans, this I e'en thereto  
Will add, if I may have thy sure assent :

The neighbor cities by reports will I 771  
To battles drive, and fire their souls with  
love

Of madding Mars, that they all round for  
aid

May come ; throughout the fields I'll scatter  
arms.”

Then Juno in reply : “ Of frights and guile  
There is an overflow. [Firm] stand the  
grounds

For warfare ; with their weapons hand to  
hand

Are they engaged. The arms, which chance  
first gave,

Their maiden blood hath dyed. Such  
marriages,

And such connubial rites, let solemnise 780  
The peerless son of Venus, and the king

Latinus' self. That thou o'er airs of heaven  
With further liberty shouldst range, wills  
not

That father, of most high Olympus lord :  
Off from [these] regions ! I, if any [change  
Of] fortune in my toils remains, will set it  
straight

Myself.” Such words Saturnia spoke. But  
she

Uplifts her pinions, hissing with their snakes,  
And seeks Cocytus' seat, forsaking heights  
Aloft. There is a spot 'mid Italy, 790  
Beneath the lofty mountains, of renown,  
And blazoned by report in many a coast,—  
Amsanctus' glens. This, dark with clustered  
leaves,

A forest's side confines on either hand,  
And, blazoned in the midst, a flood gives  
forth

788. “ At last his sail-broad vans  
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke  
Uplifted spurns the ground ; thence many a  
league,  
As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides,  
Audacious ; but, that seat soon failing, meets  
A vast vacuity. All unawares,  
Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb down he  
drops  
Ten thousand fathom deep.”

Milton, *P. L.*, b. ii.

A din from rocks and writhing eddy. Here  
The fearful cave and vents of grisly Dis  
Are shown, and from the bursten Acheron  
A vasty whirlpool opes its plagueful jaws ;  
Whereinto the Erinys being plunged,—  
The loathly fiend,—discumbered earth and  
heaven. 801

Nor less the meanwhile the Saturnian  
queen

Upon the warfare sets a crowning hand.  
Rush from the battle to the city all  
The host of shepherds, and the slain bring  
back,

Young Almo, and the marred Galæsus'  
form ;

And sue the gods, Latinus too conjure.  
Turnus is present, and amid the charge  
Of murder, and their heat, the horror he  
Redoubles :—“ That the Teucris to the  
realm 810

Were summoned ; that the Phrygian brood  
was blent

With them ; that he was banished from the  
court.”

Then they, whose mothers, ecstasied by  
Bacchus,

797. Glover has a fine description of the Cave of  
the Furies :

“ Around it slept  
A stagnant water, overarch'd by yews,  
Growth immemorial, which forbade the winds  
E'en to disturb the melancholy pool.  
To this, the fabled residence abhor'd  
Of Hell-sprung beings, Demonax, himself  
Predominating demon of the place,  
Conducts the sev'n assassins. There no priest  
Officiates ; single there, as Charon grim,  
A boatman wafts them to the cavern's mouth.  
They enter, fenc'd in armour ; down the black  
Descent, o'er moist and lubricated stone,  
They tread unstable. Night's impurest birds  
With noisome wings each loathing visage beat ;  
Of each the shudd'ring flesh through plated steel  
By slimy efts, and clinging snakes, is chill'd ;  
Cold, creeping toads beset th' infected way.”

*Athenaid*, b. xiv.

See note on *Æn.* vi. l. 336.

800. “ So saying he dismiss'd them : they with  
speed

Their course through thickest constellations held,  
Spreading their bane. The blasted stars look'd  
wan,

And planets, planet-struck, real eclipse  
Then suffer'd. Th' other way Satan went down  
The causey to Hell-gate. On either side  
Disparted Chaos overbuilt exclaim'd,  
And with rebounding surge the bars assail'd,  
That scorn'd his indignation : through the gate,  
Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass'd  
And all about found desolate.”

Milton, *P. L.*, b. x.

813.

“ Down they rush  
From Nysa's vine-empurpled cliff, the dames  
Of Thrace, the Satyrs, and the unruly Fauns,  
With old Silenus, reeling through the crowd  
Which gambols round him, in convulsions wild

In dances caper in the wayless woods,—  
For not unweighty was Amata's name,—  
From every quarter mustered, coalesce,  
And importune for Mars. Straight all  
curs'd war,

In spite of omens, spite of oracles  
Of gods, heav'n's pleasure set aside, de-  
mand.

In rivalry the palace of the king 820  
Latinus they beset. He, as a rock  
Of sea unstirred, withstands them : like  
A rock of sea, when comes a thund'ring  
crash,

The which, with many a billow baying  
round,

Maintains itself by its own weight : the cliffs  
And foamy rocks are roaring round in vain,  
And, dashed against its side, the ocean-weed  
Is showered back. But when no pow'r is  
given

Their resolution blind to overrule,  
And at fell Juno's beck events proceed ;  
The father, earnestly attesting gods 831  
And empty gales, cries : “ Welaway ! we're  
crushed

By destinies, and overborne by storm !  
Ye shall yourselves with sacrilegious blood  
Pay these amercements, O unhappy [men].  
Thee, Turnus, impious wretch, thee shall  
abide

Sore punishment, and thou with vows too  
late

Tossing their limbs, and brandishing in air  
The ivy-mantled thyrsus, or the torch  
Through black smoke flaming, to the Phrygian  
pipe's  
Shrill voice, and to the clashing cymbals, mix'd  
With shrieks and frantic uproar.”

Akenside, *Hymn to the Naiads*, 283—99.

821. “ So have I seen a rock's heroic breast,  
Against proud Neptune, that his ruin threats,  
When all his waves he hath to battle prest,  
And with a thousand swelling billows beats  
The stubborn stone, and foams, and chaffs, and  
frets,

To heave him from his root, unmoved stand ;  
And more in heaps the barking surges band,  
The more in pieces beat, fly weeping to the  
strand.”

G. Fletcher, *Christ's Triumph over Death*, xxiii.

“ All your attempts  
Shall fall on me like brittle shafts on armour,  
That break themselves ; or waves against a rock,  
That leave no sign of their ridiculous fury  
But foam and splinters.”

Massinger, *The Fatal Dowry*, v. 2.

826. “ A place there is, where proudly rais'd there  
stands

A huge aspiring rock, neighb'ring the skies,  
Whose surly brow imperiously commands  
The sea his bounds, that at his proud feet lies ;  
And spurns the waves, that in rebellious bands  
Assault his empire, and against him rise.”

Daniel, *Civil War*, ii. 48.



The gods shalt worship. For to me my  
rest 838

Is gained, and wholly in the threshold [lies]  
The haven; of a happy death I'm robbed."  
Nor speaking further, he himself shut up  
Within the dome, and left the reins of state.

There was a custom in Hesperian Latium,  
The which, from that day ever forth, the  
towns

Of Alba holy have observed, now Rome  
Observes it, noblest of [created] things,—  
When Mars arouse they to the opening  
fights;

Or be it on the Getæ they prepare  
To wage with might a tear-deserving war,  
Or on Hyrcanians, or the Arab [tribe]; 850  
Or 'gainst the Inds to march, and track the  
Dawn,

And standards from the Parths to rede-  
mand.

Two gates there are of War,—so call they  
them

By name,—from rev'rence hallowed, and  
the awe

Of Mars ferocious: shut them hundred bolts  
Of bronze, and iron's deathless strength;  
nor stirs

838. "I am a weak old man, so poor and feeble,  
That my untoward joints can scarcely creep  
Unto the grave, where I must seek my rest."  
Ford, *The Lover's Melancholy*, v. end.

"These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,  
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent;  
Weak shoulders, overborne with burd'ning grief,  
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine,  
That droops his sapless branches to the ground—  
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is  
numb,  
Unable to support this lump of clay,  
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,  
As witting I no other comfort have."  
Shakespeare, 1 *King Henry VI.*, ii. 5.

840. Thus losing the end of Pomfret's desires:

"Then I'd not be with any trouble vex'd,  
Nor have the evening of my days perplex'd;  
But by a silent and a peaceful death,  
Without a sigh, resign my aged breath."  
*The Choice*, end.

And Goldsmith's touching hopes:

"In all my wand'rings round this world of care,  
In all my griefs,—and God has giv'n my share,—  
I still had hopes my latest hour to crown,  
Amid these humble bow'rs to lay me down;  
To husband out life's taper at the close,  
And keep the flame from wasting by repose."  
*Deserted Village*.

He was much in the position of Macbeth:

"Had I but died an hour before this chance,  
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,  
There's nothing serious in mortality:  
All is but toys; renown, and grace is dead;  
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
Is left this vault to brag of."  
Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, ii. 3.

The guardian Janus from the threshold.  
These,—

When with the fathers rests a fixed resolve  
For fight, himself in Quirine "trabea,"  
And Gabine cincture, badged,—the grating  
doors,— 860

Unbars the consul; he himself proclaims  
The battles; follows then the other youth,  
And bronzen trumpets with a hoarse accord  
Together blast. Then in this fashion e'en  
Against the Æneads was Latinus pressed  
War to declare, and open back the gates  
Of sorrow. From their touch the father  
shrank,

And, turned aloof, the loathsome service fled,  
And buried him within the darkling gloom.  
Then, gliding down from heav'n, the queen  
of gods 870

The lagging portals forced her very self  
With her own hand, and on their wheeling  
hinge

War's iron-banded gates Saturnia brast.  
Burns, unaroused and moveless hitherto,  
Ausonia. Some afoot prepare to march  
Along the plains; some, high on stately  
steeds,

Dust-covered storm: all arms demand.  
Some—furnished shields and sheeny javelins  
scour

With oily lard, and whet upon the hone  
Their battle-axes, and it joys to bear 880  
The standards, and to hear the bray of  
trumps.

871. "Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,  
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;  
And, towards the gate rolling her bestial train,  
Forthwith the huge portcullis high updrew;  
Which, but herself, not all the Stygian powers  
Could once have moved: then in the keyhole  
turns  
The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar  
Of massy iron or solid rock with ease  
Unfastens. On a sudden open fly  
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound  
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate  
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook  
Of Erebus." Milton, *P. L.*, b. ii.

875-81. "Ther mayst thou see devising of harnes  
So uncouth and so riche, and wrought so wele  
Of goldsmithry, of brouding, and of steele;  
The sheldes brighte, testeres, and trappures;  
Gold-hewen helmes, hauberkes, cote-armures;  
Knights of retenue, and eke squieres,  
Nailing the speres, and helmes bokeling,  
Gniding of sheldes, with lainers lacing;  
Ther as nede is, they weren nothing idel:  
The fomy stedes on the golden bridel  
Gnawing, and fast the armurours also  
With file and hammer priking to and fro;  
Yemen on foot, and communes many on  
With shorte staves, thicke as they may gon;  
Pipes, trompes, nakeres, clariounes,  
That in the bataille blowne bloody sounes."  
Chaucer, *Knights Tale*.

E'en five great cities on their anvils reared  
New forge them arms,—the powerful Atine,  
And Tiber haughty, Ardea, and the sons  
Of Crustumeria, and, with turrets crowned,  
Antemnæ. Cov'ring for their heads secure  
They hollow, and of withes bend wicker-  
work

For bucklers; others cuirasses of bronze,  
Or burnished greaves of pliant silver, mould.  
To this the pride of share and pruning-hook,  
To this all passion for the plough, gave  
way :

The falchions of their fathers they recast  
In forges. And the trumpets now ring  
forth ;

The watchword, sign for battle, passes on.  
His helm one [warrior] seizes from the roofs  
In anxious haste ; another to their yokes  
Drives on his neighing steeds, and in a  
shield,

And, triply laced with gold, a habergeon,  
Is dight, and belted with a trusty sword.

Now open Helicon, O goddesses, 900  
And quicken ye my lays :—what kings by  
war

Were roused, what brigads, following each,  
filled up

The champaign ; with what warriors even  
then

Bloomed Italy's boon land, with weapons  
what

It blazed : for ye alike remember, maids  
Divine, and can recount them : scarce to us  
The subtle breath of legend steals along.

The foremost enters on the battle, fierce  
From Tyrrhene coasts, despiser of the gods,  
Mezentius, and his troops he arms. His son  
Next to him, Lausus, [one] than whom none  
else

Was fairer, save Laurentine Turnus' form :  
Lausus, steed-tamer, and the vanquisher 913  
Of savage beasts, from Agyll's city leads,  
That vainly followed him, a thousand men ;  
worthy

T' have been more happy in a father's rule,  
And not Mezentius to have had his sire.

Next these, along the herbage, marked  
by palm,

His chariot, and his conq'ring steeds dis-  
plays,

909.

" The immortal powers  
Protect a prince, though sold to impious acts,  
And seem to slumber till his roaring crimes  
Awake their justice ; but then, looking down,  
And with impartial eyes, on his contempt  
Of all religion, and moral goodness,  
They, in their secret judgments, do determine  
To leave him to his wickedness, which sinks him,  
When he is most secure."

Massinger, *The Roman Actor*, iii. 1.

Sprung from fair Hercules, fair Aventine ;  
And on his scutcheon wears his father's  
badge, 921

A hundred snakes, and Hydra, adder-girt :  
Whom in a wood on Aventinus' hill  
The priestess Rhea, hidden in his birth,  
Brought into being 'neath the climes of  
light,—

A woman intermingled with a god,—  
As soon as,—Geryon slain,—Laurentine  
fields

The conquering Tyrynthus reached, and  
bathed

His Spanish heifers in the Tuscan flood.  
They javelins in their hands and felon pikes  
For battles bear, and fight with slender  
blade 931

And lance Sabellian. He himself, afoot,  
A lion's monstrous cov'ring winding round,  
In fearful shag unkempt, with snowy tusks  
Accoutred on his head, thus passed inside  
The royal palace, bristling, and engirt

Around his shoulders with Herculean garb.  
Then brothers twain the walls of Tiber  
leave,

The nation from their brother Tiber's name  
Entitled,—e'en Catillus and fierce Coras,—  
youth 940

Of Argos, and before the battle's van,  
Amid the thick of arms, are borne along :  
As when two cloud-engendered Centaurs  
swoop

Down from [some] mount's high summit,  
Homole

And snowy Othrys in their fleet career  
Forsaking : yields to them as they ad-  
vance

The spacious forest, and the bushy shrubs  
Retire before them with a thund'ring crash.

Nor absent was the founder of the town  
Præneste, whom hath every age believed  
Of Vulcan sired, 'mong rural folks a prince,  
And on the hearth discovered,—Cæculus.  
Him does a peasant host from far and near  
Accompany, e'en heroes, who the tall 954  
Præneste, and who Gabine Juno's fields,  
And icy Anio, and the Hernic rocks,  
With runnels dewy, haunt ; whom thou  
dost feed,

O rich Anagnia, whom sire Amasene.  
For all of these do neither arms, nor shields,  
Or chariots, clang : the greatest part sling  
balls 960

Of bluish lead ; some wield a pair of darts  
In hand, and tawny caps of wolf-skin wear,  
Screen for the head : their left foot-soles  
unshod

924. That is, of course : "in clandestine birth."

They plant ; a boot untanned the other  
clothes.

Messapus next, steed-tamer, Neptune's  
son,

Whom it was not allowed to mortal man,  
Either by fire or steel, to overthrow,  
His clans long while inactive, and his hosts  
Unused to war, calls suddenly to arms,  
And takes in hand again the falchion.

These— 970

Fescinnia's bands and low Falisci ; those—  
Hold Soract's summits and Flavian fields,  
And, with its mount, the lake of Ciminus,  
And groves Capenian. In their number  
matched

They marched, and sang their monarch :  
as at times

The snowy swans among the calmy clouds,  
What time from feeding they betake them  
home,

And through their lengthful necks melo-  
dious notes

Give forth ; the river rings and Asia's mere,  
Far stricken. Nor would any deem that  
bands, 980

Bronze-armed, of such a mighty host were  
blent,

But from the deepsome gulf a skyey cloud  
Of screaming birds was hurried to the  
shores.

Lo ! Clausus, from the Sabines' ancient  
blood,

Leading a mighty host, and he himself  
Great as a mighty host, from whom is now  
Both Claudian tribe and family dispread  
Through Latium, since for share hath Rome  
been given

To Sabines. [Marches forth] along with him  
A num'rous Amiternan band, and old 990

Quirites, of Eretum all the band,  
And of the olive-rife Mutusca ; who  
Nomentum[']s city, who the Rosean fields  
Of the Velinus, who the rugged cliffs  
Of Tetrica, and mount Severus, and  
Casperia haunt, and Foruli, and flood  
Of the Himella ; they who Tiber drink  
And Fabaris ; they whom chilly Nursia  
sent,

And Horta's hosts, and Latin clans, and  
those

964. *Instituere* (v. 690) is plainly an aorist.

975. " At which command the Powers militant  
That stood for Heaven, in mighty quadrate  
join'd

Of union irresistible, moved on  
In silence their bright legions, to the sound  
Or instrumental harmony, that breathed  
Heroic ardour to adventurous deeds  
Under their godlike leaders."

Milton, *P. L.*, b. vi.

Whom Allia sev'ring, — luckless tittle !—  
flows between : 1000

As many as the surges that are rolled  
Upon the surface of the Libyan sea,  
When gruff Orion in the wintry waves  
Is hid ; or when at early sun are parched  
The serried ears, or on the Hermus' plain,  
Or Lycia's golden fields. Their targets ring,  
And by the tramp of feet the earth is scared.

Next, [of the line] of Agamemnon, foe  
Of Troja's name, Halesus in his car  
His coursers yokes, and on to Turnus hastes  
A thousand gallant tribes : who Massic  
[fields], 1011

In Bacchus fruitful, with their harrows turn ;  
And whom th' Auruncan sires from lofty  
hills,

And near the Sidicinian plains, despatched ;  
And those who Cales quit, and borderer  
By Volturn's shoaly river, and alike

The rough Saticulan, and Osci's bands.  
Their weapons slender javelins be ; but  
these

It is their fashion with elastic strap  
To fit. Their left hands does a target  
screen ; 1020

In close encounter they have hookèd  
swords.

Nor in our lays shalt they unmentioned  
pass,

O Cēbalus, whom Telon on the nymph  
Sebethis to have sired is said, what time  
He Capræ, the Teleboans' realms,  
Possessed, now elderly : but e'en the son,  
Not satisfied with his paternal fields,  
Held even then far-wide beneath his sway  
The tribes of the Sarrastes, and the plains  
Which Sarnus dew, and they who occupy  
Rufæ, and Batulum, and Celenna's fields,  
And whom the apple-rife Abella's walls  
O'erpeer : in Teuton fashion are they used  
Their shafts to hurl ; the cov'rings for whose  
heads— 1034

The rind from off the cork-tree ref't ; and  
gleam

Their bronzen bucklers, gleams their sword  
of bronze.

Thee, too, the mount-fraught Nersæ to  
the frays

Despatched, O Ufens, famous in renown  
And happy arms ; whose nation, passing  
wild,

And used to constant hunting of the woods,  
Was the Æquiculan with stubborn clods.

In arms they work the earth, and it de-  
lights 1042

To bring together booty ever fresh,  
And live by plunder. And moreo'er there  
came



From the Marruvian clan a priest, with leaf  
 And blessed olive o'er his helmet trimmed,  
 By the commission of his prince Archippus,  
 Thrice-gallant Umbro; who on adder brood,  
 And hydras breathing noisomely, was wont  
 To sprinkle slumbers both with charm and  
 hand, 1050  
 And lull their wrath, and ease their bites  
 with skill.  
 But not to save the Dardan spear-point's  
 blow  
 Had he the virtue; neither booted him  
 Against his wounds enchantments, bringing  
 sleep,  
 And simples, gathered in the Marsian  
 mounts.  
 Anguitia's woodland thee, thee Fucinus  
 With glassy wave, thee crystal meres, be-  
 wept.

1051. Music produces the same effect on man as on beast: at least, so the poets say. Shakespeare and Dryden have been already quoted; Congreve thus:

"Music alone with sudden charms can bind  
 The wandering sense, and calm the troubled  
 mind.  
 Begin the powerful song, ye sacred Nine,  
 Your instruments and voices join;  
 Harmony, peace, and sweet desire,  
 In every breast inspire.  
 Revoke the melancholy drooping heart,  
 And soft repose to restless thoughts impart.  
 Appease the wrathful mind,  
 To dire revenge and death inclin'd:  
 With balmy sounds his boiling blood assuage,  
 And melt to mild remorse his burning rage.  
 'Tis done; and now tumultuous passions cease;  
 And all is hush'd, and all is peace.  
 The weary world with welcome ease is blest,  
 By music lull'd to pleasing rest."

*Hymn to Harmony.*

1056, 7. "Lament, ye nymphs, and mourn, ye  
 wretched swains;  
 Stray, all ye flocks, and desert be, ye plains;  
 Sigh, all ye winds, and weep, ye crystal floods;  
 Fade, all ye flowers, and wither all ye woods.  
 I mourn Pastora dead: let Albion mourn,  
 And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn."  
 Congreve, *The Mourning Muse of Alexis*.

"A spring, now she is dead! of what? of thorns,  
 Briers and brambles? thistles, burs, and docks?  
 Cold hemlock, yew? the mandrake, or the box?  
 Did not the whole earth sicken when she died?  
 As if there since did fall one drop of dew,  
 But what was wept for her? or any stalk  
 Did bear a flower, or any branch a bloom,  
 After her wreath was made? In faith, in faith,  
 You do not fair to put these things upon me,  
 Which can in no sort be: Earine,  
 Who had her very being and her name,  
 With the first knots or buddings of the spring,  
 Born with the primrose or the violet,  
 Or earliest roses blown; when Cupid smiled,  
 And Venus led the Graces out to dance,  
 And all the sweets and flowers in Nature's lap  
 Leap'd out, and made their solemn conjuration,  
 To last but while she lived! Do not I know

Marched, too, the offspring of Hip-  
 polytus,  
 Thrice lovely, to the battle, Virbius, whom,  
 A noble [soul], his mother Aricia sent,  
 Reared in Egeria's groves, the reeking  
 banks 1061  
 Around, where, unctuous and appeaseable,  
 The altar of Diana [stands]. For they  
 Report in legend that Hippolytus,  
 As soon as by a stepdame's craft he fell,  
 And glutted by his blood his sire's revenge,  
 To atoms torn by his bewildered steeds,  
 To empyrean stars again, and 'neath  
 The upper gales of heaven, came, recalled  
 By sovereign simples and Diana's love.  
 Thereon th' almighty father, in his wrath  
 That any mortal from the shades below  
 Should to the light of life arise, himself  
 The Phœbus-sired inventor of such salve  
 And craft, with levin-bolt to Stygian waves  
 Hurl'd down. But Trivia, boon, Hip-  
 polytus 1076

Incloisters in sequestered cells, and him  
 To nymph Egeria and her grove consigns,  
 Where solitary in Italian woods  
 Unnoted he might pass his life, and where  
 By change of name he Virbius might be.  
 Whence also from the fane and hallowed  
 groves 1082  
 Of Trivia horn-hoofed horses are debarred;  
 For that upon the shore the car and youth  
 They, scared at ocean-monsters, overturned.  
 The son upon the surface of the plain  
 Plied not a whit the less his fiery steeds,  
 And in his chariot to the battles rushed.

How the vale wither'd the same day? How Dove,  
 Dean, Eye, and Erwash, Idel, Snite, and Soare,  
 Each broke his urn, and twenty waters more,  
 That swelled proud Trent, shrunk themselves  
 dry? that since  
 No sun or moon, or other cheerful star  
 Look'd out of heaven, but all the cope was dark,  
 As it were hung so for her exequies!  
 And not a voice or sound to ring her knell;  
 But of that dismal pair, the screeching owl,  
 And buzzing hornet! Hark! hark! hark! the  
 foul  
 Bird! how she flutters with her wicker wings!  
 Peace! You shall hear her screech."

Ben Jonson, *The Sad Shepherd*, i. 2.

1085. So the Souldan's horses, at sight of the  
 light issuing from Prince Arthure's shield:

"Such was the furie of these headstrong steeds  
 Soon as the infants sunlike shield they saw,  
 That all obedience both to words and deeds  
 They quite forgot, and scord all former law:  
 Through woods, and rockes, and mountaines,  
 they did draw  
 The yron charret, and the wheeles did teare,  
 And tost the Paynim without feare or awe;  
 From side to side they tost him here and there,  
 Crying to them in vaine that nould his crying  
 heare." Spenser, *F. Q.*, v. 8, 41.

Himself among the van, of passing  
shape,  
Turnus is all in motion, grasping arms,  
And by a head entire above them stands :  
On whom, all hairy with a triple crest,  
A lofty morion a Chimæra props, 1093  
Ætean blazes puffing from her jaws :  
The louder she, and wilder with her bale-  
ful fires,  
The fiercer wax the frays with gushing  
blood.  
Moreo'er an Io, with uplifted horns,  
His glossy buckler badged with gold, [she]  
now  
With hair thick-covered, now a heifer,—  
brave  
Device !—and Argus guardian of the maid,  
And, pouring from a graven urn his stream,  
Her father Inachus. There follows on  
A cloud of footmen, and the scutcheoned  
hosts 1103  
Are thronged throughout the plains, e'en  
Argive youth,  
And the Auruncan bands, the Rutuli,  
And old Sicanians, and Sacranian files,  
And with their painted shields Labici ; who  
Thy glades, O Tiberine, and holy marge  
Of the Numicius plough, and work with  
share  
The hills of Rutuli, and Circe's crest :  
Over which fields Anxurian Jove pre-  
sides, 1111  
And, joying in her holy grove of green,

1092. Smart, describing William the Conqueror :

“ Like a god,  
Refulgent stood the conqueror : on his troops  
He sent his looks enlivening as the sun's,  
But on his foes frown'd agony and death.  
On his left side in bright emblazonry  
His falchion burn'd ; forth from his sevenfold  
shield  
A basilisk shot adamant ; his brow  
Wore clouds of fury : on that with plumage  
crown'd  
Of various hues sat a tremendous cone :  
Thus sits high-canopied above the clouds,  
Terrific beauty of nocturnal skies,  
Northern Aurora ; she thro' th' azure air  
Shoots, shoots her tremulous rays in painted  
streaks  
Continual, while waving to the wind  
O'er Night's dark veil her lucid tresses flow.”  
*The Hop-Garden*, b. i.

1100. “ In vaine he fears that which he cannot  
shonne :

For who wotes not that womans subtilties  
Can guyen Argus, when she list misdonne ?  
It is not yron bandes, nor hundred eyes,  
Nor brasen walls, nor many wakefull spies,  
That can withold her wilfull-wandering feet ;  
But fast goodwill, with gentle courtesyes,  
And timely service to her pleasure meet.  
May her perhaps containe that else would algates  
fleet.”  
Spenser, *F. Q.*, iii. 9, 7.

Feronia, where lies Satura's black wash,  
And icy through the valley-beds a path  
The Ufens seeks, and in the sea is hid.

Besides these, from the Volsican clan  
arrived

Camilla, leading on a troop of horse,  
And hosts in bloom of bronze, a warriorress.  
Not to Minerva's distaff or her frails  
Was she accustomed with her lady hands,  
But battles sore, a maiden, to endure, 1121  
And in career of feet t' outstrip the winds.  
She, or on topmost stalks of standing corn,

1113. *Satura palus* may possibly mean the “ Pon-  
tine Marshes.”

“ When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains “  
Flooded immense, looks out the joyless Sun,  
And draws the copious steam ; from swampy  
fens,

Where putrefaction into life ferments,  
And breathes destructive myriads : or from woods,  
Impenetrable shades, recesses foul,  
In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,  
Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot  
Has ever dared to pierce ; then, wasteful, forth  
Walks the dire power of pestilent Disease.  
A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,  
Sick nature blasting, and to heartless woe,  
And feeble desolation, casting down  
The towering hopes and all the pride of man.”

Thomson, *Summer*.

1114. “ The fruitful valleys laced with silver rills.”  
Browne, *Brit. Past.*, b. ii. s. 3.

1122. “ Softly gliding as I go,  
With this burthen full of woe,  
Through still silence of the night  
Guided by the glow-worm's light,  
Hither am I come at last.  
Many a thicket have I past ;  
Not a twig that durst deny me,  
Not a bush that durst descry me  
To the little bird that sleeps  
On the tender spray ; nor creeps  
That hardy worm with pointed tail,  
But if I be under sail,  
Flying faster than the wind,  
Leaving all the clouds behind,  
But doth hide her tender head  
In some hollow tree, or bed  
Of seeded nettles ; not a hare  
Can be started from his fare  
By my footing ; nor a wish  
Is more sudden ; nor a fish  
Can be found with greater ease  
Cut the vast unbounded seas,  
Leaving neither print nor sound,  
Than I, when nimbly on the ground  
I measure many a league an hour.”

J. Fletcher, *The Faithful Shepherdess*, iv. 2.

“ How like the nimble winds, which play upon  
The tender grass, yet press it not, or fly  
Over the crystal face of smoothest streams,  
Leaving no curl behind them ; or how like  
The yellow-feather'd Hymen when he treads  
Upon the air's soft bosom, doth she pass,  
Observ'd with admiration ! Why, she makes  
Motion the god of every excellence.”

Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Faithful Friends*.  
iv. 3.

Untouched, would fly, nor in her race had  
harm'd

1124. "Here she was wont to go! and here! and  
here!

Just where those daisies, pinks, and violets grow:  
The world may find the spring by following her;  
For other print her airy steps ne'er left.  
Her treading would not bend a blade of grass,  
Or shake the downy blow-ball from his stalk!  
But like the soft West-wind she shot along,  
And where she went the flowers took thickest  
root,

As she had sow'd them with her odorous foot."  
Ben Jonson, *Sad Shepherd*, i. 1.

"Love's wings so justly heave  
The body up, that as our toes shall trip  
Over the tender and obedient grasse,  
Scarce any drop of dew is dasht to ground."  
Marston, *Sophonisba*, iv. 1.

"I've seen him run swifter than starting hinds,  
Nor bent the tender grass beneath his feet:  
Swifter than shadows fleeting o'er the fields;

Their tender ears; or through the central  
main,

Poised on the heaving wave, would wend  
her way,

Nor in its surface dip her nimble soles.

Her all the youth, from houses and from  
fields

Outpoured, and crowd of dames, in wonder  
view,

And towards her gaze, while marching,  
open-mouthed, 1130

With thunder-stricken minds;—how royal  
pride

Of purple drapes her glossy shoulders; how  
A pin of gold her hair together binds;

Her Lycian quiver how she bears herself,  
And shepherd-myrtle, headed with a point.

Nay, even the winds, with all their stock of wings,  
Have puffed behind, as wanting breath to reach  
him." Lee, *Rival Queens*, ii. 1.

## BOOK VIII.

WHEN Turnus hoisted up the flag of war  
From the Laurentine castle, and the trumps  
With grating clangor brayed, and when he  
roused

His mettled steeds, and when he brandished  
arms;

Forthwith excited are their souls: at once  
All Latium bands together by an oath  
In wild unrest, and storms the frantic  
youth.

The leading generals, Messapus [e'en]

Line 1. "Then straight commands, that at the  
warlike sound

Of trumpets loud and clarions be uprear'd  
His mighty standard. That proud honour claimed  
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall;  
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd  
The imperial ensign; which, full high advanced,  
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,  
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,  
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while  
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:  
At which the universal host up sent  
A shout, that tore Hell's concave, and beyond  
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.  
All in a moment through the gloom were seen  
Ten thousand banners rise into the air  
With orient colours waving; with them rose  
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms  
Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array,  
Of depth immeasurable." Milton, *P. L.*, b. i.

3. "The trumpet, with its Mars-inciting voice  
The wind's broad breast impetuous sweeping o'er,  
Fill'd the big note of war."  
Glover, *On Sir Isaac Newton*.

And Ufens, and, despiser of the gods,  
Mezentius, muster aid from every side, 10  
And of the tillers rob the spacious fields.  
E'en to the city of great Diomede

Is Venulus commissioned, to entreat  
His aid, and,—that in Latium Teucer's sons

Were settling down, Æneas in his fleet  
Arrived, and his defeated household-gods

Was bringing in, and giving out that he  
Was by the destinies the king required,—

To give him information,—and that many  
a state

To the Dardanian hero link themselves,  
And far and wide through Latium that his  
name 21

Is waxing great. By these beginnings  
what

Designs he, what, if Fortune should attend,  
The issue of the contest he desires,

More clearly to himself than to the king  
Turnus, or king Latinus, [must] appear.

Through Latium such: which as he fully  
sees,

The hero [of] Laomedontian [line]  
Is wav'ring in a mighty tide of cares,

And now to this side, now to that, he shifts  
His active spirit, and to sundry points 31

31. "Faster than spring-time showers, comes  
thought on thought;

And not a thought but thinks on dignity."  
Shakespeare, 2 *K. Henry VI.*, iii. 1.



He hurries it, and whirls it round through  
all :

As when within the water's bronzen lips  
The dancing light, rebounded from the sun,  
Or from reflection of the beaming moon,  
Through every region flutters far and near ;  
And now beneath the air is glanced aloft,  
And strikes the ceiling of the highest roof.  
'Twas night, and jaded forms of life thro'out

33. " I shook for fear, and yet I danced for joy ;  
I had such motions as the sun-beams make  
Against a wall, or playing on a water,  
Or trembling vapour of a boiling pot,—  
That's not so good ; it should have been a crucible  
With molten metal : she had understood it."

Ben Jonson, *The Staple of News*, ii. 1.

Parnell has a beautiful image, [in illustration of  
an idea not very dissimilar :

" His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,  
And all the tenor of his soul is lost :  
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest  
Calm Nature's image on its watery breast,  
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,  
And skies beneath with answering colours glow :  
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,  
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,  
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,  
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run."

*The Hermit.*

See P. Fletcher's *Purple Island*, c. v. 47.

" A spacious lake below expanded lies,  
And lends a mirror to the quiv'ring skies.  
Here pendent domes, there dancing forests seem  
To float and tremble in the waving gleam."

Langhorne, *Studley Park*.

The water in the text is said to have " bronzen  
lips," as the edges of the vessel, which confines it,  
are of bronze. *Sole* (v. 23) is the image of the Sun.

39. " The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,  
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

" Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :

" Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
The moping owl does to the moon complain  
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign."

Gray, *Elegy*, 1-3.

" 'Tis night, dead night, and weary Nature lies  
So fast, as if she never were to rise.  
No breath of wind now whispers through the  
trees,

No noise at land, nor murmur in the seas ;  
Lean wolves forget to howl at night's pale noon,  
No wakeful dogs bark at the silent moon,  
Nor bay the ghosts that glide with horror by,  
To view the caverns where their bodies lie.

The ravens perch, and no presages give,  
Nor to the windows of the dying cleave ;  
The owls forget to scream ; no midnight sound  
Calls drowsy Echo from the hollow ground.  
In vaults the walking fires extinguisht lie ;  
The stars, heav'n's sentries, wink and seem to die :  
Such universal silence spreads below,  
Through the vast shades where I am doomed to  
go."

Lee, *Theodosius*, v. 2, 1-16.

All lands, the race of fowls and flocks, deep  
sleep

Enthralled : when sire Æneas on the bank,  
And underneath the vault of icy heav'n,  
In bosom troubled by the rueful war,  
Lay down, and through his limbs gave late  
repose.

To him the Genius of the place himself,  
[The god] of Tiber, from his charming  
stream,

In years advanced, among the poplar  
leaves

" Come, sleep, O sleep ! the certain knot of peace,  
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,  
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,  
Th' indifferent judge between the high and  
low."

Sir Philip Sidney, *Astrophel and Stella*, xxxix.

" The drowsy night grows on the world, and now  
The busy craftsman and o'erlabour'd hind  
Forget the travel of the day in sleep :  
Care only wakes, and moping pensiveness ;  
With meagre discontented looks they sit,  
And watch the wasting of the midnight taper.  
Such vigils must I keep, so wakes my soul,  
Restless and self-tormented."

Rowe, *Jane Shore*, ii. 3-10.

44. " But gentle Sleep envyde him any rest ;  
Instead thereof sad sorrow and disdain  
Of his hard hap did vex his noble brest,  
And thousand fancies bett his ydle braine  
With their light wings, the sights of semblants  
vaine."

Spenser, *F. Q.*, iii. 4, 54.

" Here silken slumbers and refreshing sleepe  
Were seldom found ; with quiet mindes those  
keepe,

Not with disturbed thoughts ; the beds of kings  
Are never prest by them : sweet rest inings  
The tyred body of the swarty clowne,  
And oft'ner lies on flocks than softest downe."

Browne, *Britannia's Pastorals*, ii. song 1.

" When night bids Sleep,  
Sweet nurse of nature, o'er the senses creep,  
When Misery herself no more complains,  
And slaves, if possible, forget their chains,  
Though his sense weakens, though his eyes grow  
dim,

The rest, which comes to all, comes not to him.  
E'en at that hour Care, tyrant Care, forbids  
The dew of sleep to fall upon his lids.

From night to night she watches at his bed ;  
Now, as one mop'd, sits brooding o'er his head ;  
Anon she starts, and, borne on raven's wings,  
Croaks forth aloud,—' Sleep was not made for  
kings."

Churchill, *Gotham*, b. iii.

The friends of Æneas might here have wished  
for him what Valentinian's attendants desired for  
their emperor :

" Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,  
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose  
On this afflicted prince ; fall, like a cloud,  
In gentle showers ; give nothing that is loud  
Or painful to his slumbers ; easy, sweet,  
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,  
Pass by his troubled senses ; sing his pain,  
Like hollow murmuring wind or silver rain :  
Into this prince gently, oh, gently slide,  
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride."

J. Fletcher, *Valentinian*, v. 2.

Appeared to lift him up,—with sea-green  
garb

Fine lawn enveloped him, and shady reed  
His tresses veiled;—then to accost him thus,  
And take away his troubles by these words :

“ O gendered from the race of gods,  
thou who 52

Dost Troja's city from her foes restore  
To us, and everlasting Pergamus  
Dost guard ; O looked-for on Laurentine  
ground

And Latin fields, here [lies] for thee assured  
Thy home, assured Penates ; shrink thou  
not,

Nor be affrighted by the threats of war :  
All spleen and wrath of gods have passed  
away.

And now by thee,—lest thou shouldst deem  
that sleep 60

Shapes these its baseless [visions],—found  
beneath

The holms upon my bank, a monstrous sow,  
That has produced a brood of thirty young,  
Shall lie, white, on the ground reclining,  
white

Around her digs the litter ; this shall prove  
Thy city's site ; this, rest assured from toils :  
From which [event] within thrice ten re-  
turning years

Ascanius shall the city Alba build,  
Of glorious name. No doubtful [truths] I  
chant.

Now by what means what presses on may'st  
thou 70

In triumph execute, in [words] a few,—  
Give heed,—I thee will teach. Arcadia's  
sons

In these our coasts,—a race from Pallas  
sprung,

Who [following] king Evander as his  
mates,

Who following on his banners, have a site  
Selected, and upon the mountains built  
A city, Pallanteum, from the name  
Of Pallas their progenitor,—these war  
Unceasingly protract with Latium's race :  
These to thy camp adjoin as thine allies,  
And leagues compact. I thee will lead  
myself 81

51. “ She bids you  
Upon the wanton rushes lay you down,  
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,  
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,  
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,  
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness ;  
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,  
As is the difference betwixt day and night,  
The hour before the heav'nly-harness'd team  
Begins his golden progress in the east.”  
Shakespeare, 1 *K. Henry IV.*, iii. 1.

Along my banks and runnel straight, that  
thou

The tide opposing mayest with thy oars,  
Upborne, surmount. Come, rouse thee,  
goddess-born !

And when first stars are setting duly bring  
Thy prayers to Juno, and her wrath and  
threats

By humble vows o'ercome. A conqueror  
To me shalt thou pay homage. I am he,  
Whom thou descriest with a brimming  
flood

Grazing the banks, and sev'ring fruitful  
tilths, 90

The azure Tiber, to the heav'n's a stream  
Thrice welcome. Here to me a stately fane,  
The head of lofty cities, towers forth.”

88. This patronage of Æneas by father Tiber was plainly not quite a disinterested affair (see lines 92, 3) : his civilities had partly their origin in vanity, as those of the river-god in Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess* were due to another selfish cause :

“ I am this fountain's god : below  
My waters to a river grow,  
And 'twixt two banks with osiers set,  
That only prosper in the wet,  
Through the meadows do they glide,  
Wheeling still on every side,  
Sometimes winding round about,  
To find the evenest channel out.  
And if thou wilt go with me,  
Leaving mortal company,  
In the cool streams shalt thou lie,  
Free from harm as well as I.  
I will give thee for thy food  
No fish that useth in the mud ;  
But trout and pike, that love to swim,  
Where the gravel from the brim  
Through the pure streams may be seen ;  
Orient pearl fit for a queen  
Will I give, thy love to win,  
And a shell to keep them in :  
Not a fish in all my brook  
That shall disobey thy look ;  
But, when thou wilt, come sliding by,  
And from thy white hand take a fly :  
And, to make thee understand  
How I can my waves command,  
They shall bubble whilst I sing,  
Sweeter than the silver string.” Act iii. 1.

89. “ O, could I flow like thee, and make thy  
stream

My great example, as it is my theme !  
Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet not  
dull ;  
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.”

This celebrated allusion to the Thames, in Sir John Denham's *Cooper's Hill*, is imitated by Prior, speaking of the same river :

“ Serene, yet strong ; majestic, yet sedate ;  
Swift without violence, without terror great.”  
*Carmen Seculare.*

Even Hamilton must copy it, when writing an  
*Inscription on a Dog* :

“ Calm, though not mean ; courageous without  
rage ;  
Serious, not dull, and without thinking sage.”

The River spoke; then in a pool profound  
He plunged him, diving to its bed. The  
night

And sleep Æneas left: he rises up,  
And as he gazes on the dawning beams  
Of th' empyrean sun, in hollow hands  
The water duly from the flood upbears,  
And such-like words outpours to heav'n:

"O Nymphs,  
Laurentine Nymphs, whence streams have  
birth, and thou,

O father Tiber, with thy holy tide,  
Receive Æneas, and do ye at last  
From dangers screen him. In whatever  
spring

Thy lake holds thee, who dost compassion  
feel

For our misfortunes; from whatever ground  
In fullest beauty thou art gushing forth;  
Aye with my homage, ever with my  
gifts,

Shalt thou be honored, O horn-bearing  
flood,

Lord of Hesperian waters. O be thou IIO  
But present, and more nigh to me confirm  
Thy heav'nly intimations!" Thus he  
speaks,

And galleys twain of double bank he culls  
From out the navy, and with oarage fits:  
The same time furnishes the crews with  
arms.

But lo! an unexpected, and to view  
A wondrous omen:—fair along the wood,  
Like-hued with her white offspring, down  
there lay,

And on the bank of green is spied, a sow:  
Which good Æneas sooth to thee, to thee  
Slays, sovereign Juno, off'ring holy rites,  
And places at thy altar with her brood. 122  
Tiber that night, however long it proves,  
His swelling river calmed, and, tiding back

124. "Quoth he: 'Slide billows smoothly for her  
sake,

Whose sight can make your aged Nereus young,  
For her fair passage even alleys make,  
And as the soft winds waft her sails along,  
Sleek ev'ry little dimple of the lake,  
Sweet Sirens, and be ready with your song.'"

Drayton, *Barons' Wars*, iii. 47.

"Here wait the windes dumbe (shut up in their  
caves),

As still as midnight were the sullen waves,  
And Neptune's silver ever-shaking brest  
As smooth as when the halcyon builds her nest.  
None other wrinkles on his face were scene  
Than on a fertile meade, or sportive greene,  
Where never plow-share ript his mother's wombe,  
To give an aged seed a living tombe;  
Nor blinded mole the fating earth e'er stirr'd,  
Nor boyes made pitfalls for the hungry bird.  
The whistling reeds upon the water's side  
Shot up their sharp heads in a stately pride,

With noiseless billow, so he came to rest,  
That he, in fashion of a gentle plash  
And stilly fen, might lay his surface low  
Upon the waters, so that from the oar  
Might strain be absent. Therefore they  
their course,

Commenced, speed forward with a cheering  
shout. 130

Glides through the streams the ointed fir;  
and waves

Are wond'ring, wonders th' unaccustomed  
grove

At shields of warriors gleaming from afar,  
And painted galleys swimming on the flood.  
They with their rowing night alike and day

Tire out, and lengthful reaches overpass,  
And are by sundry trees imbowered, and  
thread

The verdant forests on the surface calm.

The sun the central circle of the sky  
Had scaled, ablaze, what time from far the  
walls, 140

And castle, and the houses' scattered roofs,  
Do they behold, which now the Roman power  
Hath matched with heaven: then the  
scant domains

Evander held. They speedily their prow  
Veer towards them, and the city they ap-  
proach.

And not a bynding ozyer bow'd his head,  
But on his roote him bravely carryed:  
No dandling leafe plaid with the subtil ayre,  
So smooth the sea was, and the skye so fayre."  
Browne, *Britannia's Pastorals*, ii. 1.

"Calm were the elements, night's silence deep,  
The waves scarce murmuring, and the winds  
asleep." Dryden, *Absalom and Achitophel*.

125. "Either side  
Was fenc'd by trees high-shadowing. The front  
Look'd on a crystal pool, by feather'd tribes  
At ev'ry dawn frequented. From the springs  
A small redundance fed a shallow brook,  
O'er smoother pebbles rippling just to wake,  
Not startle Silence, and the ear of Night  
Entice to listen undisturb'd."

Glover, *Leonidas*, b. ii.

140. "Mark, how th' all-kindling orb  
Meridian glory gains!  
Round Meru's breathing zone he winds oblique  
O'er pure cerulean plains:  
His jealous flames absorb  
All meaner lights, and unresisted strike  
The world with rapt'rous joy and dread.  
Ocean, smit with melting pain,  
Shrinks, and the fiercest monster of the main  
Mantles in caves profound his tusky head,  
With sea-weeds dank and coral spread,  
Less can mild Earth and her green daughters bear  
The Moon's wide wasting glare:  
To rocks the panther creeps; to woody night  
The vulture steals his flight;  
E'en cold camelsop pant in thickets dun,  
And o'er the burning grit th' unwinged locusts  
run." Sir William Jones, *Hymn to Surya*.



By chance that day a yearly sacrifice  
 The Arcad king t' Amphitryon's great son,  
 And to the gods, was off'ring up before  
 The city in a grove. Along with him  
 Pallas his son, along with him were all  
 The foremost of the youths, and humble  
 senate, 151  
 Presenting frankincense; and milk-warm  
 blood  
 Was steaming at the altars. When tall ships  
 They saw, and that amid the shady grove  
 They towards them stole, and leaned on  
 noiseless oars;  
 They're startled by the sudden sight, and  
 all,—  
 The boards abandoned,—in a body rise.  
 Whom gallant Pallas to break off the rites  
 Forbids, and, with a weapon seized, himself  
 To meet them flies, and from a knoll afar:  
 "O youths, what cause hath forced you to  
 essay 161  
 Our unknown pathways? Whither are ye  
 bound?"  
 He cries: "Who [are you by] your race?  
 Wherefrom,  
 Your home? Is't peace ye hither bring, or  
 arms?"  
 Then sire Æneas from the lofty stern

156. So Spenser beautifully describes Colin's astonishment at the first sight of a ship (see note *Æn.* v. l. 854):

"For, as we stood there waiting on the strond,  
 Behold, an huge great vessel to us came,  
 Dauncing upon the waters back to lond,  
 As if it scorn'd the danger of the same:  
 Yet was it but a wooden frame and fraile,  
 Glewed together with some subtile matter.  
 Yet had it armes and wings, and head and taile,  
 And life to move itselfe upon the water.  
 Strange thing! how bold and swift that monster  
 was,  
 That neither car'd for wynd, nor haile, nor raine,  
 Nor swelling waves, but thorough them did passe  
 So proudly, that she made them roare againe."  
*Colin Clouts Come Home Again.*

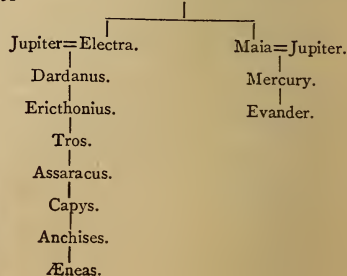
T. Warton's swain is as much astonished as Pallas and his companions:

"Sudden a burst of brightness smote my sight,  
 From arms and all th' imblazonry of war  
 Reflected far, while steeds, and men, and arms  
 Seem'd floating wide, and stretch'd in vast array  
 O'er the broad bosom of the big-swoll flood  
 That dashing roll'd its beamy waves between.  
 The banks promiscuous swarm'd with thronging  
 troops;  
 These on the flood embarking, those appear'd  
 Crowding the adverse shore, already past.  
 All was confusion, all tumultuous din.  
 I trembled as I look'd, tho' far above,  
 And in one blaze their arms were blended bright  
 With the broad stream, while all the glist'ring  
 scene  
 The morn illum'd, and in one splendour clad."  
*Eclogue iv.*

Thus speaks, and from his hand holds out  
 a branch  
 Of peaceful olive: "Sons of Troy, and  
 arms  
 Unfriendly to the Latins, dost thou see;  
 Whom they by overbearing war have driven  
 To exile. We Evander seek. Bear these,  
 And tell him that Dardania's chosen chiefs  
 Have come, entreating for a league of  
 arms." 172  
 Amazed was Pallas, at so great a name  
 Deep-struck: "O disembark, whoe'er thou  
 art,"  
 Saith he, "and face to face my sire address,  
 And pass beneath our dwellings as a guest;"  
 And by the palm he caught him, and right  
 hand  
 Engrasping, clung thereto. As on they  
 paced,  
 The grove they enter, and the river quit.  
 Æneas then the king with friendly words  
 Accosts: "O best of Grecia's sons, to  
 whom 181  
 Hath Fortune willed that I should offer  
 prayer,  
 And stretch before me boughs with fillet  
 trimmed;  
 In sooth I have no apprehension felt,  
 For that thou [wert] a leader of the Greeks,  
 An Arcad also, and that from thy root  
 With Atreus' double offspring thou wert  
 linked;  
 But me my merit, and the holy oracles  
 Of gods, and kindred fathers, thy renown  
 Noised through the lands, have knit to  
 thee, and brought 190  
 By fates, a willing [suitor]. Dardanus,  
 Of Ilium's city the primeval sire  
 And founder, from Electra, (as the Greeks  
 report,)  
 Of Atlas daughter sprung, to Teucer's sons  
 Is wafted; gave Electra to the light  
 The highest Atlas, who the balls of heaven  
 Upon his shoulder props. You have for sire

193.

Atlas.



Mercurius, whom, conceived, fair Maia bore  
On Cyllene's icy crest ; but Maia, if at all  
Repose we trust in [legends we have] heard,  
Atlas, the self-same Atlas, sires, he who  
The constellations of the sky upholds. 202  
Thus branches off the pedigree of both  
From the one blood. Relying upon these,  
Not [through] ambassadors, nor through  
address,

Have I first proofs of thee devised : myself,  
Myself, and my own life, have I myself  
Exposed, and come a suitor to thy courts.  
The selfsame Daunian clan, that pesters thee  
With felon war, if us they may expel, 210  
Believe that naught is lacking, but that they  
May all Hesperia wholly bring beneath  
Their yoke, and hold the sea, which doth  
above,

And that which doth below against it wash.  
Receive, and grant us, troth. There be  
with us

Breasts bold in war ; there be [brave] souls,  
And youth in actions tried." Æneas said.  
The other on the speaker's face and eyes,  
And his whole person with his eye long  
since

Kept poring. Then he thus few [words]  
returns : 220

"How thee, O gallantest of Teucer's sons,  
I welcome, and delighted recognize !

How I thy mighty sire Anchises' words,  
And voice, and visage, recollect ! For I  
Remember that in visiting the realms

Of Hesione his sister, Priamus,

The offspring of Laomedon, in quest

Of Salamis, came farther on to see

Arcadia's icy bourns. Then dawn of youth  
My cheeks was mantling over with its  
bloom ; 230

And I with wonder gazed upon the chiefs  
Of Teucer's sons ; I gazed with wonder, too,  
On th' offspring of Laomedon himself :

But statelier than all Anchises walked.

My spirit burned with youthful love t' accost

The hero, and to link right hand to right.

I went up to him, and in eagerness

'Neath Pheneus' walls I led him. He to me

A noted quiver and its Lycian shafts,

235. "Pardon, dread princess, that I made some  
scruple  
To leave a valley of security,  
To mount up to the hill of majesty,  
On which, the nearer Jove, the nearer lightning.

What knew I, but your grace made trial of me ;

Durst I presume to embrace, where but to touch

With an unmanner'd hand, was death ? The fox,

When he saw first the forest's king, the lion,

Was almost dead with fear ; the second view

Only a little daunted him ; the third,

He durst salute him boldly."

Massinger, *The Virgin-Martyr*, i. 1.

At his departure gave, a mantle too, 240  
With gold inwove, and twain gold bits,  
which now

My Pallas hath. Then both,—that which  
ye seek,—

Right hand by me united is in league ;  
And soon as ever shall to-morrow's dawn  
Restore her to the lands, with succor I  
Will send you blithe away, and with my  
means

Will help. Meanwhile these holy [rites],  
—since ye

Have hither come as friends, — [these]  
yearly [rites],

Which to delay were crime, do ye observe  
In kindness with us, and yourselves e'en  
now 250

Accustom to the boards of your allies."

When these were said, the viands and  
the cups,

Which were withdrawn, he bids to be re-  
placed,

And he himself upon a turfy seat

The men disposes, and distinguished by a  
cushion

And hide of shaggy lion, he receives

Æneas, and invites him to a throne

Of maple. Then choice youths in rivalry,

And th' altar-priest, bear roasted flesh of  
bulls,

And heap in baskets labored Ceres' gifts,

And Bacchus they purvey. Æneas feasts,

And with him Troja's youth, upon the chine

And cleansing inwards of a solid ox. 263

As soon as hunger was removed, and

checked

Desire of eating, king Evander saith :

"Not these our yearly [rites] on us, these  
feasts

In customary form, this altar of a power

So mighty, hath a superstition vain,

And heedless of the ancient gods, enjoined :

From cruel dangers saved, O Trojan guest,

Perform we them, and honors earned

renew. 271

Now firstly, poised on crags, this rock  
behold :

How are the masses scattered far abroad,  
And stands forlorn the mansion of the  
mount,

And cliffs have trailed a vasty wreck !  
Here stood

A cave, withdrawn within a huge recess,

Which the half-human Cacus' awful shape

Would occupy, by sunbeams unapproached :

277. Or, taking *semihominis* in its physical  
meaning—a doubtful view—

"Which the dread shape of Cacus, half a man."

And aye with murder fresh the ground was  
warm,

And, pinned upon the prideful gates, the  
heads 280

Of men hung ghastly with their rueful gore.  
This monster's sire was Vulcan : of that [sire]  
The sooty flames disgorging from his mouth,  
With giant bulk he moved him on. Time  
brought

To us, too, at the last, as fain we wished,  
The succor and arrival of a god.

For th' arch-avenger with the death and  
spoils

Of triple Geryon proud, Alcides, came,  
And conqueror drove this way his monster  
bulls :

Beeves occupied alike the vale and stream.  
But Cacus' spirit, through the furies wild,  
Lest aught there had been or of crime, or  
craft, 292

Unhazard or unessay'd, four bulls  
Of peerless figure from the grounds drives  
off,

As many heifers of surpassing shape ;  
And these,—lest any footmarks lie with  
hoofs

Direct,—dragged towards the cavern by  
the tail,

And, hurried with their tracks upon the  
paths

Reversed, he hid within the gloomy rock.  
No traces for the searcher cave-ward led.  
Meanwhile when now his satiated droves  
Amphitryo's son was shifting from their  
grounds, 302

And making ready a retreat, the beeves  
At their departure low, and all the wood  
Was filled with plaints, and with their cry  
the hills

Were quitted. Of the kine did one return  
The sound, and bellowed 'neath the monster  
den,

And balked the hope of Cacus [though]  
injailed.

Here sooth Alcides' choler had blazed out  
In frenzies from his inky gall. He grasps  
His weapons in his hand and [club of] oak,  
Weighted with knots, and at full speed he  
seeks 312

The skyish mountain heights. Then first  
our men

Saw Cacus quailing, and in eyes dismayed.

311. "But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt  
With all the grisly legions that troop  
Under the sooty flag of Acheron ;  
Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms  
'Twixt Africa and Ind,—I'll find him out,  
And force him to return his purchase back,  
Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,  
Curs'd as his life." Milton, *Comus*.

Straight posts he fleeter than the eastern  
gale,

And seeks the cave : Fear lent his feet her  
wings.

Soon as he shut him up, and, when the  
chains

Were brast, he lowered down the monstrous  
stone

Which hung thro' iron and his father's skill,  
And strengthened with a bar, secured the  
doors : 320

Lo ! storming in his soul Tiryntius came,  
And, every inlet scanning, to and fro  
He flung his glances, gnashing with his  
teeth.

Thrice, hot with anger, scans he the whole  
mount

Of Aventinus ; thrice the rocky gates,  
Essays in vain ; thrice, weary, in the vale  
Sat down. There stood a pointed [cliff of]  
flint,—

The rocks cut sheer on every quarter,—o'er  
The cavern's chine uprising, to be seen  
Of passing height, for nests of boding birds  
Meet homestead. This, as beetling with  
its crest, 331

'Twas leaning towards the river on the left,  
He on the right, against it straining, shook,  
And, loosened, wrenched from out its  
deepest roots ;

Then suddenly thereto an impulse gave ;  
With which his impulse in its length and  
breadth

Peals Æther, leap apart the banks, and back  
The river runs affrighted. But the den,  
And royal court of Cacus, stript of roof,  
Appeared enormous, and the shady vaults  
Lay open deep within : not otherwise 341

Than if by any power deep within  
Should yawning earth unlock her hellish  
homes,

And ghastly realms reveal, by gods ab-  
horred,

And from above the hideous pit be kenned,  
And Manes shudder at the light let in.

316. Spenser has the same idea in more places  
than one :

"Thereto fear gave her wings, and need her  
courage taught." *F. Q.*, iii. 7, 26.

"It needesse was to bid the flood pursue ;  
*Anger* gave wings."

Browne, *Britannia's Pastorals*, ii. 3.  
"Mistrust now wing'd his feet, then raging ire,  
'For speede comes ever lamely to desire."

*Ibid.* ii. 4.

346. Dryden plainly borrows the idea, to illus-  
trate the mischief done to ships by a cannonade ;  
*Annus Mirabilis*, 128 :

"Their open'd sides received a gloomy light,  
Dreadful as day let into shades below."



Therefore, surprised in unexpected day  
Upon a sudden, and injailed inside  
The hollow rock, and raising wantless roars,  
Alcides whelms him from above with darts,  
And every weapon summons to [his aid],  
And him with stocks and monster stones  
he plies. 352

But he,—for neither is there furthermore  
Now any flight from danger,—from his jaws  
Prodigious smoke,—a marvel to be told,  
Spews forth, and wraps his home in blinding  
murk,

The eyes of view bereaving, and enspheres  
Within the den a smoky night,—with fire  
The darkness blent. Alcides brooked it not  
In passion, and himself e'en through the fire  
He flung with headlong spring, where  
thickest smoke 361

Its billow drives, and with a pitchy cloud  
The vasty cavern waves. He Cacus here  
In darkness, idle burnings spewing, grasps,  
Twisting him to a knot, and grappling  
screws

His started eyeballs, and his blood-dry  
throat.

Forthwith is opened, with its doors  
wrenched off,

The grisly dwelling; and the stolen kine,  
And plunder oath-denied, are to the heaven  
Displayed, and by the feet the shapeless  
corse 370

Is dragged abroad. Their hearts cannot  
be cloyed

By poring o'er the fearful eyes, the face,  
and breast,

---

Ben Jonson, speaking of Rome:

"She builds in gold, and to the stars,  
As if she threaten'd heav'n with wars;  
And seeks for hell in quarries deep,  
Giving the fiends, that there do keep,  
A hope of day."

*Catiline*, Chorus, end of act i.

Gifford traces this to Petronius Arbitr. (See  
T. Petronii Arb. Satyricon. Amstel. 1669, p. 431.)

351. *Ramis* (v. 250) as plainly means *trunks* of  
trees, as *molaribus* does not mean *mill-stones*.

355. P. Fletcher, of the Dragon:

"Out of his gorge a hellish smoke he drew  
That all the field with foggy mist enwraps:  
As when Tiphæus from his paunch doth spew  
Black-smothering flames, roll'd in loud thunder-  
claps;

The pitchy vapours choke the shining ray,  
And bring dull night upon the smiling  
day." *Purple Island*, xii. 23.

370. "Come forth, you seed of sulphur, sons of fire!  
Your stench it is broke forth! Abomination  
Is in the house." Ben Jonson, *Alchemist*, v. 1.

371. 2. "And after, all the raskall many ran,  
Heaped together in rude rablement,  
To see the face of that victorious man,  
Whom all admired as from Heaven sent,

With bristles shaggy, of the demi-brute,  
And at the blazes quenched within his  
jaws.

Thenceforward is the worship solemnised,  
And glad posterity have kept the day;  
Potitius, too, the leading founder was,  
And, guardian of the rite to Hercules,  
Pinarius' house. This altar in the grove  
He reared, which ever 'Greatest' shall be  
called 380

By us, and which shall greatest ever be.  
Then come, O youths, do ye, in sacrifice  
For such high merits, with the leaf enring  
Your tresses, and the cups in your right  
hands

Stretch forth, and call upon our common  
god,

And wines present him freely." He had  
said,

When twain-hued poplar with Herculean  
shade

Both decked his locks, and, laced with  
leafage, hung;

A holy goblet, too, his right hand filled.

At once they all upon the board in joy

Pour out libations, and the gods entreat.

Meanwhile in th' empyrean sinking down  
The eve is nigher brought: and now the  
priests 393

And, at their head, Potitius, marched along,  
With skins, according to their fashion,  
clad,

And torches carried. They renew the feast,  
And welcome off'rings of the second board

Present, and with their laden dishes pile  
The altars. Then the Salian [priests] for  
chants

---

And gaz'd upon with gaping wonderment.

But when they came where that dead dragon lay,  
Stretcht on the ground in monstrous large extent,  
The sight with ydle feare did them dismay,  
Ne durst approach him nigh, to touch, or once essay.

"Some feard, and fledd; some feard, and well it  
fayned:

One, that would wiser seeme then all the rest,  
Warnd him not touch, for yet perhaps remaynd  
Some lingring life within his hollow breast,  
Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden nest  
Of many dragonettes, his fruitful seede;  
Another saide, that in his eyes did rest  
Yet sparkling fyre, and badd thereof take heed;  
Another said, he saw him move his eyes indeed.

"One mother, wheras her foolchardy chyld  
Did come too neare, and with his talants play,  
Halfe dead through feare, her little babe revyled,  
And to her gossibs gan in counsell say:

"How can I tell, but that his talants may  
Yet scratch my sonne, or rend his tender hand?  
So diversly themselves in vaine they fray;  
While some more bold to measure him high stand,  
To prove how many acres he did spred of land."  
Spenser, *F. Q.*, i. 12, 9-11.

The blazing altars round, appear en-  
wreathed 400  
Upon their brows with poplar branches :  
this—

A choir of striplings, that—of aged [sires],  
Who in their hymn the lauds of Hercules,  
And his achievements, celebrate : how first  
His step-dame's monster-forms and pair  
of snakes,  
Crushing them in his hand, he strangled ;  
how

In war choice cities he, the same, o'erthrew,  
Both Troja and Æchalia ; how sore toils,  
A thousand, under king Eurystheus, he  
Endured through doom of Juno the unjust.  
"Thou, O unconquerable [hero, slay'st]  
The children of the cloud, of double limb,  
Hylæus e'en, and Pholus, with thy hand :  
Thou the monstrosities of Crete dost slay,  
And lion huge beneath Nemea's rock. 415  
At thee have quaked the Stygian pools ;  
at thee

Hell's porter, cowering o'er half-eaten bones  
Within his gory cavern ; neither thee  
Have any shapes, not e'en Typhæus, scared,  
A giant grasping weapons ; not devoid  
Of pow'r of thought did thee beset around  
The snake of Lerna with his host of heads.  
All hail ! indisputable son of Jove, 423  
Thou glory added to the pow'rs divine !  
Alike to us, and thine own holy [rites],  
Draw near propitious with a favouring step."  
The like [exploits] they celebrate in songs :  
Above them all do they subjoin the cave  
Of Cacus, e'en himself too, puffing forth  
With blazes. All the woodland with the din  
Rings out in concert, and the hills rebound.

Thereon,—the holy services complete,—  
They all betake them to the city back. 433  
On fared the monarch, overwhelmed with  
age,

And in his company Æneas, and his son  
Close kept he to him as he foots along,  
And eased the way with manifold discourse.  
Æneas marvels, and his ready eyes  
Round all he throws, and by the spots is  
charmed,

411. This transition from the third to the second person is copied by Milton ; as is remarked in Trollope's *Anthon's Virgil* :

"Both turn'd, and under open sky adored  
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and  
heaven,  
Which they beheld ; the moon's resplendent globe,  
And starry pole : Thou also mad'st the night,  
Maker Omnipotent, and Thou the day."  
*P. L.*, b. iv.

422. Spenser has a grand description of a  
Dragon, and the Red Cross Knight's victory over  
him ; *F. Q.*, i. 11, 8-14, &c.

And one by one in joy both searches out,  
And hears, the legends of the men of yore.  
Then king Evander, founder of the tower  
Of Rome : "These groves the native  
Fauns and Nymphs 443

Were used t' inhabit, and a race of men  
Born from the boles [of trees] and sturdy  
oak :

Who had nor rule, nor elegance [of life] ;  
Nor bulls to yoke, or gather wealth, they  
knew,

Or spare their gains : but branches and  
the chase,

Rugged in sustenance, purveyed support.  
First Saturn came from empyrean heaven,  
Flying Jove's arms, and from his wrested  
realm 451

An exile. He the race untaught, and spread  
Through lofty mountains, settled, and  
their laws

Vouchsafed, and 'Latium' chose them to  
be called,

Since *latent* in these coasts he safe had  
lain.

The golden age, whereof they tell, was  
'neath that king :

He so in calm of peace the nations ruled ;  
Till step by step a worse, and tarnished  
age,

And rage for war, and lust of gain ensued.  
Then came the Auson host, and Sic'ly's  
clans ; 460

And Saturn's land too often laid aside  
Her name. Then kings, and Tybris, rough  
with frame

Immense ; from whom have we Italians next  
The river by the title Tyber called ;  
Old Albula hath lost its real name.

Myself, forth driven from my native land,  
And following the ocean's utmost [bounds],  
Almighty Fortune and resistless Fate

Have in these regions placed, and me have  
forced

My mother nymph Carmentis' warnings  
dread, 470

And her inspirer-god Apollo." Scarce  
These [words] were spoken : then advanc-  
ing on

He shows him both the altar, and the gate,  
Which Romans by the name "Carmental"  
call,

459. "But violence can never longer sleep  
Than human passions please. In ev'ry heart  
Are sown the sparks that kindle fiery war :  
Occasion needs but fan them, and they blaze."  
Cowper, *Task*, b. v.

468. "Since fate inevitable  
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,  
The victor's will." Milton, *P. L.*, b. ii.

The Nymph Carmentis' compliment of old,  
 Presageful prophetess, who chanted first  
 That the Æneadæ would great become,  
 And Pallanteum famous. Farther on  
 The mighty grove, which mettled Romulus  
 Entitled the "Asylum," and beneath 480  
 An icy cliff "Lupercal" points he out,  
 According to Parrhasian fashion called  
 From the Lycæan Pan. E'en, too, does he  
 Point out the hallowed Argiletum's wood,  
 And calls the place to witness, and the  
 death

Of his guest Argus he explains. Thence  
 leads

To the Tarpeian hold and Capitol,  
 Now golden, bristling erst with savage  
 brakes.

Already then dread rev'rence for the spot  
 The quaking peasants awed; already then  
 They shuddered at the forest and the  
 rock.

"This grove, this hill," saith he, "with  
 leafy crest,— 492

What god, it is unsure,—a god doth haunt:  
 Th' Arcadians hold that Jove himself  
 they've seen,

When oft his darkling Ægis he would shake  
 In his right hand, and thunder-clouds  
 arouse.

Moreover these two towns with scattered  
 walls,

Remnants and records of the men of old,  
 Thou see'st. This castle father Janus,—  
 that,

Did Saturn build: Janiculum of one, 500  
 Saturnia of the other, was the name."

With such like talk between them up they  
 came

To poor Evander's palace, and at large  
 His herds saw lowing both throughout  
 The Roman Forum and the grand Carine.

When reached they his abodes; "These  
 gates," saith he,

"Alcides conqu'r or entered: him this court

481. As the Arcadians in Greece called Pan *Lycæus* from their mountain of that name, which was sacred to him, as being his supposed haunt; so Evander and his Arcadians in Italy, having consecrated the cave in the Palatine Mount to Pan, called it *Lupercal* from *lupus*; *Lycæus* being akin in form to *λυκος*, and hence suggesting the word *lupus*.

488. *Nunc* and *olim* (v. 348) might now be interchanged with too much truth:

"Fall'n, fall'n, a silent heap; her heroes all  
 Sunk in their urns; behold the pride of pomp,  
 The throne of nations fall'n; obscur'd in dust;  
 E'en yet majestic."

"Rent palaces, crush'd columns, rifled moles,  
 Fanes roll'd on fanes, and tombs on buried  
 tombs," Dyer, *Ruins of Rome*. 16.

Received. O guest, dare riches to despise,  
 And mould thee also worthy of the god:  
 And come not churlish to our poor estate."  
 He said, and 'neath his narrow mansion's  
 roof 511

The great Æneas led, and set him down,  
 Cushioned upon a carpeting of leaves,  
 And on the skin of a Libystine bear.

Night posts, and folds the earth with  
 ebon wings.

But Venus, not in mind without a cause  
 A mother scared, and by Laurentines'  
 threats,

And ruffian uproar roused, Vulcan accosts,  
 And from her husband's golden bed she  
 these begins,

And o'er her accents breathes a heav'nly  
 love: 520

"While in their warfare the Argolic kings  
 Were laying waste the fated Pergamus,  
 And, doomed to fall by hostile flames, its  
 towers,

Not any succor for its wretched [sons],  
 Not weapons of thy skill and power I  
 asked;

Nor thee, O dearest consort, or thy toils,  
 Have I been willing idly to employ;

Though both to Priam's sons full much I  
 owed,

And oft Æneas' sore distress had wept.  
 He now at Jove's behests hath settled down  
 On the Rutulians' coasts: then I the same  
 A suitress come, and of thy deity, revered  
 By me, arms crave, a mother for a son.

Thee Nereus' daughter, thee Tithonus'  
 spouse 534

Could bend by tears. Behold, what hordes  
 combine,

What towns with bolted gates the falchion  
 whet

508. "Yet once a-day drop down a gentle look  
 On the great molehill, and with pitying eye  
 Survey the busy emmets round the heap,  
 Crowding and bustling in a thousand forms  
 Of strife and toil, to purchase wealth and fame,  
 A bubble or a dust: then call thy thoughts  
 Up to thyself to feed on joys unknown,  
 Rich without gold, and great without renown."  
 Watts, *True Monarchy*.

509. "Pleasure has charms: but so has Virtue too.  
 One skims the surface, like the swallow's wing,  
 And scuds away unnotic'd. T'other nymph,  
 Like spotless swans in solemn majesty,  
 Breasts the pale surge, and leaves long light  
 behind." Walpole, *Mysterious Mother*, ii. 4.

515. "For now began  
 Night with her sullen wings to double-shade  
 The desert." Milton, *P. R.*, b. i. end.

Glover has a different image:

"In sable vesture, spangled o'er with stars,  
 The Night assum'd her throne."

Leonidas, ix. 1, 2.



'Gainst me, and [for] the overthrow of mine!"

She said, and in her snowy arms, this side  
And that, the goddess, as he hesitates,  
Infolde him warmly with a soft embrace.

He suddenly received the wonted flame,  
And the known heat his marrow pierced,  
and coursed 542

Through melting bones. No less than  
when at times

With flashing thunder burst, the chink of  
fire,

In brightness gleaming, races through the  
clouds.

His spouse perceived it, blithesome in her  
wiles,

And of her beauty conscious. Then the sire,  
Enchained in everlasting passion, speaks :  
"Why seekest thou for reasons from the  
deep?"

Whither, O goddess, hath thy trust in me  
Departed? Had there been the like concern, 551

Then also lawful had it been for us  
To arm the Trojans; nor th'almighty sire,  
Nor destinies forbade that Troy should  
stand,

And Priam through ten other years survive.  
And now, if thou to battle dost prepare,  
And this is thy resolve, engage can I  
Whate'er there be of travail in my craft,

544. Spenser employs the idea for a similar  
purpose:

"As the bonilasse passed bye,  
Hey, ho, the bonilasse!  
She rowde at mee with glauncing eye,  
As cleare as the cristall glasse: . . .  
Or as the thonder cleaves the cloudes,  
Hey, ho, the thonder!  
Wherein the lightsome levin shroudes;  
So cleaves thy soul asonder."

*Shepherds' Calendar*, August.

Differently in *Faerie Queene*, iii. 11-25:

"'Tis listening fear and dumb amazement all:  
When to the startled eye the sudden glance  
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud;  
And falling slower, in explosion vast,  
The thunder raises his tremendous voice.  
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of Heaven,  
The tempest growls; but, as it nearer comes,  
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,  
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more  
The noise astounds: till overhead a sheet  
Of livid flame discloses wide: then shuts,  
And opens wider; shuts and opens still  
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.  
Follows the loosen'd, aggravated roar,  
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal  
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth."

Thomson, *Summer*.

"Her cheeks bewraying  
As many amorous blushings, which brake out  
Like forced lightning from a troubled cloud."  
Shirley, *The Maid's Revenge*, l. 2.

In iron what is able to be wrought,  
Or in the flux electrum, how so far 560  
As fires and blasts have force: by suing  
cease

To cast a doubt upon thy pow'rs." These  
words

He having said, the wished embraces gave,  
And, thrown upon the bosom of his spouse,  
He courted balmy slumber through his  
limbs.

Then soon as maiden rest, in mid career  
Of night, now chased away, had banished  
sleep,

When first the dame, on whom to nurture  
life

By distaff and Minerva scant 'tis laid,  
The embers and the drowsèd fires awakes,  
Night adding to her work, and by the lights  
Her maids with tedious task she plies, that  
she 572

Unsullied may be able to maintain  
Her husband's bed, and tiny children rear:  
Not otherwise, nor slower in that hour,  
The lord of fire springs up from downy  
couch

To his artistic works. An isle, hard by  
Sicania's side and the Æolian Lipare,  
Is elevated, steep with smoking rocks;  
'Neath which a cave, and, eaten to the  
heart 580

By Cyclops' forges, its Ætnean dens  
Thunder, and lusty dints, on stithies heard,  
Return a groan, and hiss within the vaults  
The Chalybs' bars, and in the furnaces  
Fire pants;—the home of Vulcan, and the  
land

"Vulcania" by its title. Hither then  
The lord of fire came down from heav'n on  
high.

Iron were working in their monster den  
The Cyclops,—Brontes e'en, and Steropes,  
And, stript in limbs, Pyracmon. In their  
hands, 590

Unfashioned, with a part now burnished off,  
A levin-bolt there lay; full many which

569. "Minerva, skilful goddess, train'd the maid  
To twirle the spindle by the twisting thread;  
To fix the loom, instruct the reeds to part,  
Cross the long weft, and close the web with art."  
Parnell, *Hesiod*.

592. "Above our atmosphere's intestine wars  
Rain's fountain-head, the magazine of hail;  
Above the northern nests of feather'd snows,  
The brew of thunders and the flaming forge  
That forms the crooked lightning: above the caves,  
Where infant tempests wait their growing wings,  
And tune their tender voices to that roar,  
Which soon, perhaps, shall shake a guilty world;  
Above misconstrued omens of the sky,  
Far-travell'd comets' calculated blaze;  
Elance thy thought, and think of more than man."  
Young, *The Complaint*, N. ix.

From the whole welkin doth the father hurl  
Adown upon the lands : part incomplete  
Remained. Three rayons of the writhen  
shower,

Three, had they added, of the wat'ry cloud,  
Of vermeil fire and wingèd Auster three.  
Now flashes horror-fraught, and din and  
fear,

They in their work were blending, anger  
too,

With dogging flames. Elsewhere for Mars  
They both a chariot and its flying wheels 601  
Were speeding, wherewithal herousesmen,  
Wherewith the cities ; and the Ægis, dread  
Inspiring, the impassioned Pallas' arms,  
In rivalry with scales of snakes and gold  
Were furbishing, and serpents interlinked,  
And e'en the Gorgon on the goddess' breast,  
Her eyeballs rolling, with a severed neck.  
"Away with all!" he cries, "and put aside  
The toils that are commenced, ye Cyclops,  
[brood]

Of Ætna, and attention hither turn : 611  
Arms for a gallant hero must be made.  
There's now employment for your powers,  
now

For lively hands, now for all master-skill :  
Fling, fling away delays!" Nor more he said;  
But they all promptly bent [them to the  
task],

And shared alike the travail. Run in rills  
Bronze and a mine of gold, and wounding  
steel

In the huge furnace melts. A mighty shield

595. "He saw them in their forms of battle ranged,  
How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them  
shot  
Sharp sleet of arrowy showers against the face  
Of their pursuers." Milton, *P. R.*, b. iii.

"Now the storm begins to lour,  
(Haste, the loom of hell prepare,)  
Iron sleet of arrowy shower  
Hurles in the darken'd air."

Gray, *Fatal Sisters*, 1.

"Nay more, my lord, the masks are made so  
strong,  
That I myself upon them scaled the heavens,  
And boldly walked about the middle region ;  
Where, in the province of the meteors,  
I saw the cloudy shops of hail and rain,  
Garners of snow, and crystals full of dew ;  
Rivers of burning arrows, dens of dragons,  
Huge beams of flames, and spears like fire-  
brands." Brewer, *Lingua*, ii. 6.

618. "High on the plain, in many cells prepared,  
That underneath had veins of liquid fire  
Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude  
With wondrous art founded the massy ore,  
Severing each kind, and scum'd the bullion dross :  
A third as soon had form'd within the ground  
A various mould, and from the boiling cells  
By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook."  
Milton, *P. L.*, b. i.

They bring to shape, a single one, to meet  
The Latins' every dart ; and sevenfold disks  
Dovetail in disks. In gusty bellows some  
Admit the breezes, and discharge them  
back ; 623

Some dip the screeching bronzes in the pool,  
With their implanted stithies groans the  
cave.

They 'twixen them with gigantic force their  
arms

Upheave to rhythmic measure, and they  
turn,

And turn again, with griping tongs the  
block.

While these in coasts Æolian Lemnos'  
sire 629

Hastes on, Evander from his lowly home  
Boon light awakes, and early songs of birds

622. "And eke the breathfule bellows blew  
amaine." Spenser, *F. Q.*, iv. 5, 36.

See note on *Geo.* iv. l. 235.

631. Wagner says: "*Audiui tamen homines  
rusticanos affirmantes, sæpe se hirundinum garri-  
entium strepitu e somno excitari.*" There is no  
doubt that many others also have been awaked in  
the same way ; the author certainly has suffered  
the annoyance himself. Martins and swallows are  
exceedingly noisy at break of day, especially when  
engaged in building.

The British poets contain many passages of great  
beauty, descriptive of the early morning music of  
the feathered creation :

"Me mette thus in my bed all naked,  
And looked forth, for I was waked  
With smale foules a great hepe  
That had afraied me out of my slepe,  
Through noise and sweetness of hir song ;  
And as me mette, they sat among  
Upon my chamber rooffe without  
Upon the tyles over all about."

Chaucer, *Booke of the Dutesse*.

"Wake now, my love, awake ; for it is time ;  
The rosy Morn long since left Tithons bed,  
Allready to her silver coche to clyme ;  
And Phœbus gins to shew his glorious hed.  
Hark ! how the cheerefull birds do chaunt their  
laies,  
And carroll of loves praise.  
The merry lark hir mattins sings aloft ;  
The thrush replies ; the mavis descant playes ;  
The ouzell shrills ; the ruddock warbles soft ;  
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,  
To this dayes merriment."

Spenser, *Epithalamion*.

"Then from her burnish'd gate the goodly glitt'r-  
ing east  
Gilds every lofty top, which late the humorous  
night  
Bespangled had with pearl, to please the morn-  
ing's sight ;  
On which the mirthful quires, with their clear  
open throats,  
Unto the joyful morn so strain their warbling  
notes,  
That hills and valleys ring, and even the echoing  
air  
Seems all compos'd of sounds, about them every  
where." Drayton, *Polyolbion*, Song xiii.

Beneath the roof. Up springs the aged  
[king],  
And with a tunic o'er his limbs is robed,

"Now Morn, her rosy steps with eastern clime  
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,  
When Adam waked, so custom'd; for his sleep  
Was aery light, from pure digestion bred,  
And temperate vapours bland, which the only  
sound  
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,  
Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song  
Of birds on every bough."

Milton, *P. L.*, b. v. 1-8.

"To hear the lark begin his flight,  
And singing startle the dull night,  
From his watch-tower in the skies,  
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;  
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,  
And at my window bid good morrow,  
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,  
Or the twisted eglantine;  
While the cock, with lively din,  
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,  
And to the stack, or the barn-door,  
Stoutly struts his dames before." *L'Allegro*.

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The swallow twittering from the straw-built  
shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly  
bed." Gray, *Elegy*, 5.

"Lull'd by the drowsy din in sleep I lay,  
Till from the East pale gleam'd the dubious day;  
Till chanticleer his merry notes begun,  
Thrice clapt his wings, and call'd the lingering  
Sun.

Rous'd by his orisons from sweet repose,  
I shook off slumbers as the morning rose;  
The morning rose, but shed a languid light,  
And down in ocean sunk the queen of night.  
Then jackdaws chatter'd on the chimney high;  
And cranes pursued their voyage thro' the sky.  
Perch'd on a tree that nigh my chamber grew,  
The kite began her lamentable pew,  
Whereby the dawning of the day I knew."

Fawkes, *Translation of Gawin Douglas' Winter*.

To this and Douglas' other beautiful poem, on May,  
it is easy to see that Milton owed no small obligations.

"Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
And Phoebus 'gins arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chaliced flowers that lies;  
And winking Mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes;  
With every thing that pretty is:  
My lady sweet, arise;  
Arise, arise." Shakespeare, *Cymbeline*, ii. 3.

"How is't each bough a several music yields?  
The lusty thrush, early nightingale,  
Accord in tune, though vary in their tale;  
The chirping swallow call'd forth by the sun,  
And crested lark doth his division run?  
The yellow bees the air with murmur fill,  
The finches carol, and the turtles bill?"

Ben Jonson, *Vision of Delight*.

"See, the day regins to break,  
And the lights shoot like a streak  
Of subtle fire; the wind blows cold,  
Whilst the morning doth unfold;

And Tyrrhene laces round his footsoles  
binds;

He then below his side and shoulders belts  
His Tegeæan falchion, winding back  
A leopard's skin, down wimpled from the  
left.

Yea, too, twain watch-dogs from his lofty  
door

Precede, and company their master's step.  
His guest Æneas' cell and private [haunts]  
The hero sought, in mind of their discourse,  
And of the service [he had] pledged. No  
less 642

Æneas early moved him forth: to that—  
Pallas his son, to this—Achates went  
As henchman. They on meeting knit right  
hands,

And in the centre of the court sit down,  
And conversation free enjoy at last.

The king first these: "O Trojans' highest  
chief,

Who while unharmed, I sooth will never  
own

That whelmed are Troja's fortunes or her  
realm; 650

Scant in proportion to such high renown  
Be our abilities for aid of war.

On this side by the Tuscan stream are we  
Hemmed in, closes the Rutulan on that,  
And round our rampart clatters with his  
arms.

But I to thee prodigious tribes, and camps,  
Rich in dominion, purpose to attach;  
Which safety unexpected fortune shows:  
Thou bring'st thee hither at the Weirds'  
demand.

Not far away from this is peopled, reared  
Of aged stone, Argylla's city's seat; 661  
Where erst a Lydian race, renowned in war,  
Upon Etruscan mountains settled down.

Now the birds begin to rouse,  
And the squirrel from the boughs  
Leaps, to get him nuts and fruit;  
The early lark, that erst was mute,  
Carols to the rising day  
Many a note and many a lay."

J. Fletcher, *The Faithful Shepherdess*, iv. 5.

"What bird so sings, yet does so wail?  
O, 'tis the ravish'd nightingale.  
Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu she cries,  
And still her woes at midnight rise.  
Brave prick-song! Who is't now we hear?  
None but the lark so shrill and clear;  
Now at heaven's gates she claps her wings,  
The morn not waking till she sings.  
Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat  
Poor robin redbreast times his note;  
Hark, how the jolly cuckoos sing  
Cuckoo, to welcome in the Spring."

Lilly, *Alexander and Campaspe*.

See Weber's note on "Song by Delight;" Ford's  
*Sun's Darling*, ii. 1.



This [city], blooming thro'out many a year,  
The king Mezentius subsequently held  
With prideful tyranny and felon arms.  
Why name th' unutterable murders, why  
The tyrant's furious doings? May the gods  
Keep them in store for his own head and  
race!

Nay e'en dead bodies he to living linked,  
Both yoking hands with hands, and face  
with face,— 671

A kind of rack,—and, with the gleet and  
gore

While streaming, in calamitous embrace,  
He thus destroyed them by a ling'ring  
death.

But, wearied out at last, his citizens  
In his unutterable frenzy, armed  
Beleaguer both himself and palace round,  
His partners slay, fire volley to his roofs.  
He, 'mid the carnage 'scaping, fled for aid  
To the Rutulians' lands, and by the arms  
Of his host Turnus is he screened. For this  
In righteous fury all Etruria rose : 682  
Their prince for vengeance with immediate  
war

They redemand. To these their thousands I  
Will thee, Æneas, as their captain join.

For storm throughout the shore their serried  
ships,

And crave t' advance the colors; holds  
them back

667. Barbarossa would have been a match for  
him:

"Come, mighty vengeance!

Stir me, grim cruelty! the rack shall groan  
With new-born horrors! I will issue forth,  
Like midnight pestilence: my breath shall strew  
The streets with dead; and havock stalk in gore.  
Hence pity! Feed the milky thought of babes;  
Mine is of bloodier hue."

Brown, *Barbarossa*, 4. end.

675. Churchill beautifully illustrates the duty of  
kings:

"The hive is up in arms—expert to teach,  
Nor, proudly, to be taught unwilling, each  
Seems from her fellow a new zeal to catch:  
Strength in her limbs, and on her wings despatch,  
The bee goes forth; from herb to herb she flies,  
From flow'r to flow'r, and loads her lab'ring  
thighs

With treasur'd sweets: robbing those flow'rs,  
which left,

Find not themselves made poorer by the theft;  
Their scents as lively, and their looks as fair,  
As if the pillager had not been there.

Ne'er doth she sit on Pleasure's silken wing,  
Ne'er doth she, loit'ring, let the bloom of Spring  
Unrifed pass, and on the downy breast  
Of some fair flow'r indulge untimely rest.

Ne'er doth she, drinking deep of those rich dews,  
Which chymist Night prepar'd, that faith abuse  
Due to the hive, and, selfish in her toils,  
To her own private use convert the spoils.

Love of the stock first call'd her forth to roam,  
And to the stock she brings her booty home."

*Gotham*, b. iii.

An aged soothsayer, the destinies  
Declaring: 'O Mæonia's chosen youth,  
Flower and prowess of the men of yore,  
Whom righteous anger hurtles on the foe,  
And with resentment due Mezentius fires;  
For no Italian is it right to tame 693  
So great a nation: foreign leaders choose.'  
Then camped th' Etruscan army on this  
plain,

Alarmed by warnings of the pow'rs divine.  
Tarchon himself his envoys hath to me,  
And kingdom's diadem with sceptre sent,  
And the regalia he consigns, that I  
His camp should enter, and the Tyrrhene  
rule 700

Assume. But me my age, through chill-  
ness slow,

And by long years outworn, and pow'rs  
too late

For gallant [deeds], the sovereignty be-  
grudges. I

My son would counsel to it, did not he,  
Through a Sabellian mother blent [in race],  
Hence draw a portion of his native land.  
Do thou, to whose both years and birth the  
Weirds

Are kind, whom gods demand, commence  
[the task],

O Trojans and Italians' bravest chief.

To thee, moreover, I my Pallas here, 710  
Our hope and consolation, will attach.

'Neath thee his master, warfare to endure,  
And Mars' momentous work, thy feats to  
view,

Let him inure himself, and thee regard

In wonder from his earliest years. To  
him

Two hundred Arcad knights, the youths'  
choice strength,

Will I assign; as many, too, to thee

In his own name will Pallas.' He these  
[words]

Had scarcely said, when down-fixed kept  
their eyes

Anchises' son Æneas, and the stanch 720

Achates; and were thinking many a pain-  
ful [thought]

With their drear heart;—had Cytherea not  
A token given from the open heaven.

For on a sudden, quivered from the sky,

A levin-flash with pealing comes, and all

Appeared to go to ruin in a trice,

And a Tyrrhenian trumpet-blast to bray

701.

"Stay, pitying Time . . .

Comes manhood's feverish summer, chill'd full  
soon

By cold autumnal care, till wintry age

Sinks in the frore severity of death."

Mason, *English Garden*, b. ii.

Throughout the sky. They upward look.  
Again, and [yet] again a crashing chides  
Stupendous. Armory amid a cloud, 730  
In a transparent quarter of the heaven,  
Throughout the clear to glisten they perceive,

And, clashed, to thunder. In their souls  
the rest

Were mazed ; but Troja's hero knew the  
sound,

And pledges of his goddess-mother. Then  
He speaks : " Nay do not, host, sooth do  
not seek

What issue may the prodigies import :

'Tis I am by Olympus claimed. This sign  
My goddess-mother chanted she would  
send,

Should war assail me, and Vulcanian arms  
Along the gales would for my succor bring.  
Alas ! how vast the slaughter for ill-starred  
Laurentines is at hand ! What penalties  
to me 743

Shalt thou, O Turnus, pay ! How many  
shields

Of warriors shalt thou 'neath thy waves,  
and helms,

And gallant corpses, father Tiber, roll !  
Battles let them demand, and break the  
leagues !"

These words when he delivered, from his  
seat

On high he lifts himself, and first he wakes  
The altars, drowns with Herculean fires ;  
And yestern Lar, and lowly household gods  
He glad approaches ; butcher two-year ewes  
According to the custom culled, alike 753  
Evander, Trojan youth alike. Then he  
Thence paces to the galleys, and his mates  
Again he visits : from whose number those,  
Who may his person follow to the wars,  
In chivalry surpassing, he selects ;  
The rest are wafted on the forward flood,  
And lazily float down the favouring stream,  
To come t' Ascanius with the news, alike  
Of their estate, and of his father. Steeds  
Are giv'n the Teucri, to the Tyrrhene fields  
Repairing ; one they lead, without the lot  
[Selected] for Æneas ; which all o'er 765

A lion's tawny hide caparisons,  
All brightly gleaming with its claws of gold.

A rumor flies, throughout the petty town

730, 1. Odd as this expression may appear, it is not more so than Spenser's "luckless luckie maid," which is to be found somewhere in the *Faerie Queene*.

768. Chaucer has an effective simile, to illustrate the spread of Rumor :

" For if that thou  
Threw in a water now a stone,  
Well wost thou it will make anone

Suddenly noised, that cavalry were quick  
Advancing to the Tyrrhene monarch's  
shores. 770

Their vows the matrons in alarm repeat,  
And nearer to the danger draws the fear,  
And more enlarged now looms the form of  
Mars.

Then sire Evander, clasping the right hand  
Of one upon departure, [to him] clings,  
Weeping insatiably, and such he speaks :

" Oh ! that to me past years would Jove  
restore !

Such as I was, what time the foremost  
rank

Beneath Præneste's self I prostrate laid,  
And piles of shields in conquest set afire,  
And Herilus its king with this right hand  
'Neath Tart'rus sent ! To whom at birth  
three lives 782

His dam Feronia,—dreadful to be told !—  
Had granted, triple armor to be swayed ;  
He thrice was to be overthrown for death :  
Whom yet this right hand then of all his  
lives

Bereft, and stript him of as many arms.

I nowhere now should from thy sweet  
embrace

Be torn away, my son ; nor e'er Mezentius,  
On this his neighbor's person heaping  
scorn, 790

So many ruthless deaths by steel had  
caused,

Had widowed of so many citizens

My city. But do ye, O heav'nly powers,  
And thou, of gods the highest ruler, Jove,  
I pray, have pity on th' Arcadian king,  
And hear a father's prayers : If your  
divinities,

If fates reserve my Pallas safe for me,  
If doomed to see him, and to meet in one

I live ;—

For life I sue : I will submit to bear  
Whatever travail ye may list. But if 800  
Any accurst disaster, Fortune, thou  
Dost threaten,—now, oh ! now, would  
heav'n that I

A little roundell as a cercle,  
Paraventure as broad as a coverell,  
And right anone thou shalt see wele,  
That whele cercle will cause another whele,  
And that the third, and so forth brother,  
Every cercle causing other,  
Broader than himselfe was,  
And thus from roundell to compas,  
Ech about other going,  
Causeth of others stering,  
And multiplying evermo,  
Till it be so farre go,  
That it at both brinks bee,  
Although thou may it not see."

*House of Fame*, b. ii.

A pitiless existence might abridge,  
 Whilst my anxieties are doubtful, whilst  
 The expectation of the future [rests]  
 Unsure ; while thee, beloved boy, my sole  
 And late delight, in my embrace I hold ;  
 Lest heavier tidings wound my ears."

These words

The father at their latest parting poured :  
 The servants bear him swooning to his  
 courts. 810

And so the cavalry had issued now  
 From opened gates : Æneas 'mid the van  
 And stanch Achates ; then Troy's other  
 lords :

Pallas himself in centre of his troop,  
 Distinguished in his cloak and painted  
 arms :

Like as, when in the wave of ocean bathed,  
 Hath Lucifer, whom Venus loves before  
 The other fires of stars, upraised in heaven  
 His holy visage, and the gloom dispersed.  
 The matrons quaking stand upon the walls,  
 And follow with their eyes the dusty cloud,  
 And their bronze-gleaming bands. They  
 through the brakes, 822

Where [lies] the nearest bound'ry of their  
 route,

March forward under arms. Up springs  
 the shout,

And, — squadron marshalled, — with a  
 prancing din

The hoof [of horses] shakes the crumbling  
 plain.

Huge stands a grove by Cære's icy stream,  
 By rev'rence of the fathers far and near  
 [Deemed] holy : on its every side have [this]  
 The hollow hills incloistered, and the grove  
 With sombre fir surround. The legend goes  
 That for Silvanus, god of fields and flock,  
 The old Pelasgi sanctified alike 833

The thicket and a day,—they who the first  
 The Latin territories erst possessed.

Not far hence Tarcho and the Tyrrhenes safe  
 Were keeping their encampment in [these]  
 grounds,

And all the legion from the lofty hill  
 Could now be seen, and through the  
 spacious fields

It stretched. The sire Æneas, and the  
 youth, 840

819. Or: "His holy face, and broken up the gloom."

821. "Methinks, they through the middle region  
 come ;

Their chariots hid in clouds of dust below,  
 And o'er their heads their coursers' scatter'd fume  
 Does seem to cover them like falling snow."

Davenant, *Gondibert*, iii. 3.

825. "The fleet hoof rattles o'er the flinty way."  
 Mason, *Elfrida*.

For battle chosen, hitherward advance,  
 And, jaded, both their steeds and bodies  
 tend.

But Venus, goddess bright, 'mid skyey  
 clouds,  
 Bringing her gifts, was drawing nigh ; and  
 when

Her son within a vale retired afar,  
 Sequestered by the chilly stream, she saw,  
 She in such words addressed him, and  
 herself

Presented to him unbesought : "Behold !  
 Completed by my consort's promised skill,  
 My boons ; that ne'er henceforward, O my  
 son, 850

Either Laurentines haught, or Turnus fierce,  
 May'st thou demur to champion to the  
 frays."

She spoke, and the embraces of her son  
 Did Cytherea seek ; the armor she  
 Laid beaming underneath a fronting oak.  
 He with the goddess' presents, and a grace  
 So noble, in delight, cannot be palled,  
 And o'er them one by one his eyes he  
 rolls,

And marvels, and between his hands and  
 arms

Turns o'er and o'er the helmet, dread with  
 plumes, 860

And flames disgorging ; and the doomful  
 sword,

The hauberk stiff with bronze, blood-tinted,  
 huge,

As when a dingy cloud begins to flame  
 In sunbeams, and from far it flashes back ;  
 Then, of electrum and of gold refined,  
 The burnished greaves, and spear, and  
 buckler's work,

That beggared all description. There the  
 tale

Of Italy, and triumphs of the Romans, not  
 Unknowing of the seers, and unaware  
 Of time to come, the lord of fire had  
 framed ; 870

There all the lineage of the future stock  
 Down from Ascanius, wars too fought in  
 course.

And he had formed a cub-delivered wolf,  
 In Mars's verdant cave lain down ; twin  
 boys,

Disporting as they hang around her dug,  
 And licking unalarmed the dam ; her[self],

867.

"Yet look, how far  
 The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow  
 In underprizing it, so far this shadow  
 Doth limp behind the substance."

Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, iii. 2.

"Description cannot suit itself in words."

K. Henry V., iv. 2.



With rounded neck bent back caressing  
 them  
 By turns, and shaping with her tongue  
 their forms.  
 Nor far hence Rome, and Sabine maidens,  
 seized  
 Despite of law in session of the Cirque,  
 While grand Circensian [games] are held,  
 had he 881  
 Subjoined, fresh war too, rising in a trice  
 On the Romulidæ, and Tatius aged,  
 And rigid Cures. Next, the selfsame  
 kings,—  
 The strife between them laid aside,—afrost  
 Jove's altar, and the saucers holding, stood,  
 And with a butchered sow cemented leagues.  
 Not far therefrom had nimble four-horse cars  
 Dissevered Metus [wrenched] diverging  
 ways ;—  
 But thou, O Alban, wouldest to thy words  
 Have stood !—and th' entrails of the traitor  
 knave 891  
 Was Tullus haling through the wood, and,  
 sprent,  
 The brambles were distilling with his blood.  
 Porsenna, too, was bidding them admit  
 The ousted Tarquin, and with mighty siege  
 Beleaguering the city ; th' Æneadæ  
 Were rushing to the sword in freedom's  
 cause.  
 Him, like to one that cannot brook [the  
 sight],  
 And like to one that threatens, you might  
 view ;  
 Since Cocles ventured to uproot the bridge,  
 And Cloelia swam the flood,—her fetters  
 burst. 901  
 At top, the sentry of Tarpeia's tower,  
 Stood Manlius before the fane, and held  
 The lofty Capitolian [heights], and fresh  
 The palace bristled with Romulian straw.  
 And flut'ring here in gilded colonnades,  
 A goose of silver chanted that the Gauls  
 Were present in the threshold ; Gauls along  
 the brakes  
 Were present, and were seizing on the tower,  
 Screened by the dark and boon of shady  
 night : 910

897. " And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel  
 The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel ;  
 Thou transitory flow'r, alike undone  
 By proud contempt, and favour's fost'ring sun ;  
 Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure !  
 I only would repress them to secure ;  
 For just experience tells, in ev'ry soil,  
 That those who think must govern those that toil ;  
 And all that freedom's highest aims can reach  
 Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.  
 Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,  
 Its double weight must ruin all below."

Goldsmith, *Traveller*.

Of gold their tresses, and of gold their gear ;  
 In cloaks of plaid they sparkle ; then with  
 gold  
 Their milk-white necks are hooped ; they  
 each a pair  
 Of Alpine jav'lins brandish in their hand,  
 With lengthened bucklers shielded o'er  
 their forms.  
 Here dancing Sali, and Luperci stript,  
 And woolly caps, and targes dropped from  
 heaven,  
 He'd beaten out ; chaste led the holy [rites]  
 Throughout the city dames in easy cars.  
 Hence at a distance he moreover adds 920  
 The homes of Tart'rus, lofty gates of Dis,  
 And crimes' amercements ; thee, too, Catiline,  
 Dangling upon an overhanging rock,  
 And at the Furies' features in a quake ;  
 Sequestered, too, the holy ones ; to these  
 Cato dispensing laws. Amid these [scenes]  
 A golden model of the swelling main  
 Extended wide ; but with a frosted wave  
 Foamed [seas of] azure ; and in silver  
 round  
 The brilliant dolphins into circle swept  
 The waters with their tails, and cut the  
 tide. 931  
 Within the centre, vessels beaked with  
 bronze,  
 The frays of Actium, was there to behold ;  
 And all Leucate with embattled Mars  
 You might see glow, and waves beam forth  
 in gold.  
 On this side, leading on the Itali  
 To fights, Augustus Cæsar with the sires,

922. Ben Jonson has a noble description of the  
 circumstances under which Catiline met his end.  
 Space forbids the insertion of more than a part of  
 the whole passage :

" Which Catiline seeing, and that now his troops  
 Cover'd that earth they had fought on with their  
 trunks,  
 Ambitious of great fame to crown his ill,  
 Collected all his fury, and ran in  
 Arm'd with a glory high as his despair,  
 Into our battle like a Libyan lion  
 Upon his hunters, scornful of our weapons,  
 Careless of wounds, plucking down lives about  
 him,  
 Till he had circled in himself with death :  
 Then fell he too, t' embrace it where it lay.  
 And as in that rebellion 'gainst the gods,  
 Minerva holding forth Medusa's head,  
 One of the giant brethren felt himself  
 Grow marble at the killing sight, and now  
 Almost made stone, began to inquire, what flint,  
 What rock it was, that crept through all his limbs,  
 And ere he could think more, was that he feared ;  
 So Catiline, at the sight of Rome in us,  
 Became his tomb : yet did his look retain  
 Some of his fierceness, and his hands still moved,  
 As if he labour'd yet to grasp the state  
 With those rebellious parts." *Catiline*, end.

And people, gods of home, and mighty gods,  
Standing upon the elevated stern ;  
Whose brows two flames auspiciously discharge, 940

And his paternal star is on his head  
Displayed. Upon another part, with winds  
And gods propitious, is Agrippa lifted high,  
His squadron leading on : whose temples  
shine, —

Proud badge of war, — with naval chaplet  
beaked.

That side, with foreign pow'r and motley  
arms,

Antonius, conqu'ror from Aurora's hordes,  
And shore of crimson, Egypt and the  
powers

Of Orient, and the farthest Bactra, brings  
Along with him ; and follows, — O disgrace ! — 950

Th' Egyptian paramour. Together all  
Are hurtling, and is wholly in a froth,  
Uptorn with oars drawn back and trident  
beaks,

The surface [of the sea]. The deeps they  
seek :

Thou would'st believe were floating on the  
main

Uprooted Cyclades, or lofty mounts,  
Justling with mounts : with such stupendous  
weight

The crews in towered ships are pressing on.  
The hempen blaze by hand, and wingy  
steel

Is by their javelins scattered : Neptune's  
fields 960

With slaughter fresh are waxing red. The  
queen

Amidst them with her country's timbrel  
calls

Her hosts ; nor yet e'en from behind perceives

Twain snakes : and monster gods of every  
breed,

Barker Anubis, too, 'gainst Neptune [ranged],  
And Venus, and against Minerva, grasp  
their weapons. Storms in centre of the fray  
Mavors, embossed in steel, and from the  
sky

The rueful Furies ; and in mantle rent  
In joy stalks Discord, whom with bloody  
scourge 970

950. "*Cleopatra*. Your lord, the man who serves  
me, is a Roman.

*Octavius*. He was a Roman till he lost that name,  
To be a slave in Egypt."

Dryden, *All for Love*, iii. 1.

957. "Through Bosphorus, betwixt the justling  
rocks." Milton, *P. L.*, b. ii. end.

970. "Discord she wills ; the missile ruin flies ;  
Sudden, unnatural debates arise,

Bellona dogs. The Actian [god] Apollo  
these

Perceiving, bending was his bow from high :  
With that affright all Egypt and the Inds,  
Each Arab, all the Sabans turned their  
backs.

The queen herself was seen, — the winds  
invoked, —

To set the sails, and now, e'en now, to  
slack

The loosened ropes. Her 'mid the havoc wan  
At coming death, the lord of fire had made  
To be by billows and Iapix borne ;  
But on the other side, with giant frame

Nile mourning, and his bosom spreading  
out, 981

And calling, in the fulness of his robe,  
Into his sea-green lap and shroudy floods  
The conquered [foes]. But Cæsar, borne  
along

In three-fold triumph to the walls of Rome,  
Was consecrating to Italian gods, —

His deathless vow, — three hundred proudest  
shrines,

Through the whole city. Streets with joy,  
and sports,

And acclamation, ring. In all the fanes  
A choir of matrons, altars in them all ;

Before the altars slaughtered bullocks  
strewed 991

The earth. He, sitting in the snowy gate  
Of glist'ring Phœbus, th' off'rings of the  
tribes

Reviews, and fits them to the prideful doors :  
March conquered nations in a lengthful  
train,

Doubt, mutual jealousy, and dumb disgust,  
Dark-hinted mutterings, and avow'd distrust ;

To secret ferment is each heart resign'd ;

Suspicion hovers in each clouded mind ;

They jar, accus'd accuse, revil'd revile ;

And warmth to warmth oppose, and guile to guile ;

Wrangling they part, themselves themselves betray ;

Each dire device starts naked into day ;

They feel confusion in the van with fear ;

They feel the king of terrors in the rear."

Savage, *Wanderer*, c. v.

"*Scar*. Yond' ribald hag of Egypt,  
Whom leprosy o'ertake ! i' the midst o' the fight, —  
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd.  
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder, —  
The brize upon her, like a cow in June,  
Hoists sails and flies.

*Eno*. That I beheld : mine eyes  
Did sicken at the sight on't, and could not  
Endure a further view.

*Scar*. She once being loof'd,  
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,  
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,  
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her ;  
I never saw an action of such shame :  
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before  
Did violate so itself."

Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 8.

As diff'rent in their tongues, as in the guise  
Of garb and arms. Here Mulciber the  
race  
Of Nomads, and loose-girdled Africans,  
Here Leleges, and Carians, Gelons too,  
With arrows armed, had fashioned. Passed  
along 1000  
Euphrates, now the gentler in his waves ;  
And, farthest of mankind, the Morini,

And Rhine two-horned, and Dahæ unsub-  
dued,  
Araxes, too, that held a bridge in scorn.  
The like o'er Vulcan's shield, his parent's  
gifts,  
He views in wonderment, and of events  
Unknowing, in the portraiture delights,  
As he upon his shoulder raises up  
Of sons of sons alike the fame and fates.

## BOOK IX.

Now in a quarter severed far while these  
Are being done, Saturnian Juno down  
Sent Iris from the sky to Turnus bold.  
By hazard then in sire Pileumnus' grove  
Was Turnus sitting in a hallowed dale.  
To whom Thaumantias from her coral mouth  
Thus spake : "O Turnus, that, which to  
thy wish

Not one of gods could venture to engage,  
Hath circling time, lo! brought thee of  
itself.

Æneas,—town, and mates, and navy left,—  
The Palatine Evander's realm and court 11  
Is seeking. Nor [is this] sufficient : he  
To Corythus' remotest towns hath pierced,  
And arms a band of Lydians, levied boors.  
Wherefore dost thou demur ? 'Tis now  
the hour

Thy coursers, now thy chariots, to demand :  
Break all delays, and storm his troubled  
camp."

She said, and into heav'n upraised herself  
Upon her balanced wings, and in her flight  
A spacious bow she scored beneath the  
clouds. 20

Knew her the youth, and lifted to the stars  
Both hands, and with such accent[s] as she  
flies

*Line 6.* Warner, beautifully of the color of  
Rosamond's lips :

"With that she dasht her on the lippes,  
So dyed double red :  
Hard was the heart that gaue the blow ;  
Soft were those lips that bled."  
*Albion's England*, b. viii. ch. 41.

20. "Have ye not seen, in gentle even-tide,  
When Jupiter the earth hath richly shower'd,  
Striding the clouds, a bow dispredden wide  
As if with light inwove, and gaily flower'd  
With bright variety of blending dyes ?  
White, purple, yellow melt along the skies,  
Alternate colours sink, alternate colours rise."  
W. Thompson, *Hymn to May*, 22.

Pursued her : "Iris, pride of heav'n, who  
thee,  
Shot from the clouds, to me sent down to  
earth ?  
Whence this so brilliant weather in a trice ?  
Heav'n in the zenith do I see dispart,  
And straying through the firmament the  
stars.

I follow omens of such high import,  
Whoe'er thou art that callest me to arms."  
And, thuswise having spoken, to the wave  
He forward went, and from the eddy-face  
Its waters he updrew, in many a prayer 32  
Craving the gods, and loaded heav'n with  
vows.

And now the army all thro' open plains

23. "Hail, many-coloured messenger, that ne'er  
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter ;  
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers  
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers :  
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown  
My bosky acres, and my unshrub'd down,  
Rich scarf to my proud earth ; why hath thy queen  
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grassed green ?"  
Shakespeare, *Tempest*, iv. 1.

"O speak again, bright angel ! for thou art  
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,  
As is a winged messenger of heaven  
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes  
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,  
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,  
And sails upon the bosom of the air."

*Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 2.

28. P. Fletcher pleasantly introduces one of his  
fishermen, expressing the like pious obedience :

"As late upon the shore I chanc'd to play,  
I heard a voice, like thunder, loudly say :  
'Thirsil, why idle liv'st ? Thirsil, away, away !'  
Thou God of seas, thy voice I gladly heare ;  
Thy voice (thy voice I know) I glad obey :  
Only do thou my wand'ring wherry steer,  
And when it errs, (as it will eas'ly stray,)  
Upon the rock with hopeful anchor stay :  
Then will I swim where's either sea or shore,  
Where never swain or boat was seen afore."

*Piscatory Eclogues*, ii. 18, 19.

34. "And now went forth the morn,  
Such as in highest heaven array'd in gold



Marched rich in horses, rich in broidered gear

And gold. Messapus doth the leading lines,  
The rear do Tyrreus' youthful sons, restrain ;

Prince Turnus in the centre of the host  
Is in continued motion, grasping arms,  
And by a head entire above them stands.  
As, rising from his sev'n abated streams,  
Deep through the still the Ganges ; or when Nile

With batt'ning flood is ebbing from the plains,

And now hath buried him within his bed.  
Here, sphered with sable dust, a sudden cloud

Do Teucer's sons descry, and gloom to rise  
Upon the plains. First from the fronting mound

Cries out Caius : " O ye citizens,

Empyrean ; from before her vanish'd Night,  
Shot through with orient beams ; when all the plain,  
Cover'd with thick embattled squadrons bright,  
Chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery steeds,  
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view."

Milton, *P. L.*, vi. 12-18.

" He look'd and saw what numbers numberless  
The city-gates outpour'd, light-armed troops,  
In coats of mail and military pride ;  
In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,  
Prancing their riders bore, the flower and choice  
Of many provinces from bound to bound.  
He saw them in their forms of battle ranged,  
How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them shot

Sharp sleet of arrow showers against the face  
Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight ;  
The field all iron cast a gleaming brown ;  
Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horse  
Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,  
Chariots, or elephants indorsed with towers  
Of archers ; nor of labouring pioneers  
A multitude with spades and axes arm'd  
To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,  
Or where plain was, raise hill, or overlay  
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke."

*P. R.*, b. iv.

Glover in graphic terms describes the Persian host :

" Five thousand horse,  
Caparison'd in streak'd or spotted skins  
Of tigers, pards, and panthers, form'd the van ;  
In quilted vests of cotton azure-dyed,  
With silver spangles deck'd, the tawny youth  
Of Indus rode ; white quivers loosely cross'd  
Their shoulders ; not ungraceful in their hands  
Were bows of glist'ning cane ; the ostrich lent  
His snowy plumage to the tissued gold,  
Which bound their temples. Next a thousand steeds  
Of sable hue on argent trappings bore  
A thousand Persians, all select ; in gold,  
Shap'd as pomegranates, rose their steely points  
Above the truncheons ; gilded were the shields,  
Of silver'd scales the corslets ; wrought with gems  
Of price, high-plum'd tiaras danc'd in light.  
In equal number, in resembling guise,  
A squadron follow'd ; save their mail was gold,  
And thick with beryls edg'd their silver shields."

*Athenaid*, iv. 11-29.

What mass is volumed with a pitchy murk ?  
Bring quick the sword, give jav'lins, mount  
the walls ! 50

The foe is here, come on !" With lusty shout

The Teuceri mask themselves by all the gates,

And man the walls. For thus, on taking leave,

Thrice great in arms, Æneas had enjoined :  
" If any fortune should befall meanwhile,

They should not venture to array their line,  
Nor trust the field ; that they should merely guard

The camp and walls in safety through the trench.

Therefore, although t' engage the hand do shame

And wrath incite, natheless they bar the gates 60

Against them, and his orders prompt perform,

And, armed, in hollow towers wait the foe."

Turnus, when flying forward he'd outstripped

The plodding host, by twenty chosen knights

Escorted, and unlooked for, nears the town ;—

Whom bears a Thracian steed with spots of white,

And screens a golden helm with crimson plume.

" Who shall he be, O youths, along with me,  
That first against the foeman—? Lo !" he cries ;

And, upward whirling it, his jav'lin shoots  
Into the gales, the prelude of the fight, 71

And stately bears him onward o'er the plain.  
His mates receive [the movement] with a shout,

And follow with a dreadful grating yell.  
They marvel at the Trojans' sluggish hearts,

That they their persons to the righteous field

Commit not, that the men confronting arms  
Do not advance, but their encampment hug.

On this and that side chafed does he survey  
Upon his horse their rampires, and approach

Throughout the wayless [wilds] he seeks.  
And like 81

A wolf in ambush by a full sheep-fold,

82. In a passage, which is marked by one of the blots on his *Paradise Lost*, Milton represents Satan as vaulting over the boundaries of Paradise. As he uses the like illustration of the marauding wolf, he carries the simile farther than Virgil :

" High over-leap'd all bound  
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within  
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf

R 2

When growls he at the cotes, and winds  
and rains

Enduring, past the middle of the night :  
Safe 'neath their dams the lambs their  
bleatings ply :

He, fierce and felon in his anger, storms  
Against the absent ; tortures him the rage  
Of rav'ning, gathered from a length of time,  
And jaws, unmoist with blood :—not other-  
wise

In the Rutulian, gazing on the walls 90  
And camp, wrath kindles ; in his hardy  
bones

Vexation blazes up :—by what device  
He may essay an entrance, and what course  
Dislodge the cloistered Teucri from their  
trench,

And pour them out upon the plain. The  
fleet

Which, joined to their encampments' side,  
lay hid,

Fenced round with ramparts and the river-  
waves,

He storms, and calls on his exulting mates  
For burnings, and, in ardor, fills his hand  
With flaring pine. Then truly [to the toil]  
They lean them ; Turnus' presence spurs  
them on ; 101

And all the youth are armed with grisly  
links.

They've sacked the hearths ; the smoky  
torch throws pitchy light,

And Vulcan jumbled ashes to the stars.

What deity, O Muses, warded off  
So felon burnings from the Teucri ? who  
Such mighty blazes from the ships repelled ?

Say ye. Of old the credence in the fact ;  
But the tradition [runs] from year to year.

What time upon the Phrygian Ida first 110  
Æneas built his navy, and prepared

To seek the depths of sea, 'tis said, herself,  
The Berecynthian mother of the gods,  
Great Jove accosted in these terms :

"My son,

Grant to a suitress what thy parent dear,  
Olympus tamed, from thee doth claim. I  
own

A piny forest, loved through many a year.  
A grove there stood upon the mountain's  
crest

Whither my holy [rites] they used to bear,  
With swart pitch-pine and maple timbers  
dark : 120

These I upon the Dardan youth, when he

Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,  
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve,  
In hurdled cotes amid the fields secure,  
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold."

P. L., b. iv.

A navy needed, cheerfully bestowed.  
Now me, uneasy, troubles troubling fear :  
Dispel my apprehensions, and herein  
Allow by prayers a parent to avail :—  
That neither broken down by any course,  
Nor hurricane of wind, they be subdued.

May it bestead that they upon our mounts  
Were sprung." To her on th' other hand  
her son,

Who wheels the constellations of the world :  
"O mother, whither callest thou the fates ?  
Or what dost seek for these ? Shall vessels  
framed 132

By mortal hands enjoy immortal right ?  
And sure through unsure risks Æneas run ?  
To what divinity is privilege  
So great conceded ? Still, when done with  
[risks],

The goal and ports Ausonian they shall gain  
Hereafter, whichsoever shall have 'scaped  
The billows, and the Dardan chief have  
borne

To fields Laurentine I, their mortal shape  
Will take away, and of the mighty main 141  
Bid them be goddesses ; as Nereus-born  
Doto and Galatea cleave apart

The foaming ocean with their breast." He  
spoke ;

And that this is established, by the floods,  
His Stygian brother's, by the banks, that boil  
With pitch and with a sooty gulf, he nods,  
And by his nod made all Olympus quake.

Accordingly the day engaged was come,  
And the due seasons had the Destinies 150  
Fulfilled ; when th' outrage [done] by Tur-  
nus warned

The Mother, from her holy barques to drive  
The brands aloof. Here first against their  
eyes

Strange light there glared, and from the  
Dawn appeared

To scud across the sky a mighty cloud,  
And Ida's choirs ; thereon a fearful voice  
Drops forth along the gales, and fills the  
hosts

Of Trojans and Rutulians : "Be not ye  
In anxious haste, O Teucer's sons, to guard  
My vessels, neither arm your hands : the seas  
It sooner will to Turnus be vouchsafed  
To burn to ashes than my holy pines.

Go ye, enfranchised, go, the goddesses,  
Of ocean ; 'tis the Mother bids." And  
straight the sterns 164

Each burst away their fetters from the banks,  
And after dolphins' fashion, with their beaks  
Plunged down, the bottom of the waters  
seek.

Hence, — marvellous portent ! — as many  
prows,

O'erlaid with bronze, as whilom on the strand

Had rested, just so many maiden forms 170  
Reissue, and are wafted on the deep.

Mazed were the minds of Rutulans ;  
Messapus

Was e'en himself appalled, with troubled steeds ;

And halts the stream hoarse-booming, and his step

[The god] of Tiber from the deep recalls.

But not bold Turnus confidence forsook :

Yea he their spirits raises by his words,  
Yea chides them too : "'Tis at the Trojans

aim

These prodigies ; from them hath Jove himself

His wanted help withdrawn ; [their ships] nor darts, 180

Nor fires of Rutuli, await. The seas

Are therefore pathless to the Teucer-race,  
Nor is there any hope of flight ; one half

Their means is cut away : the land, more-o'er,

Is in our hands ; so many thousand arms

Italian nations bring. Naught me affray,

(If Phrygians make of any public vaunt,)

The doomful oracles of gods. Enough

To fates and Venus granted, that the fields

Of rich Ausonia have the Trojans touched ;

On th' other hand my fates as well have I,—

With falchion to uproot the cursèd race,

My bride reft from me ; nor affects that pang

Th' Atridæ only, nor is it allowed 194

Mycenæ only on their arms to seize.

But 'tis enough that they have fallen once :—

For them t' have *sinned* before had been enough,

[Then] loathing deep well nigh all woman-kind :—

To whom this trust in intervening trench,  
And hindrances of dykes, thin screens of

death, 200

Give confidence. But have they not beheld

The walls of Troja, framed by Neptune's hand,

Sink down in flames ? But ye, O chosen ones !

Who with the sword to break their rampart through

Makes ready, and along with me assails

Their quaking camp ? With me there is no need

Of Vulcan's armor, nor a thousand keels,

Against the Teucri. Let Etruscans all

Forthwith unite themselves as their allies.

The darkness and Palladium's dastard theft,— 210

The sentries of the fortress-summit slain,—  
They need not fear ; nor shall we be enwombed

Within a horse's darksome paunch : in light,  
Before the world, 'tis fixed with fire to wrap  
Their walls around. I'll force them to conclude

That they with Danai have no concern,  
And with Pelasgic youth, whom Hector stayed

To the tenth year. Now, therefore, since is past

The better part of day, for what remains,  
Rejoicing in our bravely sped affairs, 220

Your bodies tend, O heroes, and expect  
The fight to be prepared." Meanwhile, the gates

With watch of sentries to beset, the charge  
Is given to Messapus, and the walls

To ring with fires. Twice seven Rutulans,  
The mounds with soldiery to keep, are

culled :

But follow each of these a hundred youths,  
Crimson with plumes, and glistering in gold.

Patrol they, and the courses change, and spread

Along the turf, indulge in wine, and tilt  
The wassail-bowls of bronze. Glare up

the fires ; 231

The sleepless night the sentries spend in play.

These from the trench above the Trojans view,

And occupy the heights in arms : more-o'er,  
Restless with dread, they scrutinize the gates

The bridges, too, and outer works unite :  
They weapons bring together. Spur them on

Mnestheus and keen Serestus, whom the sire  
Æneas, should misfortunes ever call,

Decreed to be commanders of the youths,  
And managers of state. All through the walls 241

The legion, having portioned out by lot  
The risk, their vigil keeps, and executes

Their courses,—what should be maintained  
by each.

222. The overwhelming weight of manuscripts forces one to read *parari* and not *parati* (v. 156). It is well that such is the case ; as the verse has a sad jingle of *ps* as it stands ; but with the other reading would have a jingle of *ats* besides.

231. " Now night her course began, and, over Heaven

Inducing darkness, grateful truce imposed

And silence on the odious din of war.

Under her cloudy covert both retired,

Victor and vanquish'd. On the foughten field

Michael and his Angels prevalent

Encamping, placed in guard their watches round  
Cherubic waving fires." Milton, *P. L.*, b. vi.



Nisus there was, the sentry of a gate,  
 Thrice-keen in arms, of Hyrtacus the son ;  
 Whom huntress Ida had as comrade sent  
 T' Æneas,—quick with dart and nimble  
     shafts ;  
 And by his side Euryalus his mate.  
 Than whom of Æneadae none other stood  
 More fair, nor [fairer] donned the arms of  
     Troy ; 251  
 The stripling, marking his unrazed lips  
 With bloom of youth. With these the love  
     was one,  
 And side by side upon the frays they  
     dashed :  
 Then, too, with common post the gate they  
     kept.  
 Saith Nisus : “Do the gods this glow in-  
     fuse  
 Within our spirits, O Euryalus ?  
 Or doth his dread desire to each become  
 A god ? 'Tis either fight, or something  
     grand,  
 My soul now long since drives me to essay ;  
 Nor is it satisfied with calm repose. 261

252. “Among the rest, that all the rest excelld,  
 A dainty boy there woun'd, whose harmlesse yeares  
 Now in their freshest budding gently sweld ;  
 His nymph-like face nere felt the nimble sheeres ;  
 Youth's downy blossome through his cheek  
     appeares.”

In Spenser's Works, *Brittain's Ida*, c. i. 2.

“Comus. Were they of manly prime, or youthful  
 bloom ?

Lady. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.”  
 Milton, *Comus*.

253. “And shine as you exalted are :  
 Two names of friendship, but one star :  
 Of hearts the union, and those not by chance  
 Made, or indenture, or leas'd out t' advance  
     The profits for a time.  
 No pleasures vain did chime,  
 Of rhymes, or riots at your feasts,  
 Orgies of drink, or feign'd protests :  
 But simple love of greatness and of good,  
 That knits brave minds and manners more than  
     blood.” Ben Jonson, *Underwoods*, 88, iv.

259-261. “Imagination of some great exploit  
 Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.”  
 Shakespeare, 1 *K. Henry IV.*, i. 3.

Perhaps Nisus thought that

“Virtue, if not in action, is a vice.”  
 Massinger, *The Maid of Honour*, i. 1.

Marlowe makes the Duke of Guise say, in *The  
 Massacre at Paris* :

“Now, Guise, begin those deep-engendered  
     thoughts  
 To burst abroad those never-dying flames,  
 Which cannot be extinguish'd but by blood.  
 Oft have I levell'd, and at last have learn'd  
 That peril is the chiefest way to happiness,  
 And resolution honour's fairest aim.  
 What glory is there in a common good,  
 That hangs for every peasant to achieve ?  
 That like I best, that flies beyond my reach.  
 Let me to scale the high Pyramides,

Thou seest what [full] reliance on their state  
 The Rutuli possesses. Here and there  
 Lights twinkle ; they, in sleep and wine  
     unstrung,  
 Have laid them down ; the regions far and  
     wide  
 Are hushed. Learn further what I meditate,  
 And what design now rises in my mind.  
 Æneas hither to be called do all,  
 Both commons and the fathers, warmly  
     pray, 269  
 And men to be despatched [to him] to bear  
 Undoubted tidings. If, what I for thee  
 Demand, they promise, seeing for myself  
 The glory of th' achievement is enough,—  
 Meseems that I can underneath you hill  
 Find out a passage to the walls and domes  
 Of Pallanteum.” In astonishment  
 Euryalus was lost, pierced thro' and thro'  
 With lofty passion for renown : at once  
 In these addresses he his glowing friend :  
 “Me, then, thy comrade in thy grand  
     emprise, 280  
 O Nisus, dost disdain to link ? Shall I  
 Send thee alone upon such heavy risks ?

And thereon set the diadem of France ;  
 I'll either rend it with my nails to nought,  
 Or mount the top with my aspiring wings,  
 Although my downfall be the deepest hell.”

264. “Wide o'er all  
 The dusky plain, by the fires half extinct,  
 Are seen the soldiers, roll'd in heaps confus'd,  
 The slaves of brutal appetite.”  
 Smollett, *The Regicide*, v. 3.

265, 6. Stillness at night is well described by  
 Brown :

“All, all is hushed. Throughout the empty streets  
 Nor voice, nor sound ; as if the inhabitants,  
 Like the presaging herds, that seek the covert  
 Ere the loud thunder rolls, had only felt  
 And shunned the impending uproar.

“There is a solemn horror in the night, too,  
 That pleases me : a general pause through nature :  
 The winds are hushed. And as I passed the beach  
 The lazy billows scarce could lash the shore :  
 No star peeps through the firmament of heaven.”  
*Barbarossa*, iii. 1.

273. “And choose we still the phantom through  
     the fire,  
 O'er bog, and brake, and precipice, till death ?  
 And toil we still for sublunary pay ?  
 Defy the dangers of the field and flood,  
 Or, spider-like, spin out our precious all,  
 Our more than vitals spin (if no regard  
 To great futurity) in curious webs  
 Of subtle thought, and exquisite design ;  
 (Fine net-work of the brain !) to catch a fly !  
 The momentary buzz of vain renown !  
 A name ; a mortal immortality !”

Young, *Complaint*, N. vi.

282. “However, I with thee have fix'd my lot ;  
 Certain to undergo like doom : if death  
 Consort with thee, death is to me as life ;  
 So forcible within my heart I feel  
 The bond of nature draw me to my own ;  
 My own in thee, for what thou art is mine ;

Not so my sire Opheltus, used to wars,  
Hath trained me up, amid Argolic dread  
And toils of Troja nurtured; nor with thee  
Have I in such a way demeaned myself,  
High-souled Æneas and his latest fates  
While following. Here there dwells, there  
dwells a soul,

A scorner of the light, and deems that fame,  
Whereat thou aimest, cheaply bought with  
life." 290

Nisus to these: "Sooth nothing of the kind  
From thee I feared; nor is it decent, no!  
So me in triumph may to thee restore  
Great Jove, or whose'er with kindly eyes  
Views these! But should there any,—thou  
perceiv'st

How many [risks] in such a crisis [lie];—  
Should any, either accident or god,  
To misadventure hurry me away,  
I would that thou shouldst overlive: thy age  
Is worthier of life. One let there be 300  
Who may entrust me to accustomed earth,  
Reft from the fray, or ransomed by a price;  
Or, this should any Fortune disallow,  
One, who may to [my] absent [corse] dis-  
charge

Its obsequies, and grace it with a grave.  
Nor to thy wretched mother could I prove  
The spring of woe so deep; who thee, [dear]  
boy,—

Alone of many mothers daring it,—  
Pursues, nor recks of great Acesta's domes."  
But he: "To idle purpose dost thou weave  
Thy flimsy pleas, nor my resolve, now  
changed, 311

Withdraws from its position. Let us haste!"  
He cries. The sentries he at once awakes:  
They take their places, and the courses keep.  
The station being left, he paces on  
As Nisus' mate, and seek they out the prince.

The rest of living things through all the  
lands

Our state cannot be sever'd; we are one,  
One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself."  
*Adam to Eve; Milton, P. L., b. ix.*

290. "I'll go," said I, "once more I'll venture all;  
'Tis brave to perish by a noble fall."  
*Pomfret, Love Triumphant over Reason.*

"'Tis the danger crowns  
A brave achievement." *May, The Heir, act ii.*

299. "Thou art too covetous of another's safety;  
Too prodigal and careless of thine own."  
*Massinger, The Bashful Lover, ii. 6.*

317. "Midnight was cum, and every vitall thing  
With swete sound slepe theyr weary lymys did rest,  
The beastes were still, the lytle byrdes that syng  
Now sweetely slept besides theyr mothers brest:  
The olde and all were shrowded in theyr nest.  
The waters calme, the cruel seas did ceas,  
The wudes, the fyeldes, and all thynges held theyr  
pepace.

With sleep their cares were light'ning, and  
their hearts

Forgetful of their toils. The Trojans' lead-  
ing chiefs,

Their chosen youth, a consultation held 320  
Upon the highest int'rests of the realm,—  
[To wit,] what they should do, or who  
should now

T' Æneas be a messenger. They stand  
On lengthful lances resting, and their shields  
Engrasping in the midst of camp and plain.  
Then Nisus, and with him Euryalus,  
Forthwith to be admitted warmly beg:  
"That their affair was weighty, and would  
prove

Worth the delay." Iulus first received  
The flurried [youths], and Nisus bade to  
speak. 330

Then thus the son of Hyrtacus: "O list  
With minds unbiassed, ye Ænean sons,  
Nor let these [propositions], which we bring,  
Be judged of from our years. The Rutuli,  
In slumber and in wine unstrung, are  
hushed:

The quarter for a stratagem have we  
Ourselves espied, which lieth to the view  
Upon the double roadway of the gate,  
That [stands] the nearest to the sea. Their  
fires

Are stayed, and starward is the collied  
smoke 340

"The golden stars wer whyrlde amyd theyr race,  
And on the earth did laugh with twinkling lyght,  
When eche thing nestled in his resting place,  
Forgat dayes payne with pleasure of the nyght:  
The hare had not the greedy houndes in sight,  
The fearfull dear of death stood not in doubt,  
The partrydge dremt not of the falcons foot.

"The ougly beare nowe myndeth not the stake,  
Nor how the cruell mastyves do hym tear;  
The stag lay still unroused from the brake,  
The fomy boar feared not the hunters spear.  
All thing was still in desert, bush, and brear.  
With quyet heart now from theyr travails rest;  
Soundly they slept in midst of all theyr rest."

*Sackville, Complaynt of Henrye D. of  
Buckingham, 79-81.*

"All things were husht, each bird slept on his  
bough,  
And night gave rest to him, day tir'd at plough:  
Each beast, each bird, and each day-toying wight,  
Receiv'd the comfort of the silent night."  
*Brownie, Britannia's Pastoralis, i. 3.*

"Lo! midnight from her starry reign  
Looks awful down on earth and main,  
The tuneful birds lie hush'd in sleep,  
With all that crop the verdant food,  
With all that skim the crystal flood,  
Or haunt the caverns of the rocky steep.  
No rushing winds disturb the tufted bowers,  
No wakeful sound the moonlight valley knows,  
Save where the brook its liquid murmur pours,  
And lulls the waving scene to more profound  
repose." *Akenside, Ode to Sleep, ii. 2, 2.*

Upraised. If ye allow us to employ  
The chance, to seek Æneas, and the walls  
Of Pallanteum, here anon with spoils,—  
Vast carnage wrought,—us present will you  
see.

Nor doth the road mislead us as we go :  
Below the darkling valleys we have seen,  
In ceaseless chase, the outskirts of the town,  
And gained a knowledge of the stream  
throughout."

Here, weighed with years, and in his judgment ripe,

Aletes : "O ye gods of fatherland, 350  
Beneath whose providence Troy ever rests,  
Ye still intend not clean to wipe away  
The Teucris, seeing ye [to them] have brought  
Such souls, and breasts so stanch within  
their youths."

Thus saying, he the shoulders and right  
hands

Of both engarped, and with his tears his  
face

And lips bedewed. "To you, O heroes,  
what,

What worthy guerdons for these deeds of  
praise

Could I deem possible to be repaid ?

First the most honorable will the gods, 360  
And your own merits, render ; then the rest

Anon the good Æneas will return,

Aye and Ascanius, in the flow'r of age,  
Not e'er unmindful of so high desert."

"Yea, you do I, whose only safety lies

In the recovery of my sire,"—[th' address]

Takes up Ascanius,— "by the mighty gods  
Of home, and Assarac's domestic god,

And hoary Vesta's shrines, conjure ; what-  
ever chance

And trust I have, I place it in your breasts :  
Recall my sire, restore his presence : naught  
is sad 371

With him regained. Two goblets will I give,  
In silver finished, and with figures crisp,

Which from Arisba crushed my father took ;  
And tripodswain ; of gold two talents huge ;

An ancient bowl, which Sidon's Dido gave.  
But if to seize Italia, and enjoy

Her sceptres, shall to me a victor fall,  
And to prescribe th' allotment of the spoil :—

Thou sawest on what steed, in armor what,  
Marched Turnus [all] in gold :—that very

[steed], 381  
The scutcheon and the crimson plumes,  
will I

371. "For since mine eye your ioyous sight did mis,  
My cheerful day is turned to chearelesse night,  
And eke my night of death the shadow is :  
But welcome now, my light, and shining lampe of  
blis !" Spenser, *F. Q.*, i. 3, 27.

Reserve from the allotment, even now,  
O Nisus, thy rewards. Besides, my sire  
Will twice six ladies' persons, passing choice,  
And captives grant, and their own arms  
with all ;

Above these [gifts], whatever of domain  
E'en king Latinus doth himself possess.

But thee, whom my own age is following on  
With closer stages, youth to be revered, 390

With my whole bosom do I welcome now,

And my companion clasp for every risk.

No honor shall be sought in my exploits

Without thee ; whether peace or war I make,  
On thee [shall rest] my deepest trust of deeds

And words." To whom in answer suchlike  
speaks

Euryalus : "No day shall have evinced

That I for such bold ventures am no match :  
Let only fav'ring Fortune fall no foe.

But I from thee 'bove every boon one thing  
Entreat : a mother of the ancient strain 401

Of Priamus have I, whom, woe-begone,

Not Ilium's land, not king Acestes' walls

Withheld from going forth along with me.

Her, in unconsciousness of this our risk,

Whate'er it is, and [left] without farewell,

I now am quitting : Night and thy right hand

My witness be, that I could not endure

A parent's tears. But, I entreat, do thou

Console her helpless, and assist her lorn.

392. "O, I have suffered

With those that I saw suffer."

Shakespeare, *Tempest*, i. 2, 5, 6.

399. There is high authority for reading *haut*, instead of *aut*, in v. 283, which appears to make the whole passage more like Virgil than the lection of Heyne, Weise, and others. A colon after *tantum* gives it a stiff air, and joining the word with *arguerit* does not seem to mend the matter much. See Forbiger's satisfactory comment.

"The intent, and not the deed,  
Is in our power : and therefore who dares greatly  
Does greatly." Brown, *Barbarossa*, v. 2.

403. Or, observing the Latin order :

"Not Ilium's land withheld from going forth  
Along with me, not king Acestes' walls."

410. The poor lady might perhaps have answered  
her noble comforter as Leonato did Antonio :

"I pray thee, cease thy counsel,  
Which falls into mine ears as profitless  
As water in a sieve ; give not me counsel ;  
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,  
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.  
Bring me a father that so lov'd his child,  
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,  
And bid him speak to me of patience ;  
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,  
And let it answer every strain for strain ;  
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such  
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form ;  
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard ;  
Call sorrow joy ; cry hem, when he should groan ;  
Patch grief with proverbs : make misfortune drunk  
With candle-wasters ; bring him yet to me,



This hope of thee [O] let me bear away: 411  
The bolder shall I march to every chance."  
With smitten mind the Dardan sons shed  
tears;

'Fore all the fair Iulus; and his soul  
The picture of a filial duty touched:  
Then thus speaks forth: "Assure thyself  
that all

Shall worthy prove of thy immense em-  
prise:

For *that* thy mother shall be [such] to me,  
And fail alone Creusa's name, nor small  
The gratitude is waiting such a birth. 420  
Whatever chances follow thy exploit,  
By this my head I swear, whereby my sire  
Before me used, what I engage to thee  
On thy return, and with success, these same  
On both thy mother and thy race shall wait."  
Thus speaks he, weeping o'er him; he at  
once

His gilded falchion from his shoulder doffs,  
Which with surprising skill Lycaon, [son]  
Of Crete, had made, and fitted, handy  
[formed],

With iv'ry sheath. To Nisus Mnestheus  
gives 430

A shaggy lion's hide and spoils; [with him]  
Aletes stanch exchanges helm. Forthwith  
In armor clad they march: whom, pacing  
on,

The band of chieftains all, alike of young  
And aged, to the gates attend with prayers.  
Aye fair Iulus, too, beyond his years  
Bearing both gallantry and manly thought,  
Injunctions many gave to be conveyed  
T' his father: but the breezes scatter all,  
And, purposeless, bestow them on the  
clouds. 440

They, sallying forth, the trenches over-  
pass,  
And through night's shade the camp, their  
foe, they seek,

And I of him will gather patience.

But there is no such man: for, brother, men  
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief,  
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,  
Their counsel turns to passion, which before  
Would give perceptual medicine to rage,  
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,  
Charm ache with air, and agony with words.  
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience  
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,  
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,  
To be so moral, when he shall endure  
The like himself: therefore give me no counsel:  
My griefs cry louder than advertisement."

Shakespeare, *Much Ado about Nothing*, v. 1.

414. "He hath a tear for pity, and a hand  
Open as day for melting charity."  
2 *K. Henry IV.*, iv. 4.

442. Shakespeare has a fine description of a camp  
by night:

Yet first of many doomed to be the death.  
At every step, in slumber and in wine  
Throughout the grass disspread, they bodies  
view!

In upward posture chariots on the shore;  
Among the traces and the wheels the men;  
Together lying arms, together wines.

First from his lip thus spake Hyrtacides:  
"Euryalus, with our right hand we must  
be bold: 450

Th' occasion now invites us of itself:  
Here lies the route. Do thou,—lest any hand  
May lift itself against us from the rear,—  
Be on the watch, and keep a far look-out.  
These [regions] I a wilderness will make,  
And by a spacious pathway lead thee on."  
So speaks he, and subdues his voice; at once  
With sword attacks proud Rhamnes, who,  
by chance

On elevated cushions pillowed up,  
From his whole chest was slumber puffing  
forth; 460

The same a king, and [he] to Turnus, king,  
Most welcome augur: but by augur's art  
He could not stave destruction off. Hard by  
Three lacqueys, heedlessly among their arms  
While lying, and the squire of Remus, he  
Destroys; his charioteer, too, finding him  
Just at his very steeds; and with the sword  
Their lolling necks he severs; then of head  
Despoils their lord himself, and leaves the  
trunk

With blood sob-breathing: warmed with  
sable gore, 470  
The earth and couches reek. Moreo'er, he  
slays both Lamyris

"Now entertain conjecture of a time,  
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,  
Fill the wide vessel of the universe.  
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of  
night,

The hum of either army stilly sounds,  
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive  
The secret whispers of each other's watch.  
Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames  
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face.  
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs  
Piercing the Night's dull ear; and from the tents  
The armorers, accomplishing the knights,  
With busy hammers closing rivets up,  
Give dreadful note of preparation.  
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,  
And the third hour of drowsy morning name."

*K. Henry V.*, iv. chorus.

444. They probably had such thoughts as these:

"Now, Sleep, still child of sable-hooded night,  
Befriend us! From the dark Lethean cell  
Up-conjure all thy store of drowsy charms:  
Lock fast their lids, o'erpower each torpid sense,  
That they awake not ere the deed be done."  
Hartson, *Countess of Salisbury*, v. 2.

471. "The slaughter then all measure did surpass;  
Whilst victors rag'd, blood from each hand did rain;

And Lamus, and the young Serranus, who  
Full much had revelled on that night, in  
mien

Distinguished, and was lying, in his limbs  
O'ermastered by a fulness of the god.  
O happy man! if he without a pause  
Had made that revel even with the night,  
And eked it out till daylight:—as, unfed,  
A lion, raising through the crowded folds  
Alarms,—for spurs him hunger mad,—both  
grinds 480

And rends the unresisting flock, and dumb  
With terror; roars he with a mouth of  
blood.

Nor less the carnage of Euryalus:  
He too himself, afire, fumes on throughout,  
And in the midst a num'rous, nameless  
throng,

E'en Fadus and Herbesus he attacks,  
And Rhesus, Abaris too, unaware:—  
Rhoetus awake, and viewing all; but he  
Behind a mighty wassail-bowl in fear  
Ensnconed himself: in whose confronting  
breast 490

He, close upon him, as he rises up,  
Hid his whole blade, and with abundant  
death

Withdrew it. Th' other spews the crimson  
life,

And wines, commingled with the blood,  
returns,

In dying. He upon his stratagem  
In ardor presses on; and now advanced  
Up to the comrades of Messapus. There  
He saw the failing of their latest fire,

The liquid rubies dropping downe the grasse,  
With scarlet streames the fatall fields did staine."  
Stirling, *Jonathan*, 83.

489. Had Rhoetus been more fortunate, he would  
have been paralleled by Braggadocchio.

"To whom she thus.—But ere her words ensweld,  
Unto the bush her eye did suddain glauce,  
In which vaine Braggadocchio was mewd,  
And saw it stirre: she lefte her percing launce,  
And towards gan a deadly shafte aduance,  
In minde to marke the beast. At which sad  
stowre,

Trompart forth stept, to stay the mortall chauce,  
Out crying: 'O! whatever heavenly powre,  
Or earthly wight thou be, withold this deadly howre!

"O! stay thy hand; for yonder is no game  
For thy fiers arrows, them to exercise;  
But loe! my lord, my liege, whose warlike name  
Is far renowned through many bold emprise;  
And now in shade he shrowded yonder lies.  
She staid: with that he crauld out of his nest,  
Forth creeping on his caitive hands and thies;  
And standing stoutly up, his lofty crest  
Did fiercely shake, and rowze as comming late from  
rest." Spenser, *F. Q.*, ii. 3, 34, 5.

493. The tutor might do well to point to v. 349,  
as evidence that *purpureus* does not necessarily  
mean, "purple."

And duly tethered horses cropping grass:  
When briefly such like Nisus,—for he felt  
That he by too great slaughter and desire  
Was led away,—saith, "Let us cease; for  
nears 502

Th' unfriendly light. Of vengeance there  
is spent

Enough; a path is made among the foes."  
Both many arms of heroes, finished off  
With massive silver, do they leave behind,  
And bowls together, and fair figured stuffs.  
Euryalus th' accoutrements of Rhamnes  
[grasps],

His belt, too, golden in its studs, which  
gifts

To Remulus of Tibur whilom sent 510  
The passing wealthy Cædicus, what time  
He, absent, would unite him [to himself]  
In hospitage; the other at his death  
Bequeaths them to his grandson to pos-  
sess;—

After his death the Rutuli in war,  
And in engagement, won them:—these he  
grasps,

501, 2. "Danger without discretion to attempt  
Inglorious, beast-like, is,"  
Spenser, *F. Q.*, iii. 11, 23.

"Some fortitude is seen in great exploits,  
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides;  
All else is towering phrensy and distraction."  
Addison, *Cato*, ii.

"Be advis'd:  
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot,  
That it do singe yourself. We may outrun,  
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,  
And lose by over-running. Know you not,  
The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,  
In seeming to augment it, wastes it. Be advis'd:  
I say again, there is no English soul  
More stronger to direct you than yourself;  
If with the sap of reason you would quench,  
Or but allay, the fire of passion."  
Shakespeare, *K. Henry VIII.*, i. 1.

"But as it is not the mere punishment,  
But cause, that makes a martyr, so it is not  
Fighting, or dying, but the manner of it,  
Renders a man himself. A valiant man  
Ought not to undergo, or tempt a danger,  
But worthily, and by selected ways:  
He undertakes with reason, not by chance.  
His valour is the salt to his other virtues:  
They are all unseason'd without it."  
Ben Jonson, *New Inn*, iv. 3.

"Temper your heat,  
And lose not, by too sudden rashness, that  
Which, be but patient, will be offer'd to you.  
Security ushers ruin; proud contempt  
Of an enemy three parts vanquish'd, with desire  
And greediness of spoil, have often wrested  
A certain victory from the conqueror's gripe.  
Discretion is the tutor of the war,  
Valour the pupil."

Massinger, *Maid of Honour*, i. 3.  
502, 3. "The silent hours steal on,  
And flaky darkness breaks within the east."  
Shakespeare, *K. Richard III.*, v. 3.

And vainly to his gallant shoulders suits.  
He then Messapus' trimly fitting helm,  
And graced with plumes, puts on him.  
From the camp

They draw away, and safety seek to gain.

Meanwhile the horse, sent on from La-  
tium's city 521

While the remainder of the host in line  
Is ling'ring on the plains, were on the march,  
And to king Turnus bringing on replies,—  
Three times a hundred, all equipped in  
shields,

With Volsens chief. And they were near-  
ing now

The camp, and ent'ring on the mounds,  
what time

These winding by the left-hand path from far  
Descry they, and his helm Euryalus

Hath in the glimm'ring shade of night be-  
trayed 530

Unthoughtful, and, confronted to the beams,  
Flashed back. 'Twas not for naught the  
glimpse was gained.

Aloud shouts Volsens from the squadron:  
"Halt!

Ye warriors! What the object of your  
march?

Or who are ye in arms? Or whither hold  
Your course?" They make no effort at reply,  
But hasten on their flight upon the woods,  
And trust the night. The horse oppose  
themselves

At byways known on this side and on that,  
And ev'ry outlet with a guard invest. 540  
There was a thicket, bristling wide with  
brakes

And sable ilex, which had serried thorns  
Choked up in ev'ry quarter; fitfully  
The pathway shone among the darkened  
walks.

The gloom of branches, and his cumbrous  
spoil,

Euryalus obstruct, and his alarm  
Conducts him from his line of route astray.  
Off Nisus starts: and now, not knowing  
[this],

He had escaped the foemen, and the spots,  
Which since from Alba's name were "Al-  
ban" called:— 550

Then king Latinus [there] had loftystalls:—  
When [still] he stood, and towards his  
absent friend

In vain looked back: "Ill-starred Euryalus,  
Thee in what quarter have I left? Or where  
Shall I pursue, again unrav'ling all  
The tangled pathway of the cheating wood?"  
At once e'en backward his examined steps  
He tracks, and wanders through the stilly  
brakes.

He hears the horses, hears the din and signs  
Of those pursuing. Nor was long the time  
In th' interval, when reaches to his ears  
A shouting, and he sees Euryalus,  
Whom at this moment doth the squadron all,  
Through the deception of the place and  
night,

With wild'ring hubbub on a sudden seize,  
O'erwhelmed and struggling [much,] full  
much in vain.

What should he do? With power what,  
what arms,

The stripling to deliver should he dare,  
Or, death-doomed, fling him on the midst  
of swords,

And speed by wounds a glorious death?  
In haste 570

A javelin hurling with his in-drawn arm,  
Up-gazing on the lofty Moon, he thus  
Prays with his voice: "Do thou, O god-  
dess, thou

Propitious aid our task, O pride of stars,  
And thou Latonian guardian of the groves;  
If any off'rings to thy altars e'er

On my behalf my father Hyrtacus  
Hath brought, if any by my hunts myself  
Have added, or upon thy dome hung up,

Or fastened to thy holy pediments; 580  
This troop do thou allow me to confound,  
And guide my missiles through the gales."

He said;  
And, as he strains with his whole frame,  
he hurls

The steel. The winging spear asunder  
smites

The shades of night, and swoops upon the  
back

Of Sulmo, turned away, and there is  
snapped,

And through his midriff shoots with rifted  
wood.

He's rolled along, disgorging from his breast  
The fevered tide, death-cold, and smites  
his flanks

574. "As Cynthia, from her wave-embattel'd  
shrouds

Op'ning the west, comes streaming thro' the clouds,  
With shining troops of silver-tressed stars  
Attending on her, as her torch-bearers;  
And all the lesser lights about her throne  
With admiration stand as lookers on;  
Whilst she alone, in height of all her pride,  
The queen of light along her sphere doth glide."

Drayton, *Charles Brandon to Queen Mary of France*.

580. "Death-cold. Yes, Felisarda, he is gone,  
that in

The morning promis'd many years; but death  
Hath in few hours made him as stiff, as all  
The winds of winter had thrown cold upon him,  
And whisper'd him to marble."

Shirley, *The Brothers*, iv. 5.



With long [-drawn] sobs. [In] diff'rent  
[quarters] round 590  
They gaze. Thereby the keener, he, the  
same,

Lo ! poised another javelin from his tip  
Of ear. While they are in alarm the shaft  
Through both of Tagus' temples hissing  
passed,  
And, heated, to his pierced brain it cleaved.  
Fell Volscens storms, nor anywhere descries  
The sender of the lance, nor whither he,  
Should throw him all aglow. "Still, thou  
meanwhile

With thy hot blood to me the penalties  
Shalt pay for both," he cries : at once  
with sword 600

Unsheathed upon Euryalus he rushed.  
Then sooth affrighted, wildly Nisus shrieks ;  
Nor could he any longer shroud himself  
Within the gloom, or bear so sore a pang :  
"Me, me !—I'm here !—[the man] who did  
the deed ;

On me the falchion turn, O Rutuli !  
Mine own is all the stratagem ; that [youth]  
Naught either dared or could ; this firma-  
ment

And conscious stars to witness do I call.  
He only loved too well his hapless friend."  
Such like the words he uttered : but the  
sword, 611

Thrust home with power, grided through  
his ribs,  
And brasts his snowy breast. Euryalus

605. Eve says :

' And to the place of judgment will return,  
There with my cries importune Heaven, that all  
The sentence, from thy head removed, may light  
On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,  
Me, me only, first object of his ire."

Milton, *P. L.*, b. x.

"Stop, O stop !

Hold your accursed hands ! On me, on me  
Pour all your torments."

Brown, *Barbarossa*, v. 2.

610. So Othello :

"Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,  
Nor set down aught in malice : then must you  
speak  
Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well."  
Shakespeare, *Othello*, end.

613. "Which when that warrior heard, dismount-  
ing strait

From his tall steed, he rush't into the thick,  
And soon arriv'd where that sad portrait  
Of death and dolour lay, half dead, half quick ;  
In whose white alabaster breast did stick  
A cruel knife that made a griesly wound,  
From which forth gush't a stream of gore blood  
thick,

That all her goodly garments stain'd around,  
And into a deepe sanguine dide the grassy ground."  
Spenser, *F. Q.*, ii. 1, 39.

Is rolled in death, and o'er his comely limbs  
Gore gushes, and upon his shoulders sinks  
His fainting neck : as when a gaudy flower,  
Cut under by the plough, in dying flags ;  
Or poppies with a weary neck droop head,  
When haply they are cumbered by the rain.  
But Nisus hurtles on the midmost [foes],  
And singly through them all he Volscens  
seeks ; 621

614. The same great poet, on Belphebe's seeing  
the wounded Timias :

"Shortly she came whereas that woefull squire  
With blood deformed lay in deadly swoon'd :  
In whose faire eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,  
The christall humour stood congealed round ;  
His locks, like faded leaves fallen to grownd,  
Knotted with blood in bounces rudely ran ;  
And his sweete lips, on which before that stownd  
The bud of youth to blossome faire began,  
Spoild of their rosy red were woxen pale and wan."  
*F. Q.*, iii. 5, 29.

614, 15. "See, his rich blood in purple torrents  
flows,  
And Nature sallies in unbidden groans ;  
Now mortal pangs distort his lovely form ;  
His rosy beauty fades, his starry eyes  
Now darkling swim, and fix their closing beams ;  
Now in short gasps his labouring spirit heaves,  
And weakly flutters on his faltering tongue,  
And struggles into sound."  
Smith, *Phædra and Hippolytus*, act v.

616. This beautiful figure is employed by the  
author of the elegy on the death of Sir Philip  
Sidney, entitled *The Mourning Muse of Thestylis*.  
It was not written by Spenser, but is appended by  
him to his own charming *Astrophel*.

"His lips waxt pale and wan, like damaske roses  
bud  
Cast from the stalke, or like in field to purple  
flow're,  
Which languisheth being shred by culter as it  
past." *Lodowick Bryskett*, in Spenser's Works.

618. *Demisere*, v. 437, is plainly an aorist.

"Yet in her side deep was the wound in fight :  
Her flowing life the shining armour stains :  
From that wide spring long rivers took their flight,  
With purple streams drowning the silver plains :  
Her cheerful colour now grows wan and pale,  
Which oft she strives with courage to recal,  
And rouse her fainting head, which down as oft  
would fall.

All so a lily press'd with heavy rain,  
Which fills her cup with show'rs up to the  
brinks :

The weary stalk no longer can sustain  
The head, but low beneath the burden sinks.  
Or as a virgin rose her leaves displays,  
Whom too hot scorching beams quite dis-  
arrays :

Down flags her double ruff, and all her sweet  
decays." P. Fletcher, *Purple Island*, xi. 29, 30.

"Thus the fair lily, when the sky's o'ercast,  
At first but shudders in the feeble blast ;  
But when the winds and weighty rains descend,  
The fair and upright stem is forc'd to bend ;  
Till broke at length, its snowy leaves are shed  
And strew with dying sweets their native bed."  
Young, *Force of Religion*, b. ii. end.

On Volscens singly fixes thought. Whom  
round

The clustered foes this side and that repulse  
With sword in hand. He presses none  
the less,

And whirls his blade of lightning; till  
within

The yelling Rutulan's confronted mouth  
He buried it, and, as he dies, his foe  
Bereft of life. Then o'er his lifeless friend  
He forward flung himself, pierced through  
and through,

And there at length in calm of death reposed.

O happy pair! If aught my lays can do,  
No day shall ever from a mindful age 632  
Erase you, long as shall Æneas' house  
Inhabit Capitolium's moveless rock,  
And sovereignty the Roman father hold.

The conqu'ring Rutuli, of prey and spoils  
The masters, breathless Volscens to the  
camp

A-weeping bare. Nor less in camp the woe,  
On Rhamnes being found deprived of life,  
And chiefs so many slain in common death,  
Serranus too, and Numa. Vast the throng  
E'en at the corpses and the men half-dead,

625.

"I ne'er saw

A lightning shoot so, as my servant did:  
His rapier was a meteor, and he waved it  
Over them, like a comet, as they fled him.  
I mark'd his manhood! Every stoop he made  
Was like an eagle's at a flight of cranes."

Ben Jonson, *The New Inn*, iv. 3.

628, g. "Suffolk first died, and York, all haggled  
over,

Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,  
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes,  
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;  
And cries aloud: 'Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!  
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:  
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast;  
As in this glorious and well-foughten field  
We kept together in our chivalry!  
Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up:  
He smil'd me in the face, rought me his hand,  
And, with a feeble gripe, says: 'Dear my lord,  
Commend my service to my sovereign.'  
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck  
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;  
And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd  
A testament of noble-ending love."

Shakespeare, *K. Henry V.*, iv. 6.

To the poet himself may be applied the praise  
bestowed on Colin by Alexis.

"By wondering at thy Cynthiaes praise,  
Colin, thyself thou mak'st us more to wonder,  
And her upraising doest thyself upraise."  
Spenser, *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*.

632, 3. "You may sooner part the billows of the sea,  
And put a bar betwixt their fellowships,  
Than blot out my remembrance; sooner shut  
Old Time into a den, and stay his motion;  
Wash off the swift hours from his downy wings,  
Or steal eternity to stop his glass,  
Than shut the sweet idea I have in me."

Fletcher, *The Elder Brother*, iii. 5.

And at the spot, with milkwarm slaughter  
fresh, 643

And runnels brimming with their foaming  
blood.

They recognise the spoils among themselves,  
Alike the shining helmet of Messapus,  
And trappings with a flood of sweat regained.

And now first spent the lands with  
virgin light

Aurora, leaving Tithon's saffron bed,  
The sun now shed upon them, objects now  
In light uncurtained. Turnus to their arms,  
In arms arrayed himself, his men awakes;  
And musters each the bronzen lines his own,  
For battle, and with manifold reports 654  
They whet their wrath. Yea,—piteous to  
be seen,—

Impale they on the points of hoisted spears  
Euryalus' and Nisus' very heads,  
And follow in full shout. The sturdy  
Æneadæ

Within the left-hand quarter of the walls  
Arrayed their line against them,—for the  
right 660

Is girdled by the stream,—and occupy  
Their trenches vast, and on the lofty towers  
In melancholy do they stand; at once  
The heroes' heads impaled [their spirit]  
roused,

But too familiar to their wretched [friends],  
And dripping with a sable gore. Meanwhile,  
Throughout the quaking city flitting round,  
The winking courier Rumor posts, and glides  
On to Euryalus's mother's ears.

But suddenly the wretched [lady's] bones  
Their heat forsook; the shuttle from her  
hands 671

649. "Aurora from old Tithon's frosty bed

(Cold, wintry, wither'd Tithon) early creeps,  
Her cheek with grief was pale, with anger red,  
Out of her window close she blushing peeps;"

Her weeping eyes in pearled dew she steeps,"

P. Fletcher, *Piscatory Eclogues*, vii. 1.

657. So the Picts are said to have treated King  
Alpin:

"That sacred head,

Where late the Graces dwelt, and wisdom mild  
Subdued attention, ghastly, pale, deform'd,  
Of royalty despoil'd, by ruthless hands  
Fixt on a spear, the scoff of gazing crowds,  
Mean triumph, borne."

Hamilton, *Episode of the Thistle*.

668. "This tattling gossip hath a thousand eyes:  
Her airy body hath as many wings;  
Now about Earth, now up to Heav'n she flies,  
And here and there with every breath she flings  
Hither and thither lies and tales she brings."

Drayton, *Legend of Matilda the Fair*, 14.

"For evil news rides post, while good news baits."  
Milton, *Samson Agonistes*.

671. "Too trew the famous Marinell it fownd;  
Who, through late trial, on that wealthy strond  
Inglorious now lies in senseless swound  
Through heavy stroke of Britomartis hond.

Was shaken out, the web, too, tumbled o'er.  
Forth flies she hapless, and, with woman's  
shriek,

With tattered hair, the walls and foremost  
bands

She wildly seeks with speed : not she of  
men,

Not she of risk and weapons, heedful ;  
heaven

Thereon with her complainings does she  
fill :

“ Is't thus, Euryalus, I thee behold ?  
Couldst thou, that one, who wert the late  
repose

Of my old age, O heartless, leave me lorn ?  
Neither to thee, upon such grievous risks

Which when his mother dear did understand,  
And heavy tidings heard, whereas she playd  
Amongst her watry sisters by a pond,  
Gathering sweete daffadillies, to have made  
Gay girlonds, from the Sun their foreheads fayr to  
shade ;

“ Eftsoones both flowres and girlonds far away  
She flong, and her faire deawy lockes yrent ;  
To sorrow huge she turnd her former play,  
And gamesom merth to grievous dreriment :  
She threw herself down on the continent,  
Ne word did speake, but lay as in a swoone,  
Whiles all her sisters did for her lament  
With yelling outcries, and with shrieking sowne ;  
And every one did tear hir girlond from her crowne.”  
Spenser, *F. Q.*, iii. 4, 29, 30.

674. “ Her yellow locks that shone so bright and  
long,

As sunny beames in fairest somers day,  
She fiersly tore, and with outrageous wrong  
From her red cheeks the roses rent away :  
And her faire brest, the treasury of ioy,  
She spoyld thereof, and filled with annoy.”

Spenser, *Astrophel*, 27.

“ Th' inexorable hand of Fate  
Weighs down his eyelids, and the gloom of death  
His fleeting light eternally o'ershades.  
Him on Chaos' pines o'er the blooming verge  
A frantic mother shall bewail ; shall strew  
Her silver tresses in the crystal wave :  
While all the shores re-echo to the name  
Of Teribazus lost.” Glover, *Leonidas*, b. viii.

680. “ My boy, my Arthur, my fair son !  
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world !  
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure !”  
Shakespeare, *K. John*, iii. 4.

“ Does the kind root bleed out his livelihood  
In parent distribution to his branches,  
Adorning them with all his glorious fruits,  
Proud that his pride is seen when he's unseen :  
And must not gratitude descend again  
To comfort his old limbs in fruitless winter ?”

Massinger, *The Old Law*, i. 1.

“ Thou art the only comfort of my age ;  
Like an old tree I stand among the storms ;  
Thou art the only limb that I have left me,  
My dear green branch ; and how I prize thee.  
child,  
Heaven only knows.” Lee, *Theodosius*, ii. 1.

Sent secretly, t'address her latest word,  
To thy sad mother were the means vouch-  
safed ?

683

Ah ! thou upon a land unknown, consigned  
A prey to Latin dogs and birds, dost lie !  
Nor I thy mother, at thine obsequies  
Have led thee forth, or have I closed thine

eyes,

Or bathed thy wounds ; shrouding thee  
with the robe,

Which I for thee quick hastened night and  
day,

And with the loom an aged woman's cares  
Would comfort. Whither shall I follow  
thee ?

691

Or now what land thy joints, and wrenched  
limbs,

And mangled carcass holds ? Is't this that  
thou

Returnest to me of thyself, my son ?  
Is't this I've followed both by land and sea ?  
Pierce me, if ye have any duteousness ;  
On me launch all your darts, O Rutulans ;  
Me first annihilate ye with the sword ;

685. “ O parents ruthless, and heart-renting sight !  
To see that son, that your soft bosoms fed,  
His mother's joy, his father's sole delight,  
That with much cost, yet with more care, was bred,  
A spectacle, ev'n able to affright  
A senseless thing, and terrify the dead !

His dear, dear blood upon the cold earth pour'd,  
His quarter'd corse of crows and kites devour'd.”  
Drayton, *Barons' Wars*, ii. 67.

“ Besides remember this in chief :

That, being executed, you deny  
To all his friends the rites of funeral,  
And cast his carcass out to dogs and fowls.”

J. Fletcher, *The Bloody Brother*, iii. 1.

687. “ Ah, too, the lustre of the eyes is fled !  
Heavy and dull, their orbs neglect to roll,  
In motionless distortion stiff and fixed :  
Till by the trembling hand of watchful age . . .  
Clos'd ; and, perhaps for ever ! ne'er again  
To open on the sphere, to drink the day.”

W. Thompson, *Sickness*, b. iii.

692. “ This country here hath bred me, brought me  
up,

And shall I now refuse a grave in her ?  
I am in my second infancy, and children  
Ne'er sleep so sweetly in their nurse's cradle  
As in their natural mother's.”

Massinger, *The Old Law*, i. 1.

694. *Gustavus* ; as *Arvida* dies :

“ Friend ! brother ! speak.—He's gone ;—and here  
is all  
That's left of him, who was my life's best treasure.  
How art thou fall'n, thou greatly valiant man !  
In ruin graceful, like the warrior spear,  
Tho' shiver'd in the dust.”

Brooke, *Gustavus Vasa*, v. 7.

697, 8. “ “ Why do I overlive ?  
Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out  
To deathless pain ? How gladly would I meet  
Mortality, my sentence, and be earth  
Insensible ! How glad would lay me down



Or thou, great sire of gods, compassion take,  
And with thy bolt thrust down this hated  
head 700  
Beneath th' infernal realms; since other-  
wise

I cannot burst away a ruthless life."  
By this her weeping are their spirits shocked,  
And mournful wailing spreads among them  
all:

Their shattered pow'rs are listless for the  
frays.

Her, as their sorrows she inflames, Idæus  
And Actor, by direction of Ilioneus,  
And of Iulus, weeping sorely, grasp,  
And 'tween their hands replace beneath  
her roof.

As in my mother's lap! There I should rest,  
And sleep secure. . . . Why comes not death,  
Said he, 'with one thrice-acceptable stroke  
To end me?' Milton, *P. L.*, b. x.

"O amiable lovely death! . . .  
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,  
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,  
And I will kiss thy detestable bones;  
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows:  
And ring these fingers with thy household worms:  
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,  
And be a carrion monster like thyself."

Shakespeare, *K. John*, iii. 4.

703. Grief is the greater suffering for the want of  
tears:

"Is it at last then so? Is he then dead?  
What! dead at last? quite, quite, for ever dead?  
There, there, I see him: there he lies, the blood  
Yet bubbling from his wounds. Oh, more than  
savage!

Had they or hearts or eyes that did this deed?  
Could eyes endure to guide such cruel hands?  
Are not my eyes guilty alike with theirs,  
That thus can gaze, and yet not turn to stone?—  
I do not weep! The springs of tears are dried;  
And of a sudden I am calm, as if  
All things were well;—and yet my husband's mur-  
dered!

Yes, yes, I know to mourn! I'll sluice this heart,  
The source of woe, and let the torrent loose."

Congreve, *Mourning Bride*, end.

705. "This melancholy flatters, but unmans you;  
What is it else but penury of soul;  
A lazy frost, a numbness of the mind,  
That locks up all the vigour to attempt?"

Dryden, *Cleomenes*, i. 1.

Glover attributes the same effect to tender music,  
and beautifully illustrates it:

"In admiration mute,  
With nerves unbrac'd by rapture, he, entranc'd,  
Stands like an eagle, when his parting plumes  
The balm of sleep relaxes, and his wings  
Fall from his languid side." Leonidas, b. vi.

709. They might have said to her:

"Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan;  
Sorrow calls no time's that gone:  
Violets pluck'd the sweetest rain  
Makes not fresh, nor grow again.  
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully;  
Fate's hid ends eyes cannot see:  
Joys as winged dreams fly fast!  
Why should sadness longer last?"

But fearful din the trumpet from afar  
Clanged forth from ringing bronze: a shout  
ensues, 711

And back the welkin roars. The Volsci haste  
At even pace, a vault of bucklers formed;  
And they the trenches to fill up prepare,  
And root away the palisade. Some seek  
An entrance, and with scaling-gear to climb  
The ramparts, where the line is thin, and  
light

The ring lets through, not so compact  
with men.

On th' other hand the Teucri shower forth  
All sort[s] of weaponry, and thrust them  
down 720

With sturdy poles, inured to guard their  
walls

In their long war. Stones, too, with  
troublesome weight

They rolled, if they could any way break  
through

The shielded line: while still it is their joy  
Beneath the serried vault of shields to bear  
All hazards. Neither do they now hold out:  
For, where th' enormous phalanx edges nigh,  
The Trojans roll alike and force along

A monster pile, which whelmed the Rutuli  
Far-wide, and broke their canopy of arms.  
Nor further do the bold Rutulians seek 731  
In blind encounter to engage, but strive  
To drive them from the palisade with darts.  
Elsewhere Mezentius, fearful to be viewed,  
Swayed an Etruscan pine, and on them  
flings

Smoke-yielding fires. Moreo'er Messapus,  
Steed-tamer, Neptune's son, the palisade  
Tears down, and calls for ladders 'gainst  
the walls.

You, O Calliope, do I entreat,  
Breathe on me as I sing what massacres  
There then with steel, what deaths, did

Turnus cause; 741  
What hero each despatched adown to hell;  
And the great outlines of the war with me  
Do ye unfold: for ye, O goddesses,  
Alike remember, and ye can record.

There was a tower of colossal height  
And [flanked] with lofty bridges, by its  
place

Grief is but a wound to woe:

Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no mo."

Fletcher, *The Queen of Corinth*, iii. 2.

717. "And now reduc'd on equal terms to fight,  
Their ships like wasted patrimonies show;  
Where the thin scattering trees admit the light,  
And shun each other's shadows as they grow."

Dryden, *Annus Mirabilis*, 126.

746. "And lifted up his lofty towres thereby,  
That they began to threaten the neighbour sky."  
Spenser, *Mother Hubbard's Tale*.

Of vantage ; which to th' utmost of their strength  
 Th' Italians struggled all to take by storm,  
 And raze with fullest effort of their powers.  
 The Trojans, on the other hand, with stones  
 Protect it, and through hollow loopholes,  
 close, 752  
 Their weapons launch upon them. In the  
 van  
 A flaring firebrand Turnus hurled amain,  
 And to its side a blaze he fastened ; which  
 All-potent through the wind, the plankings  
 seized,  
 And grappled to the uprights, inly gnawed.  
 They, in confusion, are alarmed inside,  
 And vainly from their evils wish escape.  
 While they together crowd, and settle back  
 Upon that side, which from the plague is  
 free ; 761  
 Then with the sudden weight down fell  
 the tower,  
 And all the welkin thunders with the crash.  
 To earth half-lifeless, with a monster mass  
 Pursuing them, and stabbed by their own  
 darts,  
 And through their breasts with rigid wood  
 transpierced,  
 They swoop. With difficulty one, Helenor  
 And Lycus 'scaped : of whom the tender-  
 aged  
 Helenor,—whom to the Mæonian king  
 The slave Licymnia covertly had borne,  
 And in forbidden armor sent to Troy,—  
 Was light [accoutred] with a naked sword,  
 And with a blank escutcheon unrenowned.  
 And he,—when he perceived himself amid  
 The heart of Turnus' thousands, Latin  
 troops 775  
 On this side standing by, and troops on  
 that ;—  
 As [some] wild beast, which by a massive  
 ring  
 Of hunters pent, against their weapons  
 storms,  
 And flings her, not unknowing, on her  
 death,  
 And with a spring is borne beyond their  
 spears :— 780  
 Not otherwise the stripling, doomed to die,  
 Hurtles upon the centre of his foes,  
 And, where he sees the weapons thickest,  
 darts.  
 But Lycus, far superior with his feet,  
 Alike amid the foes, and 'mid their arms,  
 In flight is holding on the walls, and strives  
 To clutch the lofty copings with his hand,  
 And reach the right hands of his comrades :  
 whom  
 Turnus, at once pursuing with full speed

And dart, upbraids triumphant in these  
 [terms] : 790  
 “ Hast hoped, O madman, that thou  
 couldst escape  
 Our hands ? ” At once he grasps him as  
 he hangs,  
 And with a mighty portion of the wall  
 He tears him down : as when or hare, or  
 swan  
 Of snowy figure, hath the squire of Jove,  
 Seeking the heights, upborne with hooky  
 claws ;  
 Or, by its mother sought with many a bleat,  
 a lamb  
 The wolf of Mars hath ravished from the  
 cotes.  
 In every quarter is a shout upraised.  
 On rush they, and with rubbish fill the  
 dykes : 800  
 Some volley blazing torches to the heights.  
 Ilioneus [lays prostrate] with a rock,  
 E'en a stupendous fragment of a mount,  
 Lucetius, as he closes on the gate,  
 And carries fires ; Liger Emathion fells,  
 Asilas Corynæus ;—one adept  
 In javelin, in the far-deceiving bolt  
 The other. Cæneus [kills] Ortygius,  
 Turnus the conqu'ring Cæneus ; Turnus  
 [slays]  
 Itys, and Clonius, Dioxippus, 810  
 And Promolus, and Sagaris, and Idas,  
 As he is standing for the tower tops ;  
 Capys Privernus. Him Themilla's nimble  
 spear  
 At first had grazed : he,—buckler cast  
 away,—  
 A hand in madness to the wound applied :  
 So towards him flew the arrow on its wings,  
 And to his left side fast the hand was nailed,  
 And, inly buried, with a deathful wound  
 The spirit's breathing passages it burst.  
 In peerless arms the son of Arcens stood,

794. Spenser thus describes the whiteness of the swan :

“ With that I saw two swannes of goodly hewe  
 Come softly swimming downe along the lee ;  
 Two fairer birds I yet did never see :  
 The snow, which doth the top of Pindus strew,  
 Did never whiter shew,  
 Nor Jove himselfe, when he a swan would be  
 For love of Leda, whiter did appeare :  
 Yet Leda was (they say) as white as he,  
 Yet not so white as these, nor nothing near  
 So purely white they were,  
 That even the gentle stream, the which them  
 bare,  
 Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes spare  
 To wet their silken feathers, least they might  
 Soyle their fayre plumes with water not so fayre ;  
 And marre their beauties bright,  
 That shone as Heavens light.”

*Prothalamion*, st. 3.

With needled cloak, and bright in dusky  
dye 821

Of Spain, distinguished in appearance ;  
whom

His father Arcens had despatched, brought  
up

Within his mother's grove, about the streams  
Of the Symæthus, where Palicus' altar  
[stands],

Rich and appeasable. His whizzing sling,—  
Spears laid aside,—Mezentius e'en himself,  
Its thong indrawn thrice round his head,  
discharged,

And in the centre clove apart his brows,  
As he confronted him, with molten lead,  
And stretched him prostrate on the plen-  
teous sand. 831

Then first in battle is Ascanius said  
T' have aimed the nimble arrow, (hereto-  
fore

Accustomed to alarm the flying beasts,)

And with his hand t' have overthrown the  
brave

Numanus, who had Remulus for surname ;  
And, lately wedded in the marriage bond,  
Had Turnus' younger sister [to his bride].  
He, yelling out before the leading line

[Words] seemly and unseemly to be named,  
And puffed in heart with novel kingship,  
stalked, 841

And moved him on, a giant, with the cry :  
"Doth it not shame you to be closed again  
By siege and trench, ye Phrygians, cap-  
tived twice,

And in the front of death to stretch your  
walls ?

Lo ! [fools,] who matches with us claim to  
them

By war ! What god, what madness, drove  
you on

To Italy ? No sons of Atreus here,  
No, nor Ulysses, liar in his speech.

Hardy from its original our race, 850

Our children to the rivers from the first  
We carry down, and in the felon frost,  
And in the waves we steel them ; for the  
chase

Our boys are wakeful, and they tire the  
woods ;

Their pastime is to manage steeds, and  
shafts

To aim from bow. Yea, tolerant of toils,  
And used to scantness, either doth our  
youth

Tame earth with harrows, or thrill towns  
with war.

With iron every stage of life is worn,

Unnerv'd with rest : and turn her own disease,  
Or foster others in luxurious ease :  
I mount the courser, call the deep-mouth'd hounds,  
The fox unkennell'd flies to covert grounds ;  
I lead where stags through tangled thickets tread,  
And shake the saplings with their branching head :  
I make the falcons wing their airy way,  
And soar to seize, or stooping strike their prey ;  
To snare the fish I fix the luring bait :  
To wound the fowl I load the gun with fate."

Parnell, *Health*.

855. "Oh ! he's all hero, scorns th' inglorious ease  
Of lazy Crete, delights to shine in arms,  
To wield the sword, and lanch the pointed spear :  
To tame the generous horse, that nobly wild  
Neighs on the hills, and dares the angry lion :  
To join the struggling coursers to his chariot,  
To make their stubborn necks the reins obey,  
To turn, to stop, or stretch along the plain."

Smith, *Phædra and Hippolytus*, i. 1.

857. "To dare boldly,  
In a fair cause, and, for their country's safety,  
To run upon the cannon's mouth undaunted ;  
To obey their leaders, and shun mutinies ;  
To bear with patience the winter's cold,  
And summer's scorching heat, and not to faint,  
When plenty of provision fails, with hunger ;—  
Are the essential parts make up a soldier."

Massinger, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, i.

"Yet still, e'en here, content can spread a charm,  
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.  
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though  
small,

He sees his little lot the lot of all ;  
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,  
To shame the meanness of his humble shed ;  
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,  
To make him loathe his vegetable meal ;  
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,  
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.  
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,  
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes ;  
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,  
Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep ;  
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the  
way,

And drags the struggling savage into day.  
At night returning, ev'ry labour sped,  
He sits him down the monarch of a shed ;  
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys  
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze  
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,  
Displays her cleanly platter on the board :  
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,  
With many a tale repays the nightly bed."

Goldsmith, *Traveller*.

859. "Nature, a mother kind alike to all,  
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call ;  
With food as well the peasant is supply'd  
On Idra's cliff as Arno's shelvy side ;  
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,  
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down."

*Ibid.*

852. "Heaven's arch is oft their roof, the pleasant  
shed

Of oak and plane oft serves them for a bed.

To suffer want, soft pleasure to despise,

Run over panting mountains crown'd with ice,

Rivers o'ercome, the wasted lakes appal,

(Being to themselves oars, steerers, ships and all,)

Is their renown : a brave all-daring race,

Courageous, prudent, doth this climate grace."

Drummond, *The Speech of Caledonia*.

854. "Let Sloth lie softening till high noon in down,

Or lolling fan her in the sultry town,



And with the spear reversed our bullocks'  
backs 860

We harass ; nor doth sluggish eld impair  
The powers of our mind, and change their  
force.

Hoar hairs with helm we press, and 'tis  
our joy

To bring together booty ever fresh,  
And live by plunder. Broidered is your dress  
With saffron hue and shining purple dye ;  
Sloth is your heart[']s delight ; your joy it is  
To revel in the dance ; your tunics, too,  
Have sleeves, and lappets have your caps.

O sooth

Ye Phrygian *girls*, for you're no Phrygian  
*men*, 870

Go through the lofty tops of Dindymus,  
Where gives the pipe to you, thereto inured,  
A melody [that rings] from double mouth.  
The timbrels, and the Berecynthian flute  
Of the Idæan mother summon *you* ;  
Leave arms to *men*, and from the sword  
withdraw."

868. "Thee the voice, the dance; obey,  
Temper'd to thy warbled lay,  
O'er Idalia's velvet-green  
The rose-crowned Loves are seen  
On Cytherea's day,  
With antic sports and blue-ey'd pleasures,  
Frisking light in frolic measures ;  
Now pursuing, now retreating,  
Now in circling troops they meet :  
To brisk notes in cadence beating,  
Glance their many-twinkling feet."

Gray, *The Progress of Poesy*.

870. "Where hast thou been since first the fight  
began,

Thou less than woman in the shape of man ?"

Dryden, *The Indian Emperor*, i. 2.

873. "Lycis dies,  
For boist'rous war ill-chosen. He was skill'd  
To tune the lolling flute, and melt the heart ;  
Or with his pipe's awak'ning strain allure  
The lovely dames of Lydia to the dance.  
They on the verdant level graceful mov'd  
In vary'd measures ; while the cooling breeze  
Beneath their swelling garments wanton'd o'er  
Their snowy breasts, and smooth Caÿster's  
stream,  
Soft-gliding, murmur'd by."

Glover, *Leonidas*, b. viii.

876. "Remember whom you are to cope withal :  
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, run-aways,  
A scum of Bretagnes, and base lackey peasants,  
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth  
To desprate ventures, and assur'd destruction.  
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest ;  
You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous  
wives,

They would distract the one, distract the other.

And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,

Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost ;

A milksop, one that never in his life

Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow ?

Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again ;

Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,

These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives ;

Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,

The like as brags he in his speech, and  
chants

His awful taunts, Ascanius brook'd him not ;  
And, right in front, upon the horse-hair  
string

He stretched the bolt, and, drawing out  
his arms 880

In opposite directions, took his stand,  
First humbly supplicating Jove by vows :  
"Almighty Jove, assist my bold emprise.

Myself will, in thy honor, to thy fanes

Bring yearly gifts, and 'fore thy altars place

A snowy bullock with a gilded brow,

And bearing on a level with the dam

His head, who butts already with his horn,

And tosses with his feet the sand." The

father heard,

And from a cloudless quarter of the sky

He thundered on the left : the doom-fraught

bow 891

At the same instant gives a twang. Forth

flies,

As fearfully it whirrs, the indrawn shaft,

And pierces through the head of Remulus,

And with the steel bores through his hollow

brows.

"Go, mock our valor with thy haughty prate !

Twice-captived Phrygians these replies

return

To Rutulans." Ascanius this alone.

The Teucri follow with acclaim, and shout

With joy, and raise his courage to the stars.

In the celestial region then by chance 901

The tressed Apollo from above beheld

The squadrons of Ausonia, and their town,—

Sitting upon a cloud,—and in these [words]

The conquering Iulus he bespeaks :

"Heav'n bless thee in thy virgin valor, boy ;

For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd them-  
selves :

If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us."

Shakespeare, *K. Richard III.*, v. iii.

900. "A valiant gentleman, whate'er thou art !

And, by mine honour, very nobly fought

I have not seen, in all my life before,

So young, and tender, and effeminate a face

Father such rough and manly fortitude."

Webster, *The Weakest goeth to the Wall*, v. i.

902. "When good men pursue

The path mark'd out by virtue, the blest saints

With joy look on it, and seraphic angels

Clap their celestial wings in heavenly plaudits,

To see a scene of grace so well presented,

The fiends, and men made up of envy, mourn-

ing." Massinger, *The Maid of Honour*, v. i.

"He is like

Nothing that we have seen, yet doth resemble

Apollo, as I oft have fancied him,

When, rising from his bed, he stirs himself

And shakes day from his hair."

Beaumont and Fletcher, *Cupid's Revenge*, i. 3.

906. "This brave youth,

This bud of Mars, (for yet he is no ripen)

Thus to the stars advance is made, O thou  
By gods engendered, and to gender gods.  
All wars, which are by fate to come, beneath  
The line of Assarac shall duly sink 910  
To rest ; nor thee doth Troy confine." At  
once

These having spoken forth, from heav'n on  
high

He throws himself, disparts the breathing  
gales,

And seek Ascanius. Then in shape of face  
Is metamorphosed into Butes aged.

He to the Dardan[-sprung] Anchises erst  
Was squire, and trusty warder at his gates :

His sire then to Ascanius as his mate  
Consigned him. Paced Apollo, like in all

The aged [man] both in his voice and hue,  
And hoary locks, and armor, fell with din ;

And in these words the hot Iulus he 922  
Accosts : " Be it enough, Æneas-born,

That by thy weapons hath Numanus fallen,  
With mischief none [to thee] : this maiden

praise  
The great Apollo doth to thee allow,

And grudgeth not equality in arms.  
For what remains, desist, O boy, from war."

Thus saying, in the midst of his discourse  
Apollo quitted mortal ken, and far 930

To filmy air he vanished from his eyes.  
The Dardan chieftains recognised the god,

And heav'nly shafts, and in his flight they  
heard

His quiver rattling. Therefore at the words  
And will divine of Phœbus they restrain

Ascanius, greedy of the fight : themselves  
Into the battle-strife once more advance,

And on unhidden dangers fling their lives.

When once he had drawn blood, and fleshed his  
sword,

Fitted his manly metal to his spirit,  
How he bestirred him ! What a lane he made,

And through their fiery bullets thrust securely,  
The hardened villains wondering at his confidence !"

J. Fletcher, *The Lover's Progress*, i. 2.  
Ascanius might have said, with Melantius in *The*

*Maid's Tragedy*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, iv. 2 :  
" When I was a boy,

I thrust myself into my country's cause,  
And did a deed that pluck'd five years from time,

And styl'd me man then."  
" Come, brother John ; full bravely hast thou flesh'd  
Thy maiden sword."

Shakespeare, 1 *K. Henry IV.*, v. 4.  
928. Ascanius was probably inclined enough to

quarrel with the inhibition.  
" *K. James*. And whither art thou going, pretty  
Ned ?

*Ned*. To seek some birds, and kill them, if I can :  
And now my schoolmaster is also gone,

So have I liberty to ply my bow :  
For, when he comes, I stir not from my book."

R. Greene, *George-a-Greene*.

A shout careers along the battlements  
Throughout the walls ; they briskly bend

the bows, 940  
And whirl the thong : with weapons all

the ground  
Is strewn. Then bucklers and the hollow

helms  
Give forth a ringing with the clash. A fight

Fierce rises, fierce as, swooping from the  
west,

Through [influence] of the rainy Kids, a  
shower

Lashes the ground ; as storms, with plente-  
ous hail,

Dash headlong on the floods, when Jupiter,  
With Austers dread, a wat'ry tempest hurls,

And in the welkin brasts the hollow clouds.  
Pand'rus and Bitias, sprung from Ida-born

Alcanor, whom within the holy wood 951  
Of Jove the sylvan [nymph] Iæra reared,—

Youths on a level with their native firs  
And mounts,—the gate, which at the chief's

command  
Was given to their charge, they open throw,

Relying on their arms, and freely court  
The foe inside their walls. Themselves

within  
Upon the right and left, before the towers

Stand armed in steel, and glist'ring with  
their plumes

Upon their stately heads : as, heaven-high,  
By rilling streams, or on the banks of Po,

Or near sweet Athesis, in union mount  
A pair of oaks, and lift their heads un-

shorn 963  
Up to the sky, and nod with tow'ring crest.

The Rutuli burst in, when they beheld  
A passage lying open. Quercens straight,

And, beauteous in his arms, Aquicolus,  
And Tmarus, rash of soul, and warlike

Hæmon,  
With all their troops, or, routed, turned

their backs,  
Or in the very threshold of the gate 970

Laid down their life. Then passion more  
and more

Is waxing greater in their hostile souls ;  
And now, together massed, the Trojans

crowd  
To the same point, and dare with hand to

hand  
T' encounter, and to sally farther forth.

To chieftain Turnus, at a different side  
While storming, and confounding troops,

is brought  
The tidings, that the foe is all afire

With slaughter fresh, and proffers opengates.

953. " Having their tops familiar with the sky."  
Drayton, *Polyolbion*, vii.

He quits his enterprise, and, roused by wrath  
 Ferocious, dashes to the Dardan gate, 981  
 And the proud brothers ; and Antiphatēs  
 The first, (for he himself presented first,)  
 The bastard issue from a Theban dame  
 Of high Sarpedon, with a jav'lin hurled  
 Does he lay low : th' Italian cornel wings  
 Through balmy air, and, in the gorget stuck,  
 It penetrates beneath his bosom deep :  
 The cavern of the sable wound returns  
 A frothing wave, and in his pierced lung  
 The iron heats. Then Merops with his hand  
 He fells, and Erymas, Aphidnus then ; 992  
 Then Bitias, as he flashes with his eyes,  
 And rages in his spirit,—not with dart :  
 For not to dart would he have life resigned ;  
 But, hissing loud, the whirled phalaric  
 swooped,  
 Shot like the levin ; which nor twain bull-  
 hides,  
 Nor trusty coat of mail, with double plate  
 And gold withstood : together sinking fall  
 His giant limbs. The earth gives forth a  
 groan, 1000  
 And o'er him thunders his colossal shield.  
 Suchlike at times on the Eubœan strand  
 Of Baïæ doth a stony structure sink,  
 Which, whilom built of mountain piles,  
 they fling  
 In ocean : thus it headlong trails a wreck,  
 And, dashed upon the shoals, sinks quite to  
 rest ;  
 The seas embroil them and the swarthy sands  
 Are heaved. Then quakes with din high  
 Prochyta,  
 And,—flinty couching-place,—Inarime,  
 By Jove's commands upon Typhœus placed.  
 Here armor-puissant Mars imparted soul

939. If "cavern" be thought too strong for English usage, it is easy to substitute "hollow" or "opening."

1000. 1. Spenser speaks similarly of the fall of the giant's club, in the duel with Arthure :

" Therewith the gyaunt buckled him to fight,  
 Inflam'd with scornfull wrath and high disdain,  
 And lifting up his dreadful club on high,  
 All armd with ragged snubbes and knottie graine,  
 Him thought at first encounter to have slaine.  
 But wise and wary was that noble pere ;  
 And, lightly leaping from so monstrous maine,  
 Did fayre avoide the violence him nere ;  
 It booted nought to violence such thunderbolts to  
 beare ;

" Ne shame he thought to shonne so hideous might :  
 The ydle stroke, enforcing furious way,  
 Missing the marke of his misaymed sight,  
 Did fall to ground, and with his heavy sway  
 So deeply dinted in the driven clay,  
 That three yardes deepe a furrow up did throw :  
 The sad earth, wounded with so sore assay,  
 Did growne full grievous underneath the blow ;  
 And, trembling with strange feare, did like an  
 earthquake show." F. Q., i. 8, 7, 8.

And vigor to the Latins, and he turned  
 His pungent goads beneath their breast,  
 and sent 1013

Upon the Trojans Flight and gloomy Fear.  
 From ev'ry quarter they together flock,  
 Since opportunity of fight is given,  
 And on their spirit falls the warrior-god.  
 As soon as Pandarus his brother sees  
 With outstretched carcass, and in what estate  
 Their fortune stands, what chance directs  
 affairs : 1020

The gate upon its veering hinge he wheels  
 With force prodigious, with his shoulders  
 broad

Against it bearing, and leaves many of his  
 [friends]

In the sore contest from the walls shut out ;  
 But others of them with himself shuts in,  
 And as they rush along admits them : fool !  
 Who could not see in centre of the troop  
 The king of the Rutulians hurtling on,  
 But bent him in the town by his own act,  
 Like [some] huge tiger 'mong the passive  
 flocks. 1030

Straight from his eyes beamed forth un-  
 wonted light,

And fearfully his armor clanged ; his plumes  
 Of bloody color quiver on his head,  
 And flashing levins from his shield he darts.  
 The Æneads, troubled on a sudden, know  
 His hated visage and his giant limbs.

Then Pandarus, the mighty, forward springs,  
 And, hot with choler at a brother's death,  
 Speaks forth : " This is not, of thy dowry  
 [share],

Amata's palace ; nor doth Ardea's heart  
 Incloister Turnus in his native walls. 1041  
 Hostile encampments thou beholdest : hence  
 There is no power to escape." To him  
 The smiling Turnus with a breast composed :  
 " Begin, if any prowess in thy soul  
 [There dwelleth], and thy right hand close  
 engage ;

To Priam thou shalt say, that here as well  
 There hath been an Achilles found : " he said.  
 The other, straining with his utmost strength,  
 A spear hurls forth upon him, rough with  
 knots,

And bark untrimmed. The gales caught  
 up the wound ; 1051

Saturnian Juno coming turned it off,  
 And on the gate the spear is stuck. " But not  
 This weapon, which with pow'r wields my  
 right hand,

Shalt thou escape : for no such [warrior] he,  
 The sender of the weapon and the wound."

1029. *Que*, if rendered "and," would make the passage unintelligible.



Thus speaks he, and he rises up aloft  
On his uplifted sword, and with the steel  
His middle brow, betwixt the temples twain,  
He rives asunder, and the hairless cheeks,  
With an enormous wound. A crash is raised:  
The earth is with the giant load convulsed.  
His sinking limbs and arms, blood-stained  
with brains, 1063

He stretches as he dies upon the ground;  
And down his head on this side and on that  
In equal parts from either shoulder hung.  
The Trojans, wheeled around with quaking  
dread,

In all directions fly, and if that thought  
Had straightway to the conqueror oc-  
curred,—

To burst the bolts asunder with his hand,  
And through the gates to let his comrades  
in,— 1071

That day would to the war and race have  
proved

Their last. But frenzy, and the madding lust  
Of slaughter, drove him burning on his foes  
In front. First Phalaris he overtakes,  
And hamstrung Gyges; then he flings the  
spears,

Reft from them, on the fliers on their back:  
Juno the powers and the soul supplies.

He Halys adds their comrade, Phegeus too,  
With shield transpierced; then wareless on  
the walls, 1080

And rousing Mars, Alcander e'en and  
Halius,

Noëmon too and Prytanis,  
Lynceus, against him moving in advance,  
And calling on his mates, with waving sword  
He, straining ev'ry effort, from the mound  
Defly anticipates; his head, struck off

In close encounter at a single blow,  
Lay far away together with his helm.

Next Amycus, destroyer of wild-beasts,  
Than whom none other was more fortunate  
In ointing jav'lins, and in arming steel  
With poison; Clytius, too, of Æolus 1092  
The son, and Cretheus, of the Muses friend,

1073. See note on l. 501, 2.

1093-6. Ben Jonson has a noble passage, in  
which he contrasts the good poet with the bad:

"I can reffell opinion, and approve  
The state of poesy, such as it is,  
Blessed, eternal, and most true divine:  
Indeed, if you will look on poesy,  
As she appears in many, poor and lame,  
Patch'd up in remnants and old worn-out rags,  
Half starv'd for want of her peculiar food,  
Sacred invention; then, I must confirm  
Both your conceit and censure of her merit:  
But view her in her glorious ornaments,  
Attired in the majesty of art,  
Set high in spirit with the precious taste  
Of sweet philosophy; and, which is most,

Cretheus, the Muses' comrade, in whose  
heart

Songs ever [dwell], and citherns, and [the  
love] to strain

His numbers on the strings: he ever used,  
Horses, and heroes' arms, and fights, to  
chant.

At length, [when now] the slaughter of  
their men

Is heard, the Trojan chiefs in conclave meet,  
Mnestheus and keen Serestus, and they see  
Their comrades flying and a foe let in.

And Mnestheus: "Whither, whither next  
do ye 1102

Your flight advance?" he cries; "what  
other walls,

What buildings, now beyond do ye possess?  
Shall one man,—[he] too, O my citizens,

Walled by your ramparts in on ev'ry side,  
Such fearful massacres have, unamerced,

Throughout the city dealt? So many chiefs  
Of youths despatched to Orcus? Do ye not

For your unhappy land, and ancient gods,  
And great Æneas, dastard [as ye be],

Both pity feel and shame?" They, fired by  
such, 1112

Are reassured, and stand in serried host.

By slow degrees 'gan Turnus to retreat

Crown'd with the rich traditions of a soul,  
That hates to have her dignity prophaned  
With any relish of an earthly thought:—  
Oh then how proud a presence doth she bear!

Then is she like herself, fit to be seen  
Of none but grave and consecrated eyes.  
Nor is it any blemish to her fame  
That such lean, ignorant, and blasted wits,  
Such brainless gulls, should utter their stolen  
wares

With such applauses in our vulgar ears;  
Or that their slubber'd lines have current pass  
From the fat judgments of the multitude;  
But that this barren and infected age,  
Should set no difference 'twixt these empty spirits,  
And a true poet; than which reverend name  
Nothing can more adorn humanity."

*Every Man in his Humour*, v. 1, Gifford's  
note, p. 157, ed. 1816.

1102-12. "He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep  
Of Hell resounded. 'Princes, potentates,  
Warriors, the flower of Heaven! once yours, now  
lost;

If such astonishment as this can seize  
Eternal spirits: or have ye chosen this place  
After the toil of battle to repose  
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find  
To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?  
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn  
To adore the conqueror, who now beholds  
Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood,  
With scatter'd arms and ensigns; till anon  
His swift pursuers from Heaven-gates discern  
The advantage, and, descending, tread us down  
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts  
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf?  
Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!"

Milton, *P. L.*, b. i.

From the engagement, and to seek the stream,  
And quarter which is skirted by its wave.  
Thereby more keenly, with a mighty shout,  
The Trojans ply them, and compact their band :

As when a troop with hostile weapons galls  
A furious lion ; but affrighted he, 1120  
Fell, grimly scowling, backward draws away ;

And neither rage nor prowess him allow  
To turn his back, nor,—sooth desiring this,—

Is he against it able to advance,  
For weaponry and men. Not otherwise,  
The doubting Turnus back withdraws his steps,

Not hurried, and his soul boils up with wrath.  
Moreo'er he even then had twice assailed  
The centre of his foes ; he turns their troops  
Along the ramparts routed twice in flight.  
But all the host in hurry from the camp  
Collects in one ; nor strength against them dares 1132

Saturnian Juno to supply ; for Jove  
Sent down the airy Iris from the sky,  
Bearing his sister no silk-soft behests  
If Turnus from the Teucric's lofty walls

Should not retire. So, neither with his shield,  
Nor his right hand, the youth so rude [a shock]

Is able to withstand : he thus with darts,  
From all sides showered down, is overwhelmed. 1140

Rings with unceasing clank the casque around

His hollow brows, and with the stones [its plates]

Of massive bronze gape open, and its plumes  
Are torn from off his head ; nor boss avails  
Against their dints : redouble with their spears

Both Trojans, and e'en thundering Mne-theus. Then

All o'er his body perspiration drips,  
And drives,—nor pow'r to breathe,—a swarthy tide ;

A sickly panting shakes his jaded joints.  
He then at length foremost with asprings

In all his armor flung him on the flood.

This caught the comer with its yellow gulf,  
And bore him up on gentle waves, and blithe, 1153

The blood washed off, restored him to his mates.

## BOOK X.

MEANWHILE all-powerful Olympus' dome  
Is opened, and the father of the gods,  
And monarch of mankind, a congress calls

To his star-gemmed abode, wherefrom aloft

On all the lands he gazes, and the camp  
Of the Dardanians, and the Latin tribes.  
They take their seats in double-gated halls.  
Himself begins : " Great denizens of heaven,

Pray why is your decision backward turned,

*Line 6.* " The great seraphic lords and cherubim  
In close recess and secret conclave sat ;  
A thousand demigods on golden seats,  
Frequent and full." Milton, *P. L.*, b. i.

Olympus' gates unfold ; in heaven's high towers  
Appear in council all th' immortal powers.  
Great Jove above the rest exalted sate,  
And in his mind revolved succeeding fate ;  
His awful eye with ray superior shone,  
The thunder-grasping eagle guards his throne ;  
On silver clouds the great assembly laid,  
The great creation at one view surveyed."

Gay, *The Fan*, ii. 1-8.

And ye so fiercely strive with hostile souls?  
I had refused that Italy in war 11  
Should clash with Teucer's sons ; what variance this

10. " Ay me ! what thing on Earth, that all thing breeds,  
Might be the cause of so impatient plight ?  
What furie, or what feend, with felon deeds  
Hath stirred up so mischievous despoight ?  
Can griefe then enter into heavenly harts,  
And pierce immortal breasts with mortall smarts ?"  
Spenser, *Teares of the Muses*, 8.

12. The evil effects of dissension are charmingly described by Shakespeare, who makes *Titania* say to *Oberon* :

" These are the forgeries of jealousy ;  
And never, since the middle summer's spring,  
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,  
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,  
Or on the beached margent of the sea,  
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,  
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.  
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,  
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea  
Contagious fogs ; which, falling in the land,  
Have every pelting river made so proud,  
That they have overborne their continents :

Against my inhibition? What alarm  
Or these, or those, hath moved to follow  
arms,

And to provoke the sword? The proper  
time,—

Foretell it not,—for conflict will arrive,  
When fierce Carthago on the Roman  
heights

One day gigantic ruin, and the Alps,  
Unlocked, shall loose. It then will be  
allowed

To strive in hatred, then to force events.  
Now cease, and glad adjust a league  
agreed.” 21

These Jupiter in few; but not a few

The golden Venus in reply returns:

“O father, O thou everlasting power  
O'er men and things,—for now what is  
there else

We can entreat?—dost thou perceive how  
mock

The Rutuli, and Turnus through the midst  
Is borne along, conspicuous in steeds,  
And dashes forward, puffed with fav'ring  
Mars?

Their fenced works screen not the Teucri  
now; 30

Moreo'er, they battle join inside the gates,  
And in the very bulwarks of the walls;  
And overflow the trenches with their blood.  
Æneas, wareless of it, is away.

Wilt thou ne'er let them be relieved from  
siege?

Once more upon the walls of infant Troy

The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,  
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn  
Hath rotted, ere his youth attained a beard:  
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,  
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock:  
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud;  
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,  
For lack of tread are undistinguishable.  
The human mortals want their winter cheer;  
No night is now with hymn or carol blest:—  
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,  
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,  
That rheumatic diseases do abound.

And thorough this distemperature, we see  
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts  
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;  
And on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,  
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds  
Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,  
The childing autumn, angry winter, change  
Their wonted liveries; and the mazed world,  
By their increase, now knows not which is which:  
And this same progeny of evil comes  
From our debate, from our dissension:  
We are their parents and original.”

*Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 2.

20. Does it not seem more natural to apply *res  
rapuisse* to the gods, whom Jupiter is addressing,  
and more dignified to make them anxious rather for  
activity than for plunder?

The foeman hangs, aye e'en another host;  
Once more, too, 'gainst the Trojans rises  
up

From the Ætolian Arpi Tydeus' son.

I sooth believe that wounds remain for me,  
And I, thy offspring, human arms await!

If without thy permission, and despite 42  
Thy heav'nly will, the Trojans Italy

Have sought,—their errors let them ex-  
piate;

Neither do thou assist them with thy aid:

But if, in their pursuance of replies

So many, which the deities on high,

And Manes, deigned; why now can any  
one

Upset thy laws, or why new fates devise?

For what should I recall the ships burnt up  
On Eryx's strand? For what the king of  
storms 51

And blasts of fury, from Æolia roused?

Or Iris, from the clouds despatched? Now  
e'en

The Manes,—this department of the world  
Remained untried,—she stirs, and, on the  
upper realms

Let loose upon a sudden, hath throughout

The central cities of the Itali

Allecto revelled. Not a whit concerned

For universal sway am I: those hopes

We cherished while our fortune stood: let  
those 60

Prevail, whom thou would'st rather should  
prevail.

If lies no district, which to Teucer's sons

Thy flinty consort may vouchsafe,—O sire,

By ruined Troja's smoking wreck I crave,

Be it allowed [to me] from arms to send

Ascanius safe away; be it allowed

My grandson may survive. Let,—if you  
will,—

Æneas be on unknown billows tossed,

And whatsoever path shall Fortune deign,

Let him pursue: this [boy] may I have

power 70

To screen, and steal him from the awful  
fight.

Amath is [mine, mine] lofty Paphus is,

And high Cythera, and Idalia's home:

Arms laid aside, here let him pass unfamed

His life. With sovereign sway Carthago

bid

To gall Ausonia: naught to Tyrian towns

Shall from this quarter in resistance rise.

What boots it to escape the plague of war,

And midway to have fled through Grecian  
fires,

And that so many dangers of the sea, 80



And land unbounded, to their dregs are drained,  
 While Latium and a re-aring Pergamus  
 The Teucri seek? Had it not better proved  
 On the last ashes of their native land  
 T' have settled down, and on the ground  
 whereon  
 Troy stood? The Xanthus and the Simoïs,  
 I pray, restore them [in their] wretched  
 [plight];  
 And Ilián's haps once more to undergo,  
 O father, to the Teucer-race vouchsafe."  
 Then royal Juno, spurred by heavy rage:  
 "Why dost thou drive me silence deep to  
 break, 91  
 And blaze abroad in words a smothered  
 grief?  
 Hath any one of men and gods compelled  
 Æneas wars to follow, or himself  
 A foe on king Latinus to inflict?  
 Italia, fates the movers, he hath sought:—  
 Be it so;—by Cassandra's frenzies driven:  
 Have we advised him to forsake his camp,  
 Or trust his life to winds? Or to a boy  
 The head administration of a war, 100  
 Or ramparts, to confide? and agitate  
 A Tyrrhene covenant, or tribes at peace?  
 What deity, what rigid force of ours,  
 Hath driven him to the blunder? Where  
 is here  
 Juno, or Iris, from the clouds sent down?  
 A scandal is it that the Itali  
 Your baby Troy with blazes should invest,  
 And Turnus settle in his native land,  
 Who had Pylumnus for his father's sire,  
 Whose mother was Venilia the divine:—  
 What! are the Trojans with a murky torch  
 Upon the Latins violence to bring? 112  
 The fields of others 'neath their yoke to  
 gall,  
 And carry off the plunder? What! to cheat

84. "Wasted it is, as if it never were;  
 And all the rest, that me so honor made,  
 And of the world admired ev'ry where,  
 Is turn'd to smoke, that doth to nothing fade;  
 And of that brightness now appears no shade,  
 But grieslie shades, such as doo haunt in hell  
 With fearfull fiends, that in deep darknes dwell.

"Where my high steeples whilom usde to stand,  
 On which the lordly falcon wont to towre,  
 There now is but an heap of lyme and sand  
 For the shrille-owle to build her balefull bowre:  
 And where the nightingale wont forth to powre  
 Her restles plaints, to comfort wakefull lovers,  
 There now haunt yelling mewes and whining  
 plover." Spenser, *The Ruines of Time*, 18, 19.

89. "Didst thou to Heaven address the forceful  
 prayer,  
 Fold thy fair hands, and raise the mournful eye,  
 Implore each power benevolent to spare,  
 And call down Pity from the golden sky?"  
 Langhorne, *To Miss Cracroft*, 1763.

Brides' fathers, and from [people's] laps to  
 filch  
 Betrothéd [maids]? With hand to sue for  
 peace,  
 Ahead upon their ships to fasten arms?  
 Æneas thou art able to withdraw  
 From hands of Greeks, and in a hero's  
 stead  
 To spread in front a cloud and empty gales;  
 And thou art able to transshape his fleet  
 Into as many nymphs:—that we, on th'  
 other side, 122  
 In aught should aid Rutulians,—is 't a  
 crime?  
 Æneas, wareless of it, is away,—  
 And let him, wareless of it, be away.  
 Paphus belongs to thee, Idalium too,  
 And high Cythera: wherefore dost thou  
 goad  
 A city big with wars, and rugged hearts?  
 Are we 'gainst thee thy Phrygia's frail estate  
 Attempting from its base to overthrow?  
 We? or [the hero] who to Greeks exposed  
 The wretched sons of Troy? What was  
 the ground 132  
 That Europe e'en and Asia rose at once  
 To arms, and broke the treaties by in-  
 trigue?  
 With me for captain did th' adulterer  
 [Of] Dardan [line] on Sparta make assault?  
 Or was it I that furnished him with arms?  
 Or have I fostered wars by means of lust?  
 It then became thee to have feared for  
 thine;  
 Thou, now too late, with thy unrighteous  
 plaints 140  
 Art rising up, and flinging bootless brawls."  
 In such did Juno plead; and murmured  
 all  
 The denizens of heaven with assent  
 Diversified: as first[-arising] gales,  
 When intercepted, murmur in the woods,  
 And roll the smothered whisperings along,  
 To mariners disclosing blasts to come.  
 Then the almighty father, [he], to whom  
 The sovereign power o'er the universe  
 [Belongs], commences. As he speaks, 150  
 The gods' exalted mansion drops to rest,

142, 3. "He scarce had finish'd, when such  
 murmur fill'd  
 Th' assembly, as when hollow rocks retain  
 The sound of blustering winds, which all night long  
 Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull  
 Seafaring men o'er-watch'd, whose bark by chance,  
 Or pinnace, anchors in a craggy bay  
 After the tempest: such applause was heard  
 As Mammon ended." Milton, *P. L.*, b. ii.

151. "But as the Colchian sorceress, renown'd  
 In legends old, or Circe, when they fram'd  
 A potent spell, to smoothness charm'd the main,

And earth, compelled to quiver to its base ;  
The lofty sky is hushed ; then Zephyrs  
lulled ;

The ocean quells to calm his surface-waves.  
“Receive then in your minds, and these  
my words

Imprint ye. Since that Ausons should be  
yoked

In league with Teucer's sons 'tis not allowed,  
Nor your disunion of a close admits,  
Whatever fortune doth to each belong  
This day, whatever hope may each carve  
out, 160

Whether he Trojan or Rutulian be,  
Without distinction I shall [all] regard :  
Whether through fates their camp is held  
by siege

Of Itali, or through the ill mistake,  
And inauspicious oracles of Tröy.  
Neither do I the Rutulans release.

To each shall his own enterprises bring  
Or suff'ring, or success : king Jupiter  
To all the same : the Fates a path shall  
find.”

He by his Stygian brother's floods, by  
banks, 170

That see the with pitch and sooty whirlpool,  
nods,

And by the nod made all Olympus quake.  
This th' end of speaking. From his throne  
of gold

Then Jove arises, whom the denizens  
Of heav'n amidst them to the doors escort.

And lull'd Æolian rage by mystic song,  
Till not a billow heav'd against the shore,  
Nor ev'n the wanton-winged Zephyr breath'd  
The lightest whisper through the magic air :  
So, when thy voice, Leonidas, is heard,  
Confusion listens ; ire in silent awe  
Subsides.” Glover, *Leonidas*, b. ix.

174, 5.

“Thus saying rose  
The Monarch, and prevented all reply.”

\* \* \* But they  
Dreaded not more th' adventure than his voice  
Forbidden ; and at once with him they rose :  
Their rising all at once was as the sound  
Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend  
With awful reverence prone.

“The Stygian council thus dissolved : and forth  
In order came the grand infernal Peers.  
Midst came their mighty Paramount, and seem'd  
Alone th' antagonist of Heaven, nor less  
Than Hell's dread emperor, with pomp supreme  
And godlike imitated state : him round  
A globe of fiery Seraphim enclosed  
With bright emblazonry and horrid arms.  
Then of their session ended they bid cry  
With trumpets' regal sound the great result.  
Towards the four winds four speedy Cherubim  
Put to their mouths the sounding alchemy,  
By heralds' voice explain'd : the hollow abyss  
Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell  
With deafening shout return'd them loud acclaim.”

Milton, *P. L.*, b. ii.

Meanwhile the Rutuli at all the gates  
Press round to lay the men in slaughter  
low,

And wrap the walls in flames. But th'  
Æneads' host

Within their trenches by blockade are kept ;  
Nor any hope of their escape. Distressed,  
They stand upon the lofty tow'rs in vain,  
And with a scanty ring beset the walls.  
Asius Imbrasides, and Hicetaon-sprung  
Thymoetes, and the twain Assaraci, 184  
And Thymbris aged, with Castor—the  
front line.

These both Sarpedon's brothers, Clarus  
e'en

And Themon, company from Lycia high.  
With his whole body straining, brings a  
stone,

Immense, no trifling portion of a mount,  
Lyrnesian Amon, neither to his sire 190  
Clytius inferior, neither to his brother  
Menestheus. These with javelins, those  
with stones,

Endeavor at defence, and fire to wield,  
And fit them arrows to the string. Him-  
self,

Among the midmost the all-righteous  
care

Of Venus, the Dardanian boy, behold !  
Upon his comely head uncovered, gleams  
As doth a jewel, which the yellow gold  
Disparts, a grace to either neck or head ;  
Or as, through skilfulness inlaid in box,  
Or ebony Orician, iv'ry shines :— 201

Whose streaming locks his milk-white  
neck receives,

And band that ties them up with yielding  
gold.

Thee also, Ism'rus, high-souled nations saw  
Wounds aiming, and with poison-arming  
bolts,

O gentle scion from a Lydian house :  
Where tilths of richness work alike the  
swains,

And waters them Pactolus with his gold.  
There, too, was Mnestheus, whom the late  
renown

Of Turnus, from the bulwark of the walls  
Forced back, on high upraises ; Capys, too :

207, 8. “Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise,  
And gardens smile around, and cultur'd fields,  
And fountains gush ; and careless herds and flocks  
Securely stray ; a world within itself,  
Disdaining all assault. There let me draw  
Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales,  
Profusely breathing from the spicy groves,  
And vales of fragrance ; there at distance hear  
The roaring floods, and cataracts, that sweep  
From disembow'd Earth the virgin gold.”

Thomson, *Summer*.

Hence is derived the Campan city's name.  
These 'tween them had the frays of rugged  
war 213

Encountered : in the middle of the night  
The narrows was Æneas cutting through.  
For when he, ent'ring the Etrurian camp,  
[Come] from Evander, to the king repairs,  
And tells the king alike his name and race ;  
E'en what he seeks, and what he brings  
himself ;

What arms Mezentius to his party wins,  
And Turnus' furious passions, deep ex-  
plains ; 221

Reminds him what should be the trust in  
human things ;  
And blends entreaties :—there is no delay :  
Tarcho unites his pow'rs, and strikes a  
league.

Then uncontrolled by fate, on board their  
fleet

Embarks the Lydian nation, by behests  
Of gods entrusted to a foreign chief.  
The galley of Æneas keeps the van,  
With Phrygian lions yoked beneath her  
beak ;

An Ida overhangs them from above, 230  
All-pleasing to the wand'ring Teucri. Here  
The great Æneas sits, and with himself  
Revolves the diff'rent issues of the war ;  
And Pallas, to his side upon the left  
Attached, now questions him about the  
stars,

[Guides of] their voyage through the dark-  
some night ;

Now what he bore alike by land and sea.  
Now open Helicon, O goddesses,  
And stir ye up my lays ;—what host mean-  
while

Attends Æneas from the Tuscan coasts,  
And mans his ships, and o'er the deep is  
borne. 241

First, in the bronze-beaked "Tigress"  
Massicus  
Cuts through the surface-waters, under  
whom

There is a brigad of a thousand youths,

228-30. The commentators here find a difficulty in explaining how, in the short space of a single day, a ship should be provided with a figure-head, embodying Trojan traditions. Forbiger seems to think that it is easily got rid of, by the plea, that Virgil writes as a poet, rather than as a historian ; and that, if he succeed in pleasing his readers, he has done all that can well be expected of him. Yet this seems but sorry argument, when an author outrages probability without the slightest necessity to justify it. Indeed it is quite amusing to see how the admirers of Virgil defend him on all occasions, no matter what he says. In the present instance it is evident enough that he has been guilty of an oversight, though he is allowed to be one of the most correct writers that ever wrote.

Who Clusium's walls, and who the city  
Cosæ, left :

Whose weapons arrows be, and quivers  
light

Upon their shoulders, and the deathful bow:  
Along with him the grisly Abas sailed :  
His squadron wholly in distinguished arms,  
And with a gilt Apollo gleamed the stern.  
His native Populonia had to him 251  
Six hundred youths vouchsafed, adepts in  
war ;

But Ilva thrice a hundred men, an isle  
Bounteous in Chalybs' inexhausted mines.  
The third, Asylas, of mankind and gods  
That famous seer, whom entrails of the  
flocks,

Whom stars of heav'n, obey, and tongues  
of birds,

And fires of flash foresightful, hurries on  
His thousand, close in line and bristling  
spears.

These orders to be subject [to his sway]  
Pisa, Alptæan from its origin, 261

A town in site Etruscan. Follows on  
All-beauteous Astur, Astur on his steed  
Relying, and in arms of motley hue.  
Three hundred,—in them all the one re-  
solve

Of following him,—contribute they, who  
dwell

In Cære's home, they who in Minio's fields :  
And ancient Pyrgi, and Gravisæe healthless.  
I could not pass thee o'er, O Cinyra,  
The Ligurs' chief, all-chivalrous in war,  
And [thee,] Cupavo, accompanied by few,  
From crest of whom swan's plumes arise.

Your fault 272  
Was love, and th' emblem of your father's  
shape.

254. Garth describes other mines :

"Now those profounder regions they explore,  
Where metals ripen in vast cakes of ore.  
Here, sullen to the sight, at large is spread  
The dull unwieldy mass of lumpish lead.  
There, glimmering in their dawning beds, are seen  
The light aspiring seeds of sprightly tin.  
The copper sparkles next in ruddy streaks,  
And in the gloom betrays its glowing cheeks.  
The silver then, with bright and burnish'd grace,  
Youth and a blooming lustre in his face,  
To th' arms of those more yielding metals flies,  
And in the folds of their embraces lies."

*Dispensary*, c. vi. 71-82.

Perhaps the line in the version ought to be re-  
dered :

"Bounteous in Chalybes' exhaustless mines:"

that is, viewing *inexhaustis*, v. 174, as if an adjective in *bilis* ; which principle must certainly be followed in the case of *invictum*, v. 243.

Marston and Milton have both "unvalued" for "*invaluable*."



For they report that Cynus, in his woe  
For his beloved Phaeton, among  
The leaves of poplar and his sisters' shade,  
The while he chants, and comforts with his  
Muse

His mournful love, old age brought on him,  
silv'ring o'er

With downy feather, as he leaves the lands,  
And follows with his note the stars. His  
son, 280

Attending in the fleet his fellow troops,  
The mighty "Centaur" forces on with oars :  
It stands upon the water, and, a rock  
Stupendous on the billows, threats aloft,  
And furrows seas profound with lengthful  
keel.

Famed Ocnus, also, from his native coasts  
His host awakens, of prophetic Manto  
And of the Tuscan stream the son, who gave  
Thy walls, O Mantua, and his mother's  
name

To thee, in ancestry, O Mantua, rich : 290  
But not the same the pedigree of all.

A threefold race is her's ; quadruple tribes  
Under each race ; herself of tribes the head ;  
From Tuscan blood her strength [derived].

Here too

Five hundred 'gainst himself Mezentius  
arms,

Whom Mincius, from his sire Benacus  
[sprung],

Encircled with a reed of ocean-green,  
Brought in a hostile galley to the seas.

Unwieldy moves Aulestes, and the waves,  
Uprising, lashes with a hundred trees : 300  
The waters foam, their surface swept.

Bears him

The monster "Triton," e'en the sea-green  
floods

Affrighting with his shell ; whose shaggy  
front,

In swimming, to the waist the human shape  
Displays, the belly in a *pristis* ends ;

In foam, below his semi-savage chest,  
The billow brawls. So many chosen chiefs

Advanced in thrice ten vessels, for support

274. In this difficult passage, which is either corrupted by the scribes, or discreditable to the poet, Trapp seems to take a sounder view than Wagner and Forbiger. It seems preferable to look upon *vestrum*, v. 188, as applying to Cinyra and Cupavo, regarding them as brothers.

The *que in formaeque* seems fatal to Wagner's interpretation ; while the main objection to Trapp's is the singular *filius* ; which may yet be well confined to Cinyra, who was evidently a person of greater consequence than the other.

308.

"Suppose that you have seen  
The well-appointed king at Hampton Pier  
Embark his royalty ; and his brave fleet  
With *ulken* streamers the young Phœbus fanning

Of Troy, and cut with bronze the plains of  
salt.

And now had day retreated from the sky,  
And, bounteous, in her car that strays by  
night, 311

Was Phœbe striking the meridian heaven :  
Æneas,—for anxiety vouchsafes

Play with your fancies, and in them behold  
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing ;  
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give  
To sounds confus'd ; behold the threaden sails,  
Borne with th' invisible and creeping wind,  
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,  
Breasting the lofty surge. O ! do but think  
You stand upon the rivage, and behold  
A city on th' inconstant billows dancing ;  
For so appears this fleet majestic,  
Holding due course to Harfleur."

Shakespeare, *K. Henry V.*, iii. chorus.

313, 314. "Soft pow'r of slumbers, dewy-feather'd  
Sleep,

Kind nurse of nature ! whither art thou fled,  
A stranger to my senses, weary'd out  
With pain, and aching for thy presence ? Come,  
O come ! embrace me in thy liquid arms :  
Exert thy drowsy virtue ; wrap my limbs  
In downy indolence, and bathe in balm."

"Indulgent quit

Thy couch, of poppies ! steal thyself on me,  
(In rory mists suffus'd and clouds of gold)  
On me, thou mildest cordial of the world !

"The shield his pillow in the tented field,  
By thee the soldier, bred in iron war,  
Forgets the mimic thunders of the day,  
Nor envies Luxury her bed of down.  
Rock'd by the blast, and cabin'd in the storm,  
The sailor hugs thee to the doddering mast,  
Of shipwreck negligent while thou art kind.  
The captive's freedom, thou ! the labourer's hire ;  
The beggar's store ; the miser's better gold ;  
The health of sickness, and the youth of age !  
At thy approach the wrinkled front of Care  
Subsides into the smooth expanse of smiles ;  
And, stranger far ! the monarch, crowned by thee,  
Beneath his weight of glory gains repose.

"What guilt is mine, that I alone am wake,  
Ev'n though my eyes are seal'd, am wake alone ?  
Ah ! seal'd, but not by thee."

W. Thompson, *Sickness*, b. iv.

"Thierry.

One of you sleep ;  
Lie down and sleep here, that I may behold  
What blessed rest it is my eyes are robb'd of.

[An Attendant lies down.

See, he can sleep, sleep any where, sleep now,  
When he that wakes for him can never slumber !  
Is't not a dainty ease ?

*Second Doctor.* Your grace shall feel it.

*Thierry.* Oh, never I, never. The eyes of heaven  
See but their certain motions, and then sleep ;  
The rages of the ocean have their slumbers  
And quiet silver calms ; each violence  
Crowns in his end a peace ; but my fix'd fires  
Shall never, never set !"

Beaumont and Fletcher, *Thierry and  
Theodoret*, v. 2.

Malevole cannot sleep from discontent :

"I cannot sleep ; my eyes' ill-neighbouring lids  
Will hold no fellowship. O thou pale sober night,  
Thou that in sluggish fumes all sense dost steep ;  
Thou that giv'st all the world full leave to play,

His limbs no rest,—himself e'en, sitting  
down,  
Both guides the tiller, and attends the sails.  
And lo ! there meets him in his middle  
course  
A choir of his companion [maid]s : the  
Nymphs,  
Whom had the boon Cybebe bid enjoy  
The godship of the sea, and Nymphs be-  
come  
From ships, with even motion swam along,  
And cut the surges, many as erewhile 321  
Bronze-beaked stems had rested by the  
shore.  
They at a distance recognise the king,  
And in their circling dances course around.  
Of whom the one, who was most learned  
in speech,  
Cymodocea, following in his wake,  
With right hand grasps the stern, and with  
her back  
Herself o'ertops [the deep], and with the left  
Behind him sculls upon the quiet waves.  
Then him, unknowing, thus doth she accost :  
“ Art thou awake, Æneas, child of gods ?  
Be wakeful, and to sails let loose the sheets.

Unbend'st the feeble veins of sweaty labour !  
The galley-slave, that all the toilsome day  
Tugs at the oar against the stubborn wave,  
Straining his rugged veins, snores fast ;  
The stooping scythe-man, that doth barb the field,  
Thou mak'st wink sure. In night all creatures  
sleep ;  
Only the malcontent, that 'gainst his fate  
Repines and quarrels ; alas, he's Goodman tell-  
clock ;  
His fallow jaw-bones sink with wasting moan ;  
Whilst other beds are down, his pillow's stone.”  
Marston, *The Malcontent*, iii. 2.

315. Perhaps some such thoughts occurred to  
Æneas as those which Ferdinand expresses, when  
carrying firewood for Prospero's cell :

“ There be some sports are painful, and their labour  
Delight in them sets off : some kinds of baseness  
Are nobly undergone ; and most poor matters  
Point to rich ends. This my mean task  
Would be as heavy to me, as odious ; but  
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,  
And makes my labours pleasures.”  
Shakespeare, *Tempest*, iii. 1.

324. Like the dolphins seen by Falconer :

“ But now, beneath the lofty vessel's stern,  
A shoal of sportive dolphins they discern,  
Beaming from burnish'd scales refulgent rays,  
Till all the growing ocean seems to blaze.  
In curling wreaths they wanton on the tide,  
Now bound aloft, now downward swiftly glide ;  
Awhile beneath the waves their tracks remain,  
And burn in silver streams along the liquid plain.”  
*Shipwreck*, ii. 2.

328. *Ipsa*, v. 226, evidently means the nymph,  
excluding her right hand ; the greatest portion of  
her form,—the nymph herself. But it is hard to  
render the word, so as to bring out its whole signi-  
fication, without an objectionable paraphrase.

We, pines of Ida from its holy brow, 333  
Are Nymphs of ocean now, thy fleet. When  
us,

On ruin's brink, with falchion and with fire,  
The traitorous Rutulian pressed, we, loth,  
Thy cables burst, and seek thee through  
the sea.

This shape in ruth the Mother framed anew,  
And gave us to be goddesses, and life  
To pass below the surges. But thy boy 340  
Ascanius is by wall and trenches pent,  
Amid the midst of arms, and Latin [band]s,  
Bristling with Mars. Now holds appointed  
posts,

With brave Etruscan joined, the Arcad horse.  
To range against them intercepting troops,  
Lest they should with the camp unite, the  
mind

Of Turnus is resolved. Come then, arise !  
And on the coming dawn forthwith com-  
mand

Thy comrades to be called to arms, and take  
The buckler, which the lord of fire himself  
Vouchsafed, unconquerable, and with gold  
Its edges bordered round. To-morrow's  
light, 352

If mine thou shouldest deem no idle words,  
Of Rutulan destruction mountain heaps  
Shall view.” She said ; and as she drew  
away

With right hand urged,—not unaware of  
means,—

The lofty stern. It flies along the waves,  
E'en fleetier than the jav'lin, and the bolt,  
That mates the winds. Thereon the others  
speed

Their course. Anchises' Trojan son himself  
In ignorance is lost ; yet animates 361  
His spirit with the token. Then in brief,

334, 5. It would bring out the meaning of v. 231  
with greater distinctness to render it thus :

“ Are nymphs of ocean now, thy navy [erst]  
When us, on ruin's brink, with sword and blaze,” &c.

351. *Invictum*, v. 243, is evidently the same as  
*invincibilis*. To say that a shield, which had never  
been tried in action, was “unconquered,” would be  
absurd. See note on l. 254.

356. Heyne, Wagner, and Forbiger approve of  
the comment of Servius on *Haud ignara modi*,  
v. 247 ; who says that *modi* here means *moderation*,  
inasmuch as *method* would be a weak sense.  
Now, in the first place, it does not quite follow  
that, because an idea is weak, it cannot be Virgil's ;  
in the second place, the expression is weak ac-  
cording to either interpretation ; and in the third  
place, an examination of the context will show that  
there was no moderation about the matter. Under  
the impulsive hand of the nymph the ship abso-  
lutely flew ;—nay, flew more swiftly than a javelin,  
or even than the winds themselves. The view in  
the version is that generally taken by the trans-  
lators.

While gazing on the vault above, he prays :  
 " O boon Iðean mother of the gods,  
 T' whose heart the heights of Dindymus  
     [are dear],

And cities crowned with turrets, lions, too,  
 In couples harnessed for the reins ; do thou  
 For me be now the leader of the fight ;  
 Do thou the omened issue duly haste, 369  
 And for the Phrygians, goddess, be at hand  
 With step of favor." He but uttered [this] ;  
 And in the mean time, wheeled around, the  
     day

Was posting on with now a mellow light,  
 And night had chased aloof. He firstly gives  
 His mates commands, the signals to obey,  
 And fit their souls for warfare, and for fight  
 Prepare themselves. And now he holds in  
     view

The Teucri and the camp his own, as he  
 Is standing on the lofty stern: when straight  
 In his left hand his shield he lifted up 380  
 Ablazing. Raise an outcry to the stars  
 The Dardans from the walls: imparted hope  
 Awakes resentments; weapons with the hand  
 They fling: as underneath the sullen clouds  
 Strymonian cranes give signals, and athwart  
 The welkin with a din they scud, and flee  
 The southern breezes with a happy cry.

But these seemed wondrous to Rutulia's  
     king  
 And Auson chiefs, until they spy behind  
 The galleys veered to shore, and all the  
     main 390

373. " As the morning steals upon the night,  
 Melting the darkness."

Shakespeare, *Tempest*, v. 1.

381, 2. Similar effects are attributed to Satan's  
 voice:

" So Satan spake, and him Beelzebub  
 Thus answer'd. Leader of those armies bright,  
 Which but the Omnipotent none could have foil'd !  
 If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge  
 Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft  
 In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge  
 Of battle when it raged, in all assaults  
 Their surest signal, they will soon resume  
 New courage and revive." Milton, *P. L.*, b. i.

383. " Go show thyself to them, wave but thy  
 sword,  
 Ahd bid them follow thee ; not one of them  
 But shall in speed and reckless fury mock  
 The tyger of the desert. Where thou lead'st  
 Shouting around thee they will sweep the plain,  
 Spurning at opposition. . . . Away, Sicardo !  
 Our pledge of certain victory we possess  
 In this beloved, this noble youth, whose presence  
 Inspires the warrior's heart with martial fire,  
 As the enlivening sun all nature warms.  
 Shaded awhile in dim eclipse he left us,  
 And clouds of pale dismay began to lour ;  
 But now returning with recovered splendour,  
 He in the sky of glory beams supreme,  
 And we, in his bright influence exulting,  
 Resume our ardour, and our foes defy."

Macdonald, *Fair Apostate*, iv. 2.

With vessels gliding on. His helmet glows  
 Above his head, and from the crest a blaze  
 Is darted through its plumes, and monstrous  
     flames

The golden boss spews forth : not otherwise  
 Than if at times in some translucent night  
 Blood-tinted comets show a dismal red ;  
 Or heat of Sirius,—he that carries drought

396. " On the other side,  
 Incensed with indignation, Satan stood  
 Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,  
 That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge  
 In th' Arctic sky, and from his horrid hair  
 Shakes pestilence and war."

Milton, *P. L.*, b. ii.

397. " And now the Sunne hath reared up  
 His ferie-footed teme,  
 Making his way between the cupp  
 And golden diademe ;  
 The rampant Lyon hunts he fast,  
 With dogges of noisome breath,  
 Whose baleful barking bringes in hast  
 Pyne, plagues, and dreerie death."  
 Spenser, *Shepheards Calender*, July.

" Whose often prostitution hath begot  
 More foul diseases than e'er yet the hot  
 Sun bred thorough his burnings, whilst the Dog  
 Pursues the raging Lion, throwing fog  
 And deadly vapour from his angry breath,  
 Filling the lower world with plague and death."  
 J. Fletcher, *The Faithful Shepherdess*, i. 2.

See Dyce's note on the passage.

" Ha ! 'twas the king !  
 The king that parted hence ! frowning he went ;  
 His eyes like meteors roll'd, then darted down  
 Their red and angry beams : as if his sight  
 Would, like the raging Dog-star, scorch the earth,  
 And kindle ruin in its course."

Congreve, *The Mourning Bride*, v. 3.

" All is not well ; the pale-ey'd moon  
 Curtains her head in clouds, the stars retire,  
 Save from the sultry south alone  
 The swart star flings his pestilential fires."  
 Mason, *Caractacus*, Ode.

The following description of thirst and heat, not,  
 indeed, owing to the influence of Sirius, but to the  
 operation of poison, is from Fletcher's *A Wife for*  
*a Month*:

" [Alphonso is brought in on a couch by two  
 Friars.

Alphonso. Give me more air, air, more air !  
 Blow, blow !

Open, thou eastern gate, and blow upon me !  
 Distil thy cold dews, oh, thou icy moon !  
 And, rivers, run through my afflicted spirit !  
 I am all fire, fire, fire ! The raging Dog-star  
 Reigns in my blood ! Oh ! which way shall I turn  
 me ?

Ætna, and all his flames, burn in my head !  
 Fling me into the ocean, or I perish !  
 Dig, dig, dig, till the springs fly up,  
 The cold, cold springs, that I may leap into 'em,  
 And bathe my scorch'd limbs in their purling plea-  
     sures !

Or shoot me up into the higher region,  
 Where treasures of delicious snow are nourish'd,  
 And banquets of sweet hail !

Rugio. Hold him fast, friar :  
 Oh, how he burns !



And sicknesses to ailing mortals,—rises up,  
And with disastrous light beglooms the sky.  
Howe'er his confidence did not forsake  
Bold Turnus, to preoccupy the shores, 401  
And as they come to drive them from the  
land.

He e'en their spirits raises by his words,  
And e'en he chides them: "That, which  
ye in vows

Have yearnèd after, is arrived,—[the foe]  
With your right hand to shatter. Mars  
himself

Is in your hands, my heroes. Now let each  
Of his own spouse and home be mindful; now  
Grand feats repeat, the praises of his sires.  
Unchallenged let us meet them at the wave,  
While in disorder, and, as they debark,  
Their first steps stagger. Fortune aids the  
bold." 412

*Alph.* What, will ye sacrifice me?  
Upon the altar lay my willing body,  
And pile your wood up, fling your holy incense;  
And, as I turn me, you shall see all flame,  
Consuming flame. Stand off me, or you are ashes!

*Rug. and Marco.* Most miserable wretches!  
*Alph.* Bring hither Charity,  
And let me hug her, friar: they say she's cold,  
Infinite cold; devotion cannot warm her.  
Draw me a river of false lovers' tears  
Clean through my breast; they are dull, cold, and  
forgetful,

And will give ease. Let virgins sigh upon me,  
Forsaken souls: their sighs are precious;  
Let them all sigh. Oh hell, hell, hell! O horror!  
*Marco.* To bed, good sir.

*Alph.* My bed will burn about me:  
Like Phaeton in all-consuming flashes  
I am enclos'd. Let me fly, let me fly, give room!  
Betwixt the cold Bear and the raging Lion  
Lies my safe way. Oh, for a cake of ice now  
To clap unto my heart to comfort me!  
Decrepit Winter, hang upon my shoulders,  
And let me wear thy frozen icicles,  
Like jewels round about my head, to cool me!  
My eyes burn out, and sink into their sockets,  
And my infected brain like brimstone boils!  
I live in hell, and several Furies vex me!  
Oh, carry me where no sun ever shov'd yet  
A face of comfort, where the earth is crystal,  
Never to be dissolv'd! Where nought inhabits  
But night and cold, and nipping frosts, and winds,  
That cut the stubborn rocks, and make them  
shiver!

Set me there, friends!" Act iv. 4.  
412. "Lo! sluggish knight, the victor's happy  
prayer!  
So fortune friends the bold."

Spenser, *F. Q.*, iv. 2, 7.

Yet she is not always so considerate:  
"He is the scorn of Fortune. But you'll say  
That she forsook him for his want of courage,  
But never leaves the bold: now by my hopes  
Of peace and quiet here, I never met  
A braver enemy."

J. Fletcher, *The Prophetess*, iv. 5.  
"Let thy great deeds force Fate to change her  
mind:  
He that courts Fortune boldly makes her kind."

Dryden, *The Indian Queen*, i. 1.

These [words] he speaks, and ponders with  
himself

Whom he can lead against them, or to whom  
He's able to intrust the leaguèd walls.

Meanwhile Æneas from the lofty ships  
His comrades lands by bridges. Many watch  
The ebbing motions of the slacking sea,  
And with a spring commit them to the  
flats;

By oars the others. Tarchon having scanned  
the shores, 420

Where shallows pant not, nor the broken  
surge

Booms back, but unimpeded glides the main  
With rising tide, veers towards them sud-  
denly

His prowess, and he entreats his comrades:  
"Now,

O chosen squadron, to your lusty oars  
Bend ye! lift, drive your galleys! with  
their beaks

This hostile region cleave, and for itself  
A furrow let the very keel imprint.

In such a roadstead do I not decline  
To break my vessel, once the land secured."  
The like whereof when once had Tarchon  
said, 431

His comrades to their oars together rise,  
And to the Latin fields their foaming ships  
Force onward, till the beaks dry [land]  
possess,

And all the keels uninjured came to rest:  
But, Tarcho, not thy craft. For, dashed  
on shoals,

Upon a ridge unrighteous while it hangs,  
Long in suspense upheld, and tires the  
waves,

'Tis broken up, and out it casts the crew  
Amid the waves; whom shattered bits of  
oars 440

And swimming benches hamper, and at  
once

Their footing the withdrawing surge sup-  
plants.

Nor Turnus does a slack delay restrain;  
But hurries he in vigor his whole host  
Against the Teucris, and upon the beach  
Afront them marshals it. The signals sound.  
Æneas first assailed the rustic troops,—  
An omen of the fray,—and prostrate laid  
The Latins, Thero being slaughtered, who,  
The tallest of their men, of free accord 450

417. "They have already plough'd th' unruly seas,  
And with their breasts, proove 'gainst the battering  
waves,

Dasht the bigge billowes into angry froth,  
And, spite of the contentious full-mouth'd gods  
Of sea and wind, have reacht the city frontiers,  
And begirt her navigable skirts."

Rawlins, *The Rebellion*, ii. 1.

Attacks Æneas : with the sword he drains  
His side laid open, e'en through folds of  
bronze,

Through gold-crisp tunic. Lichas next he  
smites,

Ripped from a now dead mother, and to  
thee,

Devote, O Phœbus, seeing 'twas allowed  
To him, a babe, to 'scape the risks of steel.

Not far, firm Cisseus, giant Gyas too,  
Troops felling with his club, he stretched  
in death : 458

Naught booted them the arms of Hercules,  
Nor able hands, nor yet their sire Melampus,  
Alcides' comrade, long as earth supplied  
Her toilsome travails. Lo! on Pharus, whilst  
He flings his idle pratings, hurling forth

A dart, he plants it in the shouter's mouth.  
Thou also, whilst, ill-starred, thou followest

Thy Clytius, yellowing o'er with virgin down  
His cheeks,—thy fresh delight,—O Cydon,

By the Dardanian right hand overthrown,  
Set free from [pain] of loves, which aye  
hadst thou

For striplings, wouldest, pitiable [youth],  
Have lain ; had not thy brethren's serried  
band 471

Opposed it,—Phorcus' race, in number  
seven,

And sev'nfold darts they launch. Some  
from his helm

And from his shield rebound effectless ;  
some

Boon Venus, as they graze his body, turned  
Aside. Æneas stanch Achates speaks :

"Supply me weapons ! None shall my  
right hand

In vain on Rutuli have hurled, [of those,]  
Which stood in corse of Greeks upon the  
plains

Of Ilium." Then a mighty spear he grasps,  
And launches it. Upon the wing it smites

Right through the bronze[n plate]s of Mæon's  
shield, 482

And habergeon together with the breast  
It bursts. A brother to his succor comes,

Alcanor, and his falling brother props  
With his right hand. Shot through his  
arm transpierced,

Straight flies a spear, and, bloody, holds  
its course ;

And his right hand, in dying, by the thews  
Down from the shoulder hung. Then  
Numitor,— 489

A jav'lin from his brother's body reft,—  
Æneas sought : but not to pierce as well  
Is it in turn allowed him, but it grazed  
The thigh of great Achates. Clausus here,  
Of Cures, trusting in his youthful frame,  
Comes up, and Dryops from afar he smites  
With lance unbending, underneath the chin  
Deep driven ; and at once the speaker's  
voice

And life he reaves away, his throat trans-  
pierced :

But th' other with his forehead strikes the  
earth, 499

And clotted gore disgorges from his mouth.  
Three Thracians, also, of the highest strain  
Of Boreas, and three, whom doth their sire,  
Idas, and native [crests of] Ismarus,  
Despatch, by sundry fates he overthrows.  
Up runs Halesus, and Auruncan bands ;  
To aid them e'en the son of Neptune comes,  
Messapus, striking in his steeds. Now  
these,

Now those, endeavor to drive out [the rest] :  
The contest at Ausonia's very door  
Is waged : as in the vasty firmament 510  
The jarring winds encounters raise, with  
heart

And powers balanced : nor do they them-  
selves

Among them,—neither clouds nor ocean,—  
yield ;  
The fray long doubtful ; all in struggle  
stand,  
Against [each other ranged] : not otherwise  
The Trojan lines and lines of Latium clash :

v. 340, being a second spear. One spear, after  
passing through a man, may hold its course as well  
as another : for where a hero is invested with fabu-  
lous strength, shield and breastplate are but slight  
additional difficulties.

516. "Now storming fury rose  
And clamour such as heard in Heaven till now  
Was never ; arms on armour clashing bray'd  
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels  
Of brazen chariots rag'd : dire was the noise  
Of conflict ; overhead the dismal hiss  
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,  
And flying vaulted either host with fire.  
So under fiery cope together rush'd  
Both battles main, with ruinous assault  
And inextinguishable rage. All heaven  
Resounded : and had earth been then, all earth  
Had to her centre shook." Milton, *P. L.*, b. vi.

Fletcher has a spirited battle-scene in a song in  
*The Mad Lover* :

"Arm, arm, arm, arm ! the scouts are all come in :  
Keep your ranks close, and now your honours  
win.  
Behold from yonder hill the foe appears ;  
Bows, bills, glaves, arrows, shields, and spears !

460. The English idiom will not allow of *que*, v.  
320, being rendered in the ordinary way.

466. "And on his tender lips the downy heare  
Did now but freshly spring, and silken blossoms  
beare." Spenser, *F. Q.*, ii. 12, 79.

487. Dr. Trapp has a good note upon this pas-  
sage. However, it would not seem that *servatque*  
*tenorem* is any objection to the idea of the *hasta*,

Foot links with foot, and man close set  
with man.

But in another quarter, where, far-wide  
The flood had forced along the rolling rocks,  
And bushes, torn asunder from its banks,  
The Arcads, unaccustomed to advance 521  
Their lines on foot, as soon as Pallas saw  
Turning their backs to Latium in pursuit ;  
Whom since the rugged nature of the spot  
Induced to let their horses go ;—[a course,]  
Which only in the case of need remained ;—  
Now by entreaty, now by bitter words,  
He fires their valor : “ Whither do ye fly,  
O comrades ? E’en by your heroic deeds  
[Do I conjure] you, by Evander’s name,  
Your chief, and battles battled to the last,  
And my own hope, which of my father’s  
praise 532

Now emulous arises, trust not feet :  
With sword a way must through the foes  
be burst.

Where thickest closes on that knot of men,  
By this your noble land claims you again,  
And Pallas your commander. ’Tis no  
gods pursue !

We, mortals, by a mortal foe are pressed ;  
With us alike as many lives and hands.  
Behold ! with huge sea-barrier pens us in  
The deep ; land now is lacking for a  
flight. 541

Is it the main or Troy we are to seek ?”  
These words he speaks, and in the centre he  
Upon the serried foemen flings him forth.  
First Lagos meets him, lured by fates  
unkind :

Him, whilst he plucks a rock of mighty  
weight,

Like a dark wood he comes, or tempest pouring,  
Oh ! view the wings of horse the meadows  
scouring !

The vanguard marches bravely : hark the drums !  
They meet, they meet, and now the battle comes :

See how the arrows fly,  
That darken all the sky !  
Hark how the trumpets sound !  
Hark how the hills rebound !

Hark how the horses charge ! in, boys, boys in !  
The battle totters ; now the wounds begin :  
Oh, how they cry !  
Oh, how they die !

Room for the valliant Memnon, arm’d with  
thunder !

See how he breaks the ranks asunder :  
They fly, they fly ! Eumenes has the chase,  
And brave Polybius makes good his place,  
To the plains, to the woods,  
To the rocks, to the floods,

Then fly for succour. Follow, follow, follow !  
Hark how the soldiers hollow !

Brave Diocles is dead,  
And all his soldiers fled :  
The battle’s won, and lost,  
That many a life hath cost.”

*Song by Stremon, v. 4.*

He spears with whirled weapon, where the  
chine

Along the middle caused a sev’rance, and  
the lance

Recovers he while clinging to the bones.  
Whom Hisbo from above forestalls not,—he  
In sooth expecting this ; for Pallas first,  
As he is dashing on, the while he storms,  
Unwary through a comrade’s ruthless death,  
Receives him, and his sword in his swollen  
lung 554

He buries. Sthenelus he next assails,  
And Anchemol, from Rhætus’ ancient race,  
Who dared to stain a stepdame’s bed. Ye,  
too,

Twin [brother]s, fell upon Rutulian fields,  
O progeny of Daucus, most alike,  
Laride and Thymber, past distinguishment  
By their own parents, e’en their fond mis-  
take. 561

But Pallas now stern marks of difference  
Bestowed upon you : for from thee, O  
Thymber,

Thy head Evander’s falchion reft away ;  
Thee, O Laride, its owner, thy right hand,  
Lopped off, is seeking, and, half-living,  
twitch

The fingers, and the weapon grasp again.  
Arm mingled pain and shame against the  
foes,

Th’ Arcadians, by his warning set afire,  
And gazing on the hero’s brilliant deeds.  
Then Pallas pierces Rhætus through and  
through, 571

While flying past him in his two-horse car.  
This—interval and so much respite proved  
To Ilus ; for at Ilus he from far  
A lusty spear had aimed, which, as he  
intervenes,

Does Rheoteus intercept, best Teuthras, thee  
Avoiding and thy brother Tyre ; and, rolled  
From forth his chariot, smites he, half-  
alive,

The fields of the Rutulians with his heels.  
And as, when gales are in the summer-tide  
Arisen to his wish, the shepherd sets 581  
Abroad upon the stubbles scattered fires ;  
Those in the centre on a sudden seized,  
Vulcan’s dread battle-line at once is spread  
Throughout the spacious plains : he, while  
he sits,

Looks down in triumph on th’ exulting  
flames :

Not otherwise all the prowess of thy mates  
Combines in one, and thee, O Pallas, aids.  
But, keen in wars, Halesus, on the foes  
Moves on, and gathers him within his arms.  
He here despatches Ladon, Pheres too,  
Demodocus too ; from Strymonius he 592



Strikes off his right hand with his gleaming sword,

Against his throat uplifted ; with a stone  
The face of Thoas batters, and his bones  
He scattered, blent with gory brains.

Chanting his fates, his father in the woods  
Had hid Halesus : when the agèd [sire]  
His eyeballs, filming white in death, relaxed,

Their hand upon him did the Parcæ lay,  
And dedicated him t' Evander's darts. 601  
Whom Pallas seeks, thus having prayed  
before :

"Grant now, O father Tiber, to the steel,  
Which, ready to be hurled, I poise, success  
And passage through the stern Halesus'  
breast :

These arms and th' hero's spoils thy oak  
shall own."

The god he heard it : while Halesus  
screened

Imaon, he unhappily presents

A breast unguarded to th' Arcadian dart.

But Lausus,—mighty portion of the war,—  
Does not allow the troops to be dismayed  
By such great carnage on the hero's side. 612  
First, Abas, placed against him, he destroys,

Alike the knot and lengthening of the fight.  
The offspring of Arcadia low is laid,  
Thè Tuscans are laid low, and, Teucric, ye,  
O bodies undestroyed by Greeks. The hosts  
Engage them e'en with balanced chiefs and  
powers.

Close crowd the furthest lines ; nor does the  
through

Their arms and hands allow of being stirred.  
*Here* Pallas closes in and spurs them on ;  
Against him Lausus *there* ; nor differs much  
Their age ; in beauty peerless ; yet to whom  
Return to native land had Fate denied. 624  
Howe'er, the ruler of the mighty heaven  
With one another let them not engage :  
Their deaths soon wait them 'neath a nobler  
foe.

Meanwhile his kindly sister warns to take  
The place of Lausus,—Turnus, who disparts  
The central squadron in his flying car. 630  
As soon as he his comrades viewed : "'Tis  
time

To cease from fight ; 'gainst Pallas I alone  
Am borne ; to me alone is Pallas due :  
I would his sire himself were witness here."  
These saith he ; and his comrades from the  
plain,

The subject of his order, have withdrawn.

But on the Rutulans' retirement, then  
The youth, astounded at his haught com-  
mands,

At Turnus is in wonder lost, and o'er  
His giant body rolls around his eyes, 640  
And all surveys aloof with grim regard ;  
And with such words against the monarch's  
words

Replies : "Or through the chiefest spoils,  
now seized,

Or death distinguished, I shall be extolled :  
To either lot indiff'rent is my sire :

Away thou with thy threats !" He, having  
said,

Advances on the centre of the field.

Acold around th' Arcadians' hearts their  
blood

Congels. Down Turnus from his chariot  
leaped ;

Afoot prepares to meet him hand to hand.  
And as a lion, when he hath perceived 651  
From his high watch-post, far upon the  
plains,

A bull to stand preparing for the frays,  
Flies up to him : no different the picture is  
Of Turnus swooping on. When him he  
deemed

Within the compass of his vollied spear,  
Pallas was first to move, if any chance  
Would aid him, venturing with unequal  
powers ;

And thus addresses he the mighty heaven :  
"By th' hospitality and table : of my sire, 660  
Which thou a stranger hast approached, I  
thee

Entreat, Alcides, aid my grand emprise.  
From him half-dead may he perceive me  
seize

His bloody arms ; and may the dying eyes  
Of Turnus brook a conqueror !" Alcides  
heard

The youth, and 'neath his deep of heart he  
checks

A heavy groan ; and idle tears outpours.

The sire then speaks his son in kindly  
words :

"To each his day is fixed ; the term of life

667. "Then like a torrent had been stopt before,  
Tears, sighs, and words, doubled together flow ;  
Confus'dly striving whether should do more,  
The true intelligence of grief to show.  
Sighs hinder'd words : words perish'd in their  
store ;

Both, intermix'd in one, together grow."

Daniell, *Civil War*, b. ii. 8r.

669. "Thou glimm'ring taper ? by whose feeble ray  
In thoughtful solitude the night I waste,  
How dost thou warn me by thy swift decay,  
That equal to oblivion both we haste !  
The vital oil that should our strength supply,  
Consuming wastes, and bids us learn to die.

T

610. Manoah says of Samson :

"Himself an army."

Milton, *Samson Agonistes*.

Is short and irretrievable to all ; 670

" Touch'd by my hand, thy swift reviving light  
With new-gain'd force again is taught to glow :  
Lo, rising from surrounding troubles bright,  
My conscious soul begins herself to know ;  
And, from the ills of life emerging forth,  
Learns the just standard of her native worth.

" But see, in mists, thy fading lustre veil'd,  
Around thy head the dusky vapours play :  
So, by opposing fortune's clouds conceal'd,  
In vain to force a passage I essay :  
While round me, gathering thick, they daily  
spread,  
And living, I am number'd with the dead !

" But now thy flame diminish'd quick subsides,  
Too sure a presage that thy date is run :  
Alike I feel my life's decreasing tides,  
Soon will like thine my transient blaze be gone !  
Instructive emblem !—How our fates agree !  
I haste to darkness, and resemble thee."

Boyse, *Stanzas to a Candle*.

670. " Like to the falling of a star,  
Or as the flights of eagles are,  
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,  
Or silver drops of morning dew,  
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,  
Or bubbles which on water stood :  
Even such is man, whose borrowed light  
Is straight called in and paid to night :  
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,  
The spring intombed in autumn lies ;  
The dew's dry'd up, the star is shot,  
The flight is past, and man forgot."

F. Beaumont, *On the Life of Man*.

Milton makes Satan say in his address to Sin,  
*P. L.*, b. ii. :

" Be this, or aught  
Than this more secret, now design'd, I haste  
To know ; and this once known, shall soon  
return  
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death  
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen  
Wing silently the buxom air, embalm'd  
With odours ; there ye shall be fed and fill'd  
Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey."

" O gentlemen ! the time of life is short :  
To spend that shortness basely were too long,  
If life did ride upon a dial's point,  
Still ending at th' arrival of an hour."

Shakespeare, *1 King Henry IV.*, v. 2.

" To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time ;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !  
Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more." *Macbeth*, v. 5.

" Life ! What is life ? A shadow !  
Its date is but th' immediate breath we draw :  
Nor have we surety for a second gale :  
Ten thousand accidents in ambush lie  
For the embodied dream.

A frail and fickle tenement it is,  
Which, like the brittle glass, that measures time,  
Is often broke, ere half its sands are run."

Jones, *The Earl of Essex*, v. 3.

" Time's but a hinge, whereon mortality,  
A narrow portal, turns : behind, before,  
Lies the wide main of being."

Brooke, *The Impostor*, iv. 12.

But fame to lengthen by achievements,—this  
Is virtue's work. 'Neath Troja's stately walls  
So many children of the gods have fallen ;  
E'en fell with them Sarpedon, offspring  
mine.

His destinies are calling Turnus too,  
And he hath reached the bounds of granted  
life."

So speaks he, and turns off his eyes from  
fields

Of Rutuli. But Pallas shoots a lance  
With lusty pow'rs, and from its hollow  
sheath

Tears forth his gleaming sword. This,  
flying, where 680

The highest screenings of his shoulder rids,  
Alights, and having worked a passage  
through

The edges of his buckler, at the last  
E'en grazed [a part] of Turnus' giant frame.  
Here Turnus, poising long the timber, tipped  
With sharpened iron, [this] at Pallas flings,  
And thus he speaks : " Look, whether ours  
may prove

A still more trenchant weapon." He had  
said ;

But through the shield,—so many plates of  
steel,

Of bronze so many,—though so many times  
The bull-hide span it, spread around, the  
point 691

Strikes through its centre with a quiv'ring  
blow,

And bores the mail's obstructions, and his  
giant chest.

He tears the heated weapon from the wound  
All vainly : by the one and selfsame path  
The blood and spirit follow. Down he sinks  
Upon the wound : a clang above him gave  
His arms ; and as he dies he seeks the earth,  
His foeman, with a gory mouth. O'er whom,  
While standing by him, Turnus cries :

" These words 700

Of mine, Arcadians, mindfully report  
To your Evander : ' Such as he deserved  
I send him Pallas back. Whatever be

671. " Our life is short, but to extend that span  
To vast eternity, is Virtue's work."  
Dryden, *Troilus and Cressida*, v. 1.

675, 6. " For within the hollow crown,  
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,  
Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits,  
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp ;  
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,  
To monarchise, be fear'd, and kill with looks ;  
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,  
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,  
Were brass impregnable ; and, humour'd thus,  
Comes at the last, and with a little pin  
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell  
king !" Shakespeare, *K. Richard II.*, iii. 2.

The honor of a sepulchre, whate'er  
The comfort of a burial, I bestow.  
The hospitality t' Æneas [shown]  
Shall stand him in no trifle." And the like  
He having spoken pressed with his left foot  
The lifeless [stripling], as he tears away  
The belt's enormous weight, and graven  
guilt:—

A band of youths within one wedding night  
Slain foully, and their marriage-beds in  
blood:

Which Clonus, son of Eurytus, had carved  
In plenteous gold;—in which, his trophy,  
now

Turnus exults, and in possession joys.  
O mind of human beings, unaware  
Of fate and lot to come, and how to keep

716. "Ah! gentle pair, ye little think how nigh  
Your change approaches, when all these delights  
Will vanish, and deliver ye to woe;  
More woe, the more your taste is now of joy;  
Happy, but for so happy ill secured  
Long to continue." Milton, *P. L.*, b. iv.

"O fleeting joys  
Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!"  
*Ibid.*, b. x.

"Short is, alas! the reign  
Of mortal pride: we play our parts awhile,  
And strut upon the stage; the scene is chang'd,  
And offers us a dungeon for a throne.  
Wretched vicissitude! for, after all  
His tinsel dreams of empire and renown,  
Fortune, capricious dame, withdraws at once  
The goodly prospect."

Somerville, *Hobbinol*, c. iii.

"Frail man, how various is thy lot below!  
To-day though gales propitious blow,  
And Peace, soft gliding down the sky,  
Lead Love along and Harmony,  
To-morrow the gay scene deforms;  
Then all around  
The thunder's sound  
Rolls rattling on through heaven's profound,  
And down rush all the storms."

Beattie, *Ode to Hope*, ii. 3.

"O, momentary grace of mortal men!  
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God.  
Who builds his hope in air of your good looks  
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,  
Ready with every nod to tumble down  
Into the fatal bowels of the deep."

Shakespeare, *K. Richard III.*, iii. 4.

717. "The withered primrose by the mourning river,  
The faded summersunne from weeping foun-  
taines,  
The light-blowne bubble, vanished for ever,  
The molten snow vpon the naked mountains,—  
Are emblems that the treasures we vp-lay,  
Soone wither, vanish, fade, and melt away.

"For as the snow, whose lawne did ouer-spread  
Th' ambitious hills, which giant-like did threat  
To pierce the heaven with their aspiring head,  
Naked and bare doth leave their craggie seat,  
Whenas the bubble, which did empty flie  
The dhaliance of the vndiscerned winde,  
On whose calme rowling waues it did relie,  
Hath shipwrack made, where it did dhaliance finde:

[Due] measure, when uplifted by success!  
To Turnus there shall come a time, when he  
Will wish were purchased at a costly price,

And when the sun-shine which dissolu'd the snow,  
Colour'd the bubble with a pleasant varie,  
And made the rathe and timely primrose grow,  
Swarth clouds with-drawne (which longer time do  
tarie)

—Oh what is praise, pompe, glory, ioy, but so  
As shine by fontaines, bubbles, flowers, or  
snow?"

Palinode, by E. Bolton, in *England's Helicon*.

"Have you never  
Look'd from the prospect of your palace window,  
When some fair sky courted your eye to read  
The beauties of a day; the glorious sun  
Enriching so the bosom of the earth,  
That trees and flowers appear'd but like so much  
Enamel upon gold; the wanton birds,  
And every creature but the drudging ant,  
Despising providence, and at play; and all  
That world you measure with your eye, so gay  
And proud, as winter were no more to shake  
His icy locks upon them, but the breath  
Of gentle zephyr to perfume their growth,  
And walk eternally upon the spring!  
When, from a coast you see not, comes a cloud,  
Creeping as overladen with a storm,  
Dark as the womb of night, and with her wings  
Surprising all the glories you beheld,  
Leaves not your frighted eyes a light to see  
The ruins of that flattering day?"  
Shirley, *The Royal Master*, ii. 2.

718. "O how portentous is prosperity!  
How, comet-like, it threatens while it shines!"  
Few years but yield us proof of *Death's* ambition,  
To cull his victims from the fairest fold,  
And sheath his shafts in all the pride of life.  
When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er  
With recent honours, bloom'd with every bliss,  
Set up in ostentation, made the gaze,  
The gaudy centre, of the public eye;  
When *Fortune* thus has toss'd her child in air,  
Snatcht from the covert of an humble state,  
How often have I seen him dropt at once,  
Our morning's envy, and our evening's sigh!  
As if her bounties were the signal given,  
The flowery wreath to mark the sacrifice,  
And call *Death's* arrows on the destin'd prey."

Young, *Complaint*, N. v.

719. 20. "While music flows around,  
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours,  
Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears  
Her snaky crest: a quick-returning pang  
Shoots through the conscious heart."

Thomson, *Spring*, 997—1001.

"When you awake from this lascivious dream,  
Repentance then will follow, like the sting  
Plac'd in the adder's tail."

Webster, *Vittoria Corombona*, act ii.

Wolsey's good wishes, like those of Turnus, came  
too late:

"Farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness!  
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms  
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:  
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;  
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,  
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd  
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,



Pallas untouched; and when these spoils  
and day 721

He will regard with loathing. But his mates,  
With many a moan and tear, in crowds  
bring back

Thy Pallas on his buckler laid. O [thou],  
Doomed to thy parent to return, a pang  
And lofty honor! this, thy op'ning day,  
Vouchsafed thee to the battle; this, the same  
Away doth sweep thee, when thou, ne'er-  
theless,

Colossal heaps of Rutuli dost leave!

Nor now [mere] rumor of calamity 730  
So grievous, but a surer voucher wings  
Its way t' Æneas,—that his [comrades] stood  
In death's straiter crisis; that [high] time it was  
To aid the routed Teucri. Down he mows

This many summers in a sea of glory,  
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride  
At length broke under me; and now has left me,  
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy  
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.  
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!  
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh! how wretched  
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours.  
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;  
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again."

Shakespeare, *K. Henry VIII.*, iii. 2.

But Fletcher makes Dioclesian wiser:

Suppose this done, or were it possible  
I could rise higher still, I am a man;  
And all these glories, empires heap'd upon me,  
Confirm'd by constant friends and faithful guards,  
Cannot defend me from a shaking fever,  
Or bribe the uncorrupted dart of Death  
To spare me one short minute. Thus adorn'd  
In these triumphant robes, my body yields not  
A greater shadow than it did when I  
Liv'd both poor and obscure; a sword's sharp  
point

Enters my flesh as far; dreams break my sleep,  
As when I was a private man; my passions  
Are stronger tyrants on me; nor is greatness  
A saving antidote to keep me from  
A traitor's poison. Shall I praise Fortune,  
Or raise the building of my happiness  
On her uncertain favour? or presume  
She is my own, and sure, that yet was never  
Constant to any?"

*The Prophetess*, iv. 5.

"Prosperity!—a harlot,  
That smiles but to betray! O shining ruin!  
Thou nurse of passions, and thou bane of virtue!  
O self-destroying monster! that art blind,  
Yet put'st out Reason's eye, that still should guide  
thee,—

Then plungeth down some precipice unseen,  
And art no more! Hear me, all-gracious Heaven!  
Let me wear out my small remains of life;  
Obscure, content with humble poverty,  
Or in Affliction's hard but wholesome school,  
If it must be:—I'll learn to know myself,  
And that's more worth than empire. But, O  
Heaven,

Curse me no more with proud prosperity."

Hughes, *The Siege of Damascus*, v. 2.

Each nearest [object] with his sword, and  
through

The wide-spread army forces, [all] afire,  
A passage with the steel, in quest of thee,  
O Turnus, of thy recent slaughter proud.

Pallas, Evander,—in his very eyes  
Are all,—the boards which first, a stranger,  
he 740

Just then approached, and right hands  
granted. Here,

In Sulmo sired, four youths, as many more,  
Which Ufens rears, he grasps alive, whom he  
May butcher, off'ring to his shades, and  
drench

With captive blood the blazes of his pyre.  
He next at Magus from afar had launched  
A hostile spear. In craft the other stoops;  
But, quiv'ring over him, the javelin flies;  
And he, his knees embracing, utters such  
Right humbly: "By the Manes of thy sire  
And rising Iulus' hopes, I thee entreat, 751  
This life preserve alike for son and sire.  
A stately house I own; there lie within  
Of graven silver talents buried deep;

744. "They come like sacrifices in their trim,  
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,  
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:  
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,  
Up to the ears in blood."

Shakespeare, *1 K. Henry IV.*, iv. 1.

754. "Would you corrupt our valour with your coin?  
Or do you think the Spaniard is so poor,  
A little gold can make him sell his honour?  
No! were your streets through stoned with  
diamonds,  
And you should dig them up to bring them hither;  
Or were your houses, in the stead of slate,  
Covered with silver, and yourselves prepared  
To tear it off, and give it unto us:  
Nay, were your walls of purest chrysolite,  
And pulled beside their bounds for our own use,  
Yet would we scorn all this, and ten times more;  
For we count honour sweetness of dominion:  
'Tis lordship that we come for, and to rule,  
More worth than millions."

Webster, *The Weakest goeth to the Wall*, ii. 1.

"Say, though thy heart be rock of adamant,  
Yet rocks are not impregnable to bribes:  
Instruct me how to bribe thee."

Dryden, *Don Sebastian*, iii. 1.

"When now the thunder roars, the lightning flies,  
And all the warring winds tumultuous rise;  
When now the foaming surges, tost on high,  
Disclose the sands beneath, and touch the sky;  
When Death draws near, the mariners aghast  
Look back with terror on their actions past;  
Their courage sickens into deep dismay,  
Their hearts, through fear and anguish, melt  
away.

Nor tears, nor prayers, the tempest can appease;  
Now they devote their treasure to the seas;  
Unload their shatter'd bark, though richly  
fraught,  
And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought  
With gems and gold: but oh, the storm so high!  
Nor gems nor gold the hopes of life can buy."

Young, *Last Day*, b. i.

Burdens of wrought and unwrought gold  
are mine.

The Teucrî's conquest does not hinge on this;  
Nor will one life so wide a diff'rence cause."

He spoke. To whom Æneas in reply  
Such-like returns: "Of silver and of gold  
The many talents, which thou namest, spare  
For thy own sons. These bargainings of war  
Hath Turnus been the first to abrogate, 762  
From th' instant of my Pallas being slain.

The Manes of my sire Anchises this,  
This thinks Iulus." Having spoken thus,  
The helmet he engrasps in his left hand,  
And in his neck bowed backward, as he sues,  
His falchion plunges to the hilt. Not far  
Hæmonides, of Phœbus and of Trivia priest,  
Whose brows a fillet with its holy band 770  
Environed, all in glitter with his robe  
And with distinguished arms: encount'ring  
whom,

He drives him through the plain, and  
standing o'er

The fallen, offers him a sacrifice,  
And shrouds him in vast shade; his gathered  
arms

Serestus on his shoulders carries back,  
A trophy, king Gradivus, [gift] to thee.  
From Vulcan's stock begotten, Cæculus,  
And Umbro, coming from the Marsi's  
mounts,

Rally the ranks. The son of Dardanus 780  
Against them rages. He had with the sword  
Anxur's left hand, and, wholly with its steel,  
His buckler's rim, struck off:—he some-  
thing big

Had uttered, and supposed that in the  
speech

There lay [some] virtue, and to heav'n his  
soul

Was haply lifting up, and hoary hairs  
And length of years t' himself had guaran-  
teed:

Tarquitus, leaping out on th' other side  
In sparkling arms, whom Dryope, the  
nymph,

Had borne to Faunus, haunter of the  
woods, 790

Exposed himself to meet the fiery [chief]:  
The other hampers with his indrawn lance  
His coat of mail, and buckler's mountain  
load.

768. This is an uncommon, if not a solitary, example of *applico* (v. 536) being joined with an ablative. Some translators consider *cervice* to be in the absolute case; and perhaps it may be so; but then an ellipse must be the consequence, which they differ in supplying. If this view of the construction be preferred, the passage must be otherwise rendered:

"And as the suitor's neck is backward bent," &c.

His head, then, as he begs in vain, and  
many a word

Prepares to say, he tumbles to the ground,  
And, rolling on the blood-warm trunk, he  
these

Above it from a hostile bosom speaks:

"Lie there now, O redoubtable! Not thee  
Shall thy most worthy mother hearse in  
earth,

And with a barrow of thy native land 800  
Thy limbs encumber. To the savage fowls  
Shalt thou be left; or, sunken in the gulf,  
The surge shall sweep thee off, and fish,  
unfed,

Thy wounds shall lick." Antæus straight,  
and Lucas,

Head champion-men of Turnus, he pur-  
sues;

Brave Numa, too, and Camers yellow  
[-haired],

From high-souled Volscens sprung, who  
was in land

The richest of Ausonia's sons, and reigned  
O'er still Amyclæ. Like Ægeon, who,  
They tell us, had a hundred arms, and  
hands 810

A hundred, and that from his fifty mouths  
And bosoms blazed there forth a flame,  
what time

Against Jove's levins he with equal shields  
So many clanged, unsheathed so many  
swords,

Thus o'er the plain thro'out Æneas storms,  
A conqueror, when once his sword-point  
warmed.

Lo! e'en against Niphæus' four-yoked  
steeds,

And their confronted chests, he marches  
on;

And when they saw him taking lengthful  
strides,

And raging awfully, wheeled round with  
fright, 820

And dashing back, e'en fling they out the  
chief,

And hurry off the chariot to the shores.

794. "Yet loe! the seas I see by often beating  
Doe pearce the rockes; and hardest marble weares;  
But his hard rocky hart for no entreating  
Will yield, but, when my piteous plaints he hears,  
Is hardned more with my abundant tears." *Spenser, F. Q., iv. 12, 7.*

But Marinell was only obdurate: Æneas was simply brutal.

801. Spenser represents the birds as looking out for the future corpse!

"Loe! loe already how the fowles in aire  
Doe flocke, awaiting shortly to obtayn  
Thy carcas for their pray, the guerdon of thy  
payn." *F. Q., ii. 6, 28.*

Meanwhile in car, with twain white coursers  
 yoked,  
 Leucagus on the midmost bears him down ;  
 His brother Liger too ; but with the reins  
 His brother sways the steeds, keen Leu-  
 cagus  
 His unsheathed falchion brandishes around.  
 As they are fuming with such fiery heat,  
 Æneas brooked them not : he rushes on,  
 And loomed a giant with a hostile spear.  
 T' whom Liger [cries] : " Not steeds of  
 Diomede, 831  
 Nor chariot of Achilles, thou dost see,  
 Or plains of Phrygia : now shall on these  
 grounds  
 The war's conclusion and thy life's be  
 deigned."  
 Such words from raving Liger widely fly :  
 But 'tis not words Troy's hero e'en prepares  
 In answer ; for a javelin on the foe  
 He hurls. As Leucagus, while o'er the  
 strokes  
 He's stooping forward, with his weapon  
 warned  
 His twain-yoked steeds ; while with left  
 foot advanced 840  
 He fits him for the fight ; the spear runs  
 through  
 The lowest borders of his beaming shield ;  
 Then pierces his left groin : flung from his  
 car,  
 About to die, he o'er the fields is rolled.  
 Whom good Æneas speaks in bitter terms :  
 " O Leucagus, no plodding flight of steeds  
 Thy car betrayed, or it have overturned  
 Unreal phantoms from thy foes. Thyself  
 Dost leave the chariot, vaulting from the  
 wheels."  
 These having spoken thus, the steeds he  
 seized. 850  
 His hapless brother stretched his feeble  
 hands,  
 Fall'n from the selfsame chariot : " By  
 thyself,  
 By parents thine, who such have thee  
 begot,  
 O Trojan hero, leave to me this life,  
 And pity one who supplicates." To him  
 Æneas, as he pleads in further [terms] :  
 " Not such-like words thou late didst utter :  
 die !

845. Say what the commentators please, *pius* (v. 591) is an unhappy term to apply to this hard-hearted man ; at least, in the present instance. Leucagus would have said no more than the truth, if he had addressed him in the language of Gloucester to the two murderers :

" Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes fall tears." Shakespeare, *K. Richard III.*, i. 4.

And do not thou a brother, brother quit."  
 Then with the sword-point he unlocks his  
 breast,  
 The spirit's shroud. Such deaths through-  
 out the plains 860  
 The Dardan leader dealt, while raging on  
 In fashion of a sweeping stream, or inky  
 storm.  
 At last the boy Ascanius and the youth,  
 Besieged in vain, burst forth and leave the  
 camp.  
 Jove in the meanwhile Juno unaddressed  
 Accosts : " O sister mine, and thou the same  
 My dearest consort, as thou didst suppose,  
 Venus,—nor doth thy judgment thee mis-  
 lead,—  
 Upholds the Trojan powers ; with her  
 men  
 No right hand is there quick for war, and  
 soul 870  
 Of chivalry, and tolerant of risk."  
 T' whom crest-fall'n Juno : " Why, O fairest  
 spouse,  
 Dost vex me, sick at heart, and fearing thy  
 keen taunts ?  
 Would heav'n there were that power in my  
 love,  
 Which there was once, and which 'twas  
 right there was !  
 For this to me thou wouldest not deny,  
 O thou almighty, but that from the fray  
 I might be able Turnus to withdraw,  
 And keep him for his father Daunus safe.  
 Now let him perish, and to Teucer's sons  
 Discharge amercements with his duteous  
 blood. 881  
 Still he from our original derives  
 His title, and [within] the fourth [degree]  
 Pilumnus is his sire ; and often has he  
 heaped  
 Thy courts with lavish hand and many a  
 gift."  
 To whom the monarch of empyreal  
 heaven  
 Thus shortly spake : " If from immediate  
 death  
 Reprieve and respite for the falling youth  
 Be craved, and thou conceivest that I this  
 Should thus ordain : bear Turnus off in  
 flight, 890  
 And rescue him from his impending fates.  
 Thus far it is my pleasure thee t' indulge.  
 But if there any higher favor lurks  
 'Neath those entreaties, and the whole  
 campaign  
 Thou deemest can be shifted or be  
 changed ;—  
 Thou feedest idle hopes." And Juno [at  
 the speech]



Tears shedding : "What if thou in *mind*  
shouldst grant

What thou in *voice* declinest ; and, con-  
firmed

To Turnus, should this life abide ? Now  
waits

The guiltless [youth] a galling end ; or I,  
Mistaken in the truth, am swept along.

Wherein, Oh ! would that I were rather  
mocked 902

By groundless dread, and for the better  
thou,

Who 'rt able, would'st thy course begun  
reverse !"

When uttered she these words, from heav'n  
on high

Forthwith she flung her, driving through  
the air

A tempest, girdled with a cloud ; and  
sought

The Ilian army and Laurentine camp.

Then doth the goddess, of a hollow mist  
A ghost, thin, strengthless, in Æneas',

guise,— 910

A prodigy astounding to be seen !—

Trick out in Dardan arms ; and counter-  
feits

His shield, and helm-crests of his god-like  
head ;

Gives empty words, gives sound without a  
soul,

And represents the gait of one that walks :  
Such as the shapes, when death is under-  
gone,—

The legend goes,—flit to and fro ; or  
dreams,

897. Juno wished Jupiter to answer pretty much  
as the Groom replied to King Richard II.  
(Act v. 2) :

"What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall  
say ;"

holding, perhaps, with Suffolk, that

"Things are often spoke, and seldom meant."

2 *K. Henry VI.*, iii. 1.

916. "Such are those thick and gloomy shadows  
damp,

Off seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres

Lingering, and sitting by a new-made grave,

As loth to leave the body that it loved."

Milton, *Comus*.

Ford employs the notion with effect :

"Peace and sweet rest sleep here ! Let not the  
touch

Of this my impious hand profane the shrine

Of fairest purity, which hovers yet

About these blessed bones inhears'd within.

If in the bosom of this sacred tomb,

Bianca, thy disturbed ghost doth range,

Behold, I offer up the sacrifice

Of bleeding tears, shed from a faithful spring ;

Pouring oblations of a mourning heart

To thee, offended spirit." *Love's Sacrifice*, v. 4.

917. See note on *Æn.* vi. l. 398.!

Which drowsèd senses mock. But frisks  
about

The blithesome sprite before the leading  
lines,

And chafes with arms the hero, and with  
voice 920

Exasperates. On whom does Turnus press,

And from a distance hurls a hissing spear :

It, with its back presented, wheels its steps :

Then sooth as soon as ever Turnus thought

That, being turned away, Æneas yields,

And, [all] in tumult in his soul, vain hope

Drank in : "Æneas, whither dost thou fly ?

919. It is well known that there are in reality as  
treacherous phenomena as the phantom which de-  
luded Turnus, though not quite of the same kind.

"Perhaps, impatient as he stumbles on,  
Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,  
The wild-fire scatters round, or gather'd trails  
A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss ;  
Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,  
Now lost, and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,  
Rider and horse, amid the miry gulf :  
While still, from day to day, his pining wife  
And plaintive children his return await,  
In wild conjecture lost. At other times,  
Sent by the *better genius* of the night,  
Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,  
The meteor sits ; and shows the narrow path  
That winding leads through pits of death, or else  
Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford."

Thomson, *Autumn*.

Collins is more particular ; but it would seem  
that he drew his ideas from the poem of his friend  
just quoted :

"Let not dank Will mislead you to the heath :  
Dancing in mirky night, o'er fen and lake,  
He glows, to draw you downward to your death,  
In his bewitch'd, low, marshy willow brake !  
What though far off, from some dark dell espied,  
His glimmering mazes cheer th' excursive sight,  
Yet turn, ye wanderers, turn your steps aside,  
Nor trust the guidance of that faithless light.  
For watchful, lurking, 'mid the unrustling reed,  
At those mirk hours the wily monster lies,  
And listens off to hear the passing steed,  
And frequent round him rolls his sullen eyes,  
If chance his savage wrath may some weak wretch  
surprise."

*Ode on the Superstitions of the Highlands.*

927. "*Demetrius*. Lysander, speak again.  
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled ?  
Speak ! In some bush ? Where dost thou hide thy  
head ?

*Puck*. Thou coward ! art thou bragging to the  
stars,

Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,  
And wilt not come ? Come, recreant ; come, thou  
child ;

I'll whip thee with a rod : he is devil'd  
That draws a sword on thee.

*Demetrius*. Yea ; art thou there ?

*Puck*. Follow my voice : we'll try no manhood  
here.

*Lysander*. He goes before me, and still dares me  
on !

When I come where he calls, then he is gone.

The villain is much lighter heel'd than I :

I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly."

Shakespeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2.

Abandon not the plighted marriage-beds !  
With this right hand shall be vouchsafed  
the soil

Sought o'er the waves." He, shouting  
such, pursues, 930  
And brandishes his falchion-blade un-  
sheathed ;

Nor sees the breezes bear away his joys.  
By chance a galley, moored to th' eminence  
Of steepy rock, with stretched-out ladders,  
stood,

And gangway ready laid ; wherein the king  
Osinius was conveyed from Clusium's coasts.  
Hither, within its lurking-places, throws  
itself

The flurried phantom of Æneas taking  
flight.

Nor Turnus more inactive presses on,  
And obstacles surmounts, and springs across  
The lofty gangways. Scarce'd the prow he'd  
reached :— 941

Saturnia snaps the rope, and tows away  
The wretched vessel o'er the rolling seas.  
Then the light phantom now no further  
seeks

The lurking spots, but, soaring up aloft,  
Itself it blended with a pitchy cloud.  
But him, not present [there], Æneas calls  
To combat : he despatches down to death  
The many hero-bodies in his way.

When, in the meantime, on the midst of sea  
A storm sweeps Turnus off, he looks behind,  
Unconscious of events, and for escape 952  
Unthankful, and both hands, along with  
voice,

He stretches to the stars : " Almighty sire,  
Hast deemed me worthy of so grave a  
charge,

And willed that I such penalties should  
pay ?

Whither am I borne on ? Whence have I  
come ?

What speed shall bring me back, or [bring  
me] what [in fame] ?

Shall I once more Laurentum's walls and  
camp

Behold ? What of that band of heroes, who  
Me and my arms have followed ? all of  
whom— 961

O guilt !—in cursèd death have I forsook ?  
And now I see them straggling, and I hear

958. " My dear, dear lord,  
The purest treasure mortal times afford  
Is spotless reputation : that away,  
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.  
A jewel in a ten times barr'd-up chest  
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.  
Mine honour is my life ; both grow in one :  
Take honour from me, and my life is done."  
Shakespeare, *K. Richard II.*, i. 1.

The groan of those that fall. What is't I  
do ?

Or now what deep of earth can wide  
enough

Gape ope for me ? Ye rather, O ye winds,  
Have pity on me ! On the cliffs, on  
rocks,—

I, Turnus, heartily do you beseech,—  
My vessel force along, and let it drive  
Upon the felon shallows of the Syrt, 970  
Whither nor Rutuli, nor conscious Rumor,  
May follow me." As he these [words]  
repeats,

Now hither does he waver in his mind,  
Now thither :—whether he with point of  
sword

Should wildly stab himself, because of such  
His deep disgrace, and through his ribs  
drive home

The ruthless falchion ; or should fling him-  
self

Upon the centre of the waves, and seek  
The winding shores by swimming, and  
again

Return against the Teucric's arms. Three  
times 980

Either expedient he essayed ; three times  
The highest Juno checked him, and, the  
youth

Compassionating from her soul, restrained.

966. " On the ground  
Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold ground ; and oft  
Cursèd his creation : Death as oft accused  
Of tardy execution, since denounced  
The day of his offence. 'Why comes not Death,'  
Said he, 'with one thrice-acceptable stroke  
To end me ? Shall Truth fail to keep her word ?  
Justice divine not hasten to be just ?  
But Death comes not at call ; Justice divine  
Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.  
O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bowers !  
With other echo late I taught your shades  
To answer, and resound far other song.'"  
Milton, *P. L.*, b. x.

" Then hear me, Heaven, to whom I call for right,  
And you, fair twinkling stars, that crown the  
night ;

And hear me, woods, and silence of this place,  
And ye, sad hours, that move a sullen pace ;  
Hear me, ye shadows, that delight to dwell  
In horrid darkness, and ye powers of hell,  
Whilst I breathe out my last."

J. Fletcher, *The Faithful Shepherdess*, iv. 4.

The misery of Turnus may call to mind the ex-  
clamation of the unhappy Richard :

" O ! that I were as great  
As is my grief, or lesser than my name,  
Or that I could forget what I have been,  
Or not remember what I must be now."

Shakespeare, *K. Richard II.*, iii. 3.

973. " Talbot. My thoughts are whirled like a  
potter's wheel ;

I know not where I am, or what I do."

Shakespeare, *1 K. Henry VI.*, i. 5.

He glides, the sea-depths sundering, alike  
With surge and tide of favor, and is borne  
On to his father Daunus' ancient town.

But meanwhile, by the impulses of Jove,  
Mezentius, burning, to the fight succeeds,  
And on the Teucrians, as they exult,  
He charges. Run in mass the Tuscan  
troops, 990

And with all hate and crowding darts  
Upon one hero, [yea] on one, they rush.  
He,—like a cliff, which into ocean vast  
Juts out, exposed to frenzies of the winds,  
And open to the deep, bears all the brunt  
And threats alike of heav'n and of the sea,  
Itself abiding moveless:—Hebrus, son  
Of Dolichæon, fells to earth, with whom  
[He] Latagus and flying Palmus [slays]:  
But Latagus he with a rock, aye e'en 1000  
The mighty fragment of a mount, forestalls  
Upon the mouth and his confronted face:  
Palmus, with severed ham-string he allows  
Inactive to be tumbled, and his arms  
To Lausus on his shoulders grants to wear,  
And on his crest to plant his plumes.

Moreo'er,  
He fells Evanth the Phrygian, Mimas too,  
[Of] equal [age] with Paris, and his mate,  
Whom in one night Theano brought to light  
For Amycus his sire, and, pregnant with a  
torch, 1010

The queen Cisseis Paris: Paris rests  
[Tomb'd] in the city of his ancestors:  
Mimas, unknown, Laurentum's coast con-  
tains.

And like as, hounded by the fang of dogs  
From lofty mountains down, some famous  
boar,  
Whom piny Vesulus for many a year  
Bescreens, for many, too, the Laurent  
marsh,

Fed in the reedy forest, when he once  
Among the nets is come, has ta'en his  
stand,

And bellowed in his rage, and bristled up  
His shoulders; nor has one the hardi-  
hood 1021

To show his wrath, and nearer to ap-  
proach;

But him with darts and shoutings safe afar  
They ply: still he, undaunted, slowly turns  
Towards ev'ry quarter, gnashing with his  
tusks,

And from his side he shakes the lances  
down:

No otherwise, not one of those, to whom  
Mezentius was the cause of righteous wrath,  
Has courage to engage with sword un-  
sheathed;

With missiles from afar and lusty shout

They worry him. From Coryth's ancient  
bourns 1031

Had Acron come, a man [of] Grecian [line],  
An exile, leaving incomplete the rites  
Of marriage. Him when from afar he saw  
Discomfiting the central squadrons, gay  
In plumes and purple of his plighted bride:  
As oft a foodless lion, ranging o'er

The lofty stalls, (for madding hunger  
prompts,)

If haply he hath spied a flitting roe,  
Or hart with antlers tow'ring high, exults  
Hideously yawning, and hath raised his  
mane, 1041

And to the entrails, couching o'er them,  
clings;

The noisome gore bewets his felon jaws:  
So, eager hurtles on his serried foes  
Mezentius. Hapless Acron low is laid,  
And, dying, with his heels the murky ground  
He smites, and smears with blood the shat-  
tered darts.

And he, the same, deigned not to overthrow  
Orodes, as he's flying, nor to deal

A wound invisible with darted lance: 1050  
He meets him in his path and to his face,

And fell to the encounter man to man,  
Superior, not in guile, but gallant arms.

Then with his foot placed o'er him, stricken  
down,

And leaning on his spear: "Lies, warriors!  
[here]

No despicable portion of the war,  
The high Orodes." Following him, his  
mates

---

1036. Acron, though not deficient in bravery,  
would not have been quite to the taste of the poor  
Captain in Ford's *Unnatural Combat*. Speaking  
of his armor, he says:

"This hath past through  
A wood of pikes, and every one aimed at it,  
Yet scorn'd to take impression from their fury:  
With this, as still you see it, fresh and new,  
I've charg'd through fire that would have sing'd  
your sables,  
Black fox, and ermines, and changed the proud  
colour  
Of scarlet, though of the right Tyrian die.—  
But now, as if the *trappings made the man*,  
Such only are admir'd that come adorn'd  
With what's no part of them." Act iii. 3.

1037. "What if the lion in his rage I meet!—  
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet;  
And, fearful! oft when Day's declining light  
Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,  
By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,  
Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train:  
Before them Death with shrieks directs their way,  
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey."  
Collins, *Oriental Eclogues*, ii.

1052. "Blood hath bought blood, and blows have  
answer'd blows;  
Strength match'd with strength, and power con-  
fronted power." Shakespeare, *K. John*, ii. 2.



A joyful pæan in a chorus shout.  
But, dying, he : "Not over me, unwreaked,  
Nor long, shalt thou, whoe'er thou art, exult  
In conquest : equal destinies await 1061  
Thee, too, and soon thou'lt gripe the self-  
same fields."

To whom Mezentius, smiling with mixt rage :  
"Now perish ! But the father of the gods  
And king of men will see to me." As this  
He speaks, he wrenched the weapon from  
the corpse :

Stern rest and steely slumber press his orbs ;  
His eyes are shut in everlasting night.

1067. "Death is an equall doome  
To good and bad, the common in of rest."  
Spenser, *F. Q.*, ii. 1, 45.

Beautifully of sleep in life and health :

"The whyles his lord in silver slomber lay,  
Like to the evening starre adorn'd with dewy  
ray." *F. Q.*, vi. 7, 19.

Shakespeare, differently :

"Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep,  
With leaden legs and batty wings, doth creep."  
*Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2.

Dryden, of Charles II. :

"An iron slumber sat on his majestic eyes."  
*Threnodia Augustalis*.

1068. Perhaps *in*, v. 746, should be rendered by  
*for*.

"And when those pallid cheekes and ashe hew,  
In which sad Death his pourtraiture had writ,  
And when those hollow eyes and deadly view,  
On which the cloud of ghastly night did sit," &c.  
Spenser, *Daphnida*, iii. 2.

"Then going forth, and finding in his way  
A souldier of the watch, who sleeping lay,  
Enrag'd to see the wretch neglect his part,  
He strikes his sword into his trembling heart :  
The hand of death, and iron dulness, takes  
Those leaden eyes, which nat'rall ease forsakes."  
Sir John Beaumont, *Bosworth Field*.

"See, while I speak, high on her sable wheel  
Old Night advancing climbs the eastern hill :  
Troops of dark clouds prepare her way ; behold  
How their brown pinions, edg'd with evening  
gold,  
Spread shadowing o'er the house, and glide away,  
Slowly pursuing the declining day ;  
O'er the broad roof they fly their circuit still,  
Thus days before they did, and days to come  
they will ;

But the black cloud, that shadows o'er his eyes,  
Hangs there immovable, and never flies :  
Fain would I bid the envious gloom be gone ;  
Ah, fruitless wish ! how are his curtains drawn  
For a long evening that despair the dawn !"

Watts, *Lyric Poems*, b. iii. To the Memory  
of Gunston.

Gray uses the expression of Milton's blindness :

"The living throne, the sapphire-blaze  
Where angels tremble while they gaze,  
He saw ! but, blasted with excess of light,  
Clos'd his eyes in endless night."  
*The Progress of Poesy*, iii. 2.

Cædicus puts Alcathous to death,  
Sacrator [kills] Hydaspes ; Rapo, too, 1070  
Parthenius ; also, passing strong in might,  
Orses ; Messapus also Clonius [slays],  
And Ericetes of Lycaon [s line] ;  
*That*,—by the fall of his unruly steed,  
Lying on earth ;—a footman *this*,—on foot.  
And Lycian Agis had advanced in front :  
Whom, yet, not lacking of the bravery  
Of ancestors, doth Valerus o'erthrow ;  
While Salius Thronius [puts to death],  
Likewise Nealcæ Salius, in the dart 1080  
Distinguished, and the far deceiving bolt.

Now grisly Mars was balancing their  
woes

And mutual slaught'rings : slew alike and  
fell alike

The conq'rors and the conquered : flight  
was known

Neither to these, nor those. The deities  
Within the courts of Jove compassion feel  
For th' idle wrath of both, and that such  
deep

Distresses were [the lot] of mortal men :  
To this side Venus, on the other hand,  
To that, Saturnian Juno pays regard ; 1090  
The wan Tisiphone, among the midst  
Of thousands, is in fury. But, in sooth,  
Mezentius, shaking his prodigious spear,  
[All] in a tumult, marches on the field :  
As great Orion, when afoot he walks  
Through central Nereus' vasty floods, his  
path

Disparting, by his shoulder overtops  
The waves ; or, bringing down from moun-  
tain crests

An aged ash, both stalks upon the ground,  
And hides his head among the clouds :  
such-like 1100

"The torpid pow'rs  
Of heaviness weigh'd down my beamless eyes,  
And pressed them into night."

W. Thompson, *Sickness*, b. i.

"What mist weighs down  
My eyes already ! Oh, 'tis death, I see,  
In a long robe of darkness, is preparing  
To seal them up for ever."

Shirley, *Love's Cruelty*, v. 2.

"A mist hangs o'er mine eyes ; the sun's bright  
splendour  
Is clouded in an everlasting shadow."

Ford, *The Broken Heart*, v. 3.

1095. See note on *Æn.* iii. l. 931.

1096. "Forthwith upright he rears from off the  
pool  
His mighty stature ; on each hand the flames,  
Driven backward, slope their pointing spires, and,  
roll'd  
In billows, leave i' the midst a horrid vale."  
Milton, *P. L.*, b. i.

Mezentius bears him on in giant arms.  
 Æneas, on the other hand, prepares  
 To meet him in advance, as him he spied  
 In the long line. He undismayed remains,  
 His high-souled foe awaiting, and he stands  
 In his own bulk, and meting with his eyes  
 A range, far as sufficient for his spear :

“May my right hand, a deity to me,  
 And dart, which, ready to be launched, I  
 poise, 1109

Stand by me now ! ’Tis thee thyself that I,  
 O Lausus, hallow, mantled in the spoils,  
 Reft from the carcass of a pirate-knave,  
 A trophy of Æneas.” [Thus] he spake,  
 And from a distance flung the hissing lance :  
 But, flying, ’tis from off his buckler shot,  
 And far the excellent Antores spears  
 Between the side and loins ; Antores, mate  
 Of Hercules, who had, from Argi sent,  
 Held to Evander, and had settled down  
 In his Italian city. He is felled, 1120

Of evil fortune, by another’s wound,  
 And casts a look to heav’n, and, as he dies,  
 Recalls the charming Argi to his soul.  
 Then does the good Æneas throw his spear :  
 It through the hollow disk with triple bronze,  
 Through folds of canvas, and the work, in-  
 wove

With three bull[-hide]s, careered, and came  
 to rest

Deep in the groin : but carried on its force  
 No further. Quick his sword Æneas, blithe  
 At sight of Tuscan blood, tears from his  
 thigh, 1130

And hotly presses on his wildered [foe].  
 Lausus, when he beheld it, deeply groaned,  
 In his affection for his darling sire,

1109. “Disdayne he called was, and did disdayne  
 To be so cald, and who so did him call :  
 Sterne was his looke, and full of stomacke vayne ;  
 His portance terrible, and stature tall ;  
 Far passing th’ hight of men terrestriall ;  
 Like an huge gyant of the Titans rare ;  
 That made him scorne all creatures great and  
 small,

And with his pride all others powre deface :  
 More fitt amongst black fiendes then men to have  
 his place.” Spenser, *F. Q.*, ii. 7. 41.

“On th’ other side, Salarn, atm’d,  
 Collecting all his might, dilated stood,  
 Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremoved :  
 His stature reach’d the sky, and on his crest  
 Sat Horror plum’d ; nor wanted in his grasp  
 What seem’d both spear and shield.”  
 Milton, *P. L.*, b. iv.

1108. Mezentius was like Sansfoy :

“At last him chaunst to meete upon the way  
 A faithlesse Sarazin, all arme to point,  
 In whose great shield was writ with letters gay  
*Sans foy* ; full large of limbe and every ioint  
 He was, and cared not for God or man a point.”  
 Spenser, *F. Q.*, i. 2. 12.

And tears came o’er his features coursing  
 down.

Here, the disaster of thy grievous death,  
 And thy most glorious deeds, if any age  
 Will credit to so great a work extend,  
 I shall not sooth, nor thee shall I, O youth,  
 Deserving record, pass in silence by.  
 He, drawing back his foot, disabled e’en,  
 And hampered, was retreating, and the  
 hostile shaft 1141

Was trailing in his shield. Forth sprang  
 the youth,  
 And mingled him among their arms. And  
 now

He passed beneath Æneas’ falchion-point,  
 As with his right hand rises he on high,  
 And deals a blow, and him by checking  
 bore.

His comrades second him with lusty cheer,  
 While, guarded by the buckler of the son,  
 The sire withdrew ; and darts together hurl,  
 And from afar with missiles drive away 1150  
 The foe. Æneas fumes, and keeps himself  
 Ensconced. And as, if storms at times  
 With drifted hail swoop downward, from  
 the plains

Hath ev’ry ploughman ’scaped, and ev’ry  
 swain ;

And in a safe retreat the traveller hides,  
 Or by a river’s banks, or by a vault  
 Of tow’ring rock, while on the lands it rains,  
 That they may, on returning of the sun,  
 Be able to employ the day in toil :

1134. If attention to voice be insisted on, v. 790  
 may be rendered thus :

“And tears were forced in courses o’er his cheeks.”

1137. *Tanto operi* may fairly be looked upon as  
 a reference to the poem itself. It is like Virgil,  
 who, on the occasion of recording the feats of Nisus  
 and Euryalus, uses a similar expression : *si quid*  
*mea carmina possunt.*

1149. Guyomar says to his father Montezuma, in  
 Dryden’s *Indian Emperor* :

“Fly, sir, while I give back that life you gave,  
 Mine is well lost, if I your life can save.”

Act i. 2.

1153. “The sulphurous hail  
 Shot after us in storm, o’erblown, hath laid  
 The fiery surge that from the precipice  
 Of Heaven received us falling : and the thunder,  
 Wing’d with red lightning, and impetuous rage,  
 Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now  
 To below through the vast and boundless deep.”  
 Milton, *P. L.*, b. i.

1158. “As when from mountain tops the dusky  
 clouds

Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o’erspread  
 Heaven’s cheerful face, the lowering element  
 Scowls o’er the darken’d landskip snow, or shower ;  
 If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet  
 Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,  
 The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds  
 Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.”

*Ibid.*, b. ii.

Thus, overwhelmed by darts on ev'ry side,  
 Æneas bears the battle-storm, until 1161  
 All thunder clears away; and Lausus chides,  
 And Lausus threatens: "Whither, doomed  
     to die,  
 Dost rush, and darest [deeds] above thy  
     strength?  
 Thee, heedless [youth], thy piety mis-  
     leads."  
 Nor doth the other madly triumph less.  
 And higher rises now the felon rage  
 Of the Dardanian leader, and the Weirds  
 For Lausus gather up the last of threads.  
 For home Æneas drives his lusty sword  
 Through the youth's midriff, and deep hides  
     the whole. 1171  
 The falchion-point both traversed through  
     his shield,  
 The threat'ning [youth's] light armor, and  
     the frock  
 Which had his mother spun with ductile  
     gold;  
 And blood his bosom filled: then life  
     through air  
 Fled rueful to the Ghosts, and left the corse.

1169. See note on *Ecl.* iv. l. 62.

"But grant man happy; grant him happy long;  
 Add to life's prize her latest hour;  
 That hour, so late, is nimble in approach,  
 That, like a post, comes on in full career:  
 How swift the shuttle flies, that weaves thy  
     shroud!"

Gascoigne's *Greene Knight* would have wished  
 it had in his case:

"The fatal Sisters three,  
     Which spun my slender twine,  
 Knew wel how rotten was the yarne,  
     Frō whence they drew their line:  
 Yet haue they wouen the web,  
     With care so manifolde,  
 (Alas I woful wretch the while)  
     As any cloth can holde:  
 Yea though the theeds be cowrse,  
     And such as others lothe,  
 Yet must I wrap alwayes therin  
     My bones and body both;  
 And weare it out at length,  
     Which lasteth but too long:  
 O weauer, weauer, work no more;  
     Thy warp hath done me wrong."  
*Weedes: Complaint of the Greene Knight.*

Chaucer has a different image:

"For sikerly, whan I was borne, anon  
 Deth drow the tappe of lif, and let it gon:  
 And ever sith hath so the tappe yronne,  
 Till that almost all empty is the tonne."  
*Canterbury Tales: the Reve's Prologue.*

Shakespeare makes King John say:

"The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;  
 And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,  
 Are turned to one thread, one little hair:  
 My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,  
 Which holds but till thy news be uttered,  
 And then all this thou seest is but a clod,  
 And model of confounded royalty." Act. v. 7.

But when, in sooth, Anchises' offspring  
     saw

The face and features of the dying youth,—  
 Features in wondrous fashion waxing wan;  
 Compassionating him he deeply groaned,  
 And stretched his right hand forth, and to  
     his mind 1181

The picture of a father's love occurred.

"What now to thee, O piteous youth, for  
     these

Thy merits, what can good Æneas grant,  
 Worthy of such a noble nature? [These]  
     the arms

Wherein thou hast rejoiced, keep thine,  
     and thee

I to the ghosts and ashes of thy sires,—

If that have any interest,—resign.

Yet thou herewith, ill-starred, sad death  
     shalt cheer:—

By great Æneas' right hand thou dost fall."  
 Thereon he chides his loit'ring mates, and  
     lifts 1191

Him up from earth, defiling with his blood  
 His tresses, trimmed in customary form.

Meanwhile his sire at Tiber's river-wave  
 His wounds was stanching with its crystal-  
     streams,

And, leaning on a tree-bole, rested he his  
     frame.

Hangs from the boughs apart his helm of  
     bronze,

And on the mead his cumbrous arms repose.  
 Choice youths around him stand; he, faint  
     himself,

Gasping for breath, supports his neck, his  
     beard 1200

In forward culture flowing on his breast.  
 Of Lausus many a question does he ask,  
 And many a one he sends, to call him back  
 And bear the orders of his mourning sire.  
 But Lausus lifeless his companions bore  
 Upon his arms, in tears,—a mighty [youth],  
 And conquered by a mighty wound. A mind,  
 Of ill foresightful, understood afar  
 Their groan. His hoary hairs with plen-  
     teous dust

He mars, and stretches both his hands to  
     heaven, 1210

And fastens on the body: "O my son,  
 Hath such a whelming appetite for life  
 Held me, that I should in my stead allow  
 To take my place beneath the foe's right  
     hand

1190. So Olivia says:

"If one should be a prey, how much the better  
 To fall before the lion than the wolf!"  
 Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, iii. 1.

1202. "Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me  
     more." Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, i. 3.



Him whom I've sired? By these thy wounds  
am I,

Thy father, rescued, living by thy death?  
Now, welaway! to wretched me at length  
A hapless end! A wound now driven deep!  
I, son, the same, have stained thy name by  
guilt, 1219

From throne and sceptre of my fathers driven  
Through infamy. Had I a forfeit owed  
To native country and my [people's] hate,  
By every death would I myself had given  
My guilty spirit! Now I live, nor yet  
Mankind and light I leave!—but leave I  
will."

At once, while saying this, he lifts him up  
Upon his sickly thigh, and, though his  
strength

Foreslows him, owing to his deepsome  
wound,

He, not cast down, his charger bids be  
brought.

This was his pride, his comfort this; with  
this 1230

He issued conqueror from ev'ry war.

He speaks the mourning [steed], and in the  
like

Begins: "O Rhœbus, long,—if any thing  
Is long for mortal beings,—have we lived.  
Thou either conq'r shalt to-day bring back  
Those bloody trophies and Æneas' head,  
And of the pangs of Lausus venger be  
With me; or, if no pow'r disclose a way,  
Along with me shalt die. For deem not I,  
O thou most gallant [horse], that thou wilt  
deign 1240

To brook outlandish rules and Trojan  
lords."

He said; and, on his back received, [there]  
placed

His wonted limbs, and laded both his hands  
With pointed jav'lins, glitt'ring on his head

1216. "No tomb shall hold thee  
But these two arms, no trickments but my tears;  
Over thy hearse my sorrows, like sad arms,  
Shall hang for ever; on the toughest marble  
Mine eyes shall weep thee out an epitaph:  
Love at thy feet shall kneel, his smart bow broken,  
Faith at thy head, Youth and the Graces mourners:  
Oh, sweet young man!"

Fletcher, *The Mad Lover*, v. 4.

1232. See note on *Æn.* iv. l. 101, and xi. l. 127.

1242. Only for his wound, the following quotation  
might be appropriate:

"I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,  
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,  
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,  
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,  
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,  
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,  
And witch the world with noble horsemanship."  
Shakespeare, *1 K. Henry IV.*, iv. 1.

With bronze, and bristling with a horse-  
hair plume.

Thus on the midmost, fleet, he sped his  
course.

Seethes mighty shame within a single heart,  
And a deliriousness with mingled woe,  
And love by Furies racked, and conscious  
worth.

And here Æneas thrice with lusty voice  
He called. Him sooth Æneas knew, and  
glad 1251

He prays: "So grant that mighty sire of  
gods!

So high Apollo! To engage the hand  
Do thou begin." He uttered only this;  
And goes to meet him with a hostile spear.  
But he: "How scare you me, thrice-brutal  
[wretch],

My son rest from me? This was th'only way,  
Whereby you could destroy. Nor dread we  
death,

Nor any of the deities we spare.

Surcease! I now am coming, doomed to die,  
And these my gifts to thee I carry first."

1256. What Caraza says to Irene might have  
been applied to Mezentius:

"While unavailing anger crowds thy tongue  
With idle threats and fruitless exclamation,  
The fraudulent moments ply their silent wings,  
And steal thy life away. Death's horrid angel  
Already shakes his bloody sabre o'er thee."  
Johnson, *Irene*, v. 9.

1258. "And why not death, rather than living tor-  
ment?

To die is to be banished from myself,  
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,  
Is self from self; a deadly banishment.  
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?  
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?  
Unless it be to think that she is by,  
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.  
Except I be by Silvia in the night,  
There is no music in the nightingale;  
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,  
There is no day for me to look upon.  
She is my essence; and I leave to be,  
If I be not by her fair influence  
Foster'd, illum'd, cherish'd, kept alive.  
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:  
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;  
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life."  
Shakespeare, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iii. 1.

"Why stare ye on me?

You cannot put on faces to affright me:  
In death I am a king still, and contemn ye.  
Where is that governor? Methinks his manhood  
Should be well pleas'd to see my tragedy,  
And come to bathe his stern eyes in my sorrows:  
I dare him to the fight; bring his scorns with him,  
And all his rugged threats."

Fletcher, *The Island Princess*, ii. 5.

"The sense of death is most in apprehension,  
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,  
In corporal sufferance finds a pang, as great  
As when a giant dies."  
Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure*, iii. 1.

He said, and whirled a jav'lin on the foe ;  
And after that moreover fastens firm 1263  
Another, and another, and he flies  
In spacious circuit : but the golden boss  
Supports them. Thrice around him, as he  
stands,

He rode in circles to the left, his darts  
Forth launching from his hand ; thrice with  
himself

The Trojan hero a prodigious wood  
Bears round upon his canopy of bronze.  
Then, when it irks him to have eked delays  
So many, darts so many to uproot, 1272  
And, being in unequal fight engaged,  
Is harassed : stirring many [a thought] in  
mind,

Now bursts he forth at last, and [right] be-  
tween

The war-steed's hollow brows he hurls a  
spear.

The quadruped rears upright, and the air  
Smites with its heels, and, following itself  
Upon the top of th' horseman, pitched  
abroad, 1279

Encumbers him, and, falling on its face,  
On him, unseated, with its shoulder lies.  
Trojans alike and Latins with a yell

1267. "Alexander. Was I a woman, when, like  
Mercury,  
I left the walls to fly amongst my foes,  
And, like a baited lion, dyed myself  
All over with the blood of those bold hunters ;  
Till, spent with toil, I battled on my knees,  
Plucked forth the darts, that made my shield a  
forest,  
And hurled them back with most unconquered  
fury !" Lee, *The Rival Queens*, iv. 2.

Set heav'n afire. Æneas to him flies,  
And from its scabbard draws his falchion  
forth,  
And o'er him these : "Where now Me-  
zentius fierce,  
And that wild force of soul ?" On th' other  
hand,

The Tuscan, when, upgazing to the air,  
He drank in heaven, and recovered thought :  
"O bitter foeman, why dost thou upbraid  
And threaten death ? In shedding of my  
blood— 1290

No crime ; nor have I on these terms  
To battle come ; nor hath my Lausus struck  
These covenants on my behalf with thee.  
This one thing by [the grace],—if any grace  
There is for conquered enemies,—I crave :  
That thou would'st let my corse be hearsed  
in earth.

I know my [subjects'] bitter hate besets :  
This rage, I pray, ward off, and grant that I  
May be my son's co-partner in the grave."  
These speaks he, and, not unaware, receives  
Within his throat the falchion, and his life  
Spurts forth upon his arms with waving  
gore. 1302

1296. "O, father abbot !  
An old man, broken with the storms of state,  
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;  
Give him a little earth for charity."  
Shakespeare, *K. Henry VIII.*, iv. 2.

1302. There were some redeeming points in the  
character of Mezentius ; so that, if he had not been  
so irreligious and cruel, he might have deserved the  
wish of Queen Katherine for Wolsey :

"So may he rest : his faults lie gently on him !"

## BOOK XI.

MEANWHILE Aurora rising ocean left.  
Æneas, though alike sollicitudes  
Hurry him forward to devote the time  
To burying his comrades, and his mind  
Is troubled at their death, the offerings due  
To deities, as conqueror, he paid  
At th' infant Dawn. A giant oak, its boughs  
On all sides lopped away, upon a knoll  
He reared, and tricks it out in gleaming  
arms,  
Spoils from the general Mezentius stript,  
To thee a trophy, puissant lord of war. 11

Line 11. Glover well describes the erection of a  
trophy :

"Green Psittalia there  
Full opposite exhibits, high and large,  
A new erected trophy. Twenty masts

Thereto does he adjust the hero's plumes,  
With blood distilling, and his shattered  
darts,

Appear, the tallest of Phœnician pines,  
In circular position. Round their base  
Are massive anchors, rudders, yards, and oars,  
Irregularly pil'd, with beaks of brass,  
And naval sculpture from barbarian stems,  
Stupendous by confusion. Crested helms  
Above, bright mail, habergeons scal'd in gold  
And figur'd shields along the spiry wood,  
Up to th' aerial heads in order wind,  
Tremendous emblems of gigantic Mars.  
Spears, bristling through the intervals, uprear  
Their points obliquely : gilded staves project  
Embroider'd colours ; darts and arrows hang  
In glittering clusters. On the topmost height  
Th' imperial standard broad, from Asia won,  
Blaz'd in the sun, and floated in the wind."  
*Athenaid*, b. xvii.

His cuirass also, point of aim, and pierced  
In twice six places, and his targe of bronze  
He fastens to the left side underneath,  
And hangs his sword of iv'ry from the  
neck.

His comrades then,—for all the crowded  
staff

Of chieftains closed him in,—beginning thus,  
And heartens in their triumph : “ An event  
Of deepest moment is, O warriors, brought  
to pass ; 21

All fear avant in what remains ! these be  
The spoils and first-fruits of a haughty  
prince ;

And in my hands here stands Mezentius.  
Now

There is a passage for us to the king  
And walls of Latium. Get ye ready arms ;  
With courage and with hope forestall the  
war ;

Least any obstacle, while unaware,  
When first the heav'nly powers shall allow  
To pluck the standards up, and march the  
youth 30

From out th' encampment, may embarrass  
you ;

Or purpose stay you, listless through alarm.  
Meanwhile let us to earth commit our mates,  
And their unburied corse, which alone  
The honor is 'neath lowest Acheron.

Go ye,” saith he ; “ the passing noble souls,  
Who have by their own blood this country  
won

For us, do ye with latest duties grace ;  
And to Evander's mourning city first  
Let Pallas be conveyed, whom lacking not  
Of prowess, hath a day of darkness reft, 41  
And in untimely dissolution plunged.”

Thus speaks he weeping, and withdraws  
his step

40. “ Let us go find the body where it lies,  
Soak'd in his enemies' blood ; and from the stream  
With lavers pure, and cleansing herbs, wash off  
The clotted gore. I, with what speed the while,  
(Gaza is not in plight to say us nay),  
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,  
To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend  
With silent obsequy, and funeral train,  
Home to his father's house.”

Milton, *Samson*, end.

41. “ O grief ! and could one day  
Have force such excellence to take away ?  
Could a swift flying moment, ah ! deface  
Those matchless gifts, that grace,  
Which art and nature had in thee combin'd  
To make thy body paragon thy mind ?  
Hath all pass'd like a cloud,  
And doth eternal silence now them shroud ?  
Is that, so much admir'd, now naught but dust,  
Of which a stone hath trust ?  
O change ! O cruel change ! thou to our sight  
Show'st the Fates' rigour equal to their might ?”  
Drummond, *Sonnets, &c.*, ii. 13, 4.

To [his own] thresholds, where, laid out, the  
corse

Of lifeless Pallas old Acœtes watched ;  
Who to Evander of Parrhasia erst  
Was armor-bearer ; but with auspices,  
Not equally propitious, then assigned 48  
The guardian to a darling son, he marched.  
Around e'en all the band of servants [stood],  
And throng of Trojans, and the Ilian dames,  
With mourning locks, in customary form  
Let loose. But when Æneas passed inside  
The stately gates, a mighty groan do they  
With smitten bosoms to the stars upraise,  
And with a wail of woe the palace rang.  
Himself, when snow-like Pallas' cushioned  
head

And face he saw, and in his glossy breast  
The yawning wound of the Ausonian lance,  
On this wise speaks with springing tears :  
“ Hath thee,” 60

He cries, “ O pitiable youth, what time  
She came propitious, Fortune grudged to  
me ;

That thou our kingdoms mightest not  
behold,

Nor conq'r to thy father's seat be borne ?  
'Twas not these pledges of thee to thy sire,  
Evander, at departing I had given,  
When, me embracing as I went away,  
He sent me to acquire a mighty rule,

51. “ Infinite ben the sorwes and the teres  
Of olde folk, and folk of tendre yeres,  
In all the toun for deth of this Theban :  
For him ther wepeth bothe childe and man.  
So gret a weping was ther now certain,  
Whan Hector was ybrought, all fresh yslain  
To Troy, alas ! the pitee that was there,  
Cratching of chekes, rending eke of here.”  
Chaucer, *The Knights Tale*.

60. “ And she believes . . . i . e .  
That you are dead ; and as she now scorn'd lif'e,  
Death lends her cheeks his paleness, and her eyes  
Tell down their drops of silver to the earth,  
Wishing her tears might rain upon your grave,  
To make the gentle earth produce some flower  
Should bear your names and memories.”  
Shirley, *The Grateful Servant*, iii. 3.

62. “ But what we couet most  
or chiefest holde in price,  
With greedie gripe of darting death  
is reaved with a trice.

“ The cruell Sisters three  
were all in one agreede,  
To let the spindle runne no more  
but shrid the fatal threede.

“ And Fortune, (to expresse  
What swing and sway she bare,)  
Allowde them leaue to vse their force  
vpon this Jewell rare.

“ Thus hath the Welkin wunne,  
and we a losse sustaine :  
Thus hath hir corse a Vaute found out,  
hir sprite the Heauens gaine.”  
Turberville, *On the Death of Elizabeth Arkhunde*.



And, fearing, warned me that the men were  
fierce ;

That with a hardy nation were the frays.

And now he, sooth, deep-duped by idle  
hope, 71

Is peradventure e'en discharging vows,

And piling up high altars with his gifts :

We [this] unbreathing youth, and one that  
now

Owes naught to any of the heav'nly powers,

Attend in sorrow with a fruitless pomp.

Ill-starred ! Thy son's heart-rending funeral

Shalt thou behold ! Can these be our  
returns,

And looked-for triumphs ? This my lofty  
trust ?

But thou, Evander, shalt not look on him,

[As one] discomfited by shameful wounds ;

Nor thou a father for a son unhurt 82

A death accursed shalt desire. Ah me !

How great a bulwark, O Ausonia [thou],

How great dost thou, too, O Iulus, lose !"

When these in tears he ended, he com-  
mands

The piteous corse to be upraised, and sends

A thousand men from all the army culled,

The closing ceremony to attend,

And in his father's tears to bear a part : 90

A scanty comfort for a mighty grief,

But to a wretched father due. Not slow

Weave hurdles others, and a pliant bier,

Of arbut switches and of oaken twig,

And with a canopy of leaf o'ershade

84. "So have I seen some tender slip  
Saved with care from winter's nip,  
The pride of her carnation train,  
Plucked up by some unheedy swain,  
Who only thought to crop the flower  
New shot up from vernal shower :  
But the fair blossom hangs the head  
Sideways, as on a dying bed,  
And those pearls of dew, she wears,  
Prove to be presaging tears,  
Which the sad morn had let fall,  
On her hastening funeral." Milton, *Odes*.

"Young Damon of the vale is dead,  
Ye lowland hamlets, moan ;  
A dewy turf lies o'er his head,  
And at his feet a stone.

"His shroud, which Death's cold damps destroy,  
Of snow-white threads was made :  
All mourn'd to see so sweet a boy  
In earth for ever laid.

"Pale pansies o'er his corpse were plac'd,  
Which, pluck'd before their time,  
Bestrew'd the boy, like him to waste,  
And wither in their prime.

"But will he ne'er return, whose tongue  
Could tune the rural lay ?  
Ah, no ! his bell of peace is rung,  
His lips are cold as clay."

Collins, *Song*, end of Poems.

The high-raised couch. On rustic litter here  
The youth they lay aloft : just like a flower,  
Dissevered by the finger of a maid,

Either of violet soft, or drooping martagon,  
Whose brilliance not as yet hath passed away,

Nor yet its beauteousness : no more does  
earth, 101

Its mother, foster it and strength purvey.

Then vestures twain, stiff both with gold  
and dye

Of purple, forth Æneas brought, the which  
for him,

Blithe at her travails, had with her own  
hands,

Herself Sidonian Dido whilom made,

And with thin gold diversified the web.

In one of these the youth in sorrow he

Arrays, the closing honor ; and his hair,

About to burn, he muffles in a veil ; 110

And many a prize of the Laurentine war

Moreo'er he piles, and orders that the spoil

In lengthful train be led. He adds the steeds

And arms, which he had from the foeman  
stript.

And he had bound behind their backs  
their hands,

Whom he might send as off'rings to his  
shades,

With butchered blood about to dew the  
flame ;

He orders, too, the chiefs themselves to  
bring

Tree-boles, in armor of their foes arrayed,

And that their hostile names should be  
engraved. 120

Ill-starred Acœtes, spent with age, is led,  
His breasts now marring with closed hands,  
his face

Now with his nails ; and he is prostrate laid,  
Full length flung forward on the earth.

And they  
Lead on the chariots, with Rutulian blood

Bespattered. Next, its trappings laid aside,

His war-steed Æthon weeping goes, and  
wets

98. Spenser introduces "a less merciful despoiler  
of floral beauties :

"Great enemy to it, and t' all the rest  
That in the Garden of Adonis springs,  
Is wicked Time ; who with his scyth address  
Does mow the flowing herbes and goodly things,  
And all their glory to the ground downe flings,  
Where they do wither and are fowly mard :  
Ne flies about, and with his flaggy wings  
Beates downe both leaves and buds without  
regard,  
Ne ever pittie may relent his malice hard."  
*Faerie Queene*, iii. 6, 39.

127, 8. It is well known that some animals shed  
tears in distress ; but who ever heard of a weeping

With bulky drops its cheeks. His spear  
and helm  
Bear others ; for the conq'ring Turnus holds  
the rest.

A mournful squadron then, both Teucrians,  
And Tyrrhenes, and Arcadians, follow, all  
With arms inverted. After all the train  
Of the attendants far ahead had marched,  
Æneas halted, and these [words] subjoined  
With groaning deep : " To tears for others,  
hence

135

The same dread fates of battle call us off.  
Most noble Pallas ! fare thee well, to me

horse ? The British poets continually allude to the  
dying sorrows of the stag :

" His once so vivid nerves,

So full of buoyant spirit, now no more  
Inspire the course ; but fainting breathless toil,  
Sick, seizes on his heart : he stands at bay ;  
And puts his last weak refuge in despair.  
The big round tears run down his dappled face ;  
He groans in anguish : while the growling pack,  
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,  
And mark his beauteous checker'd sides with  
gore."

Thomson, *Autumn*.

" Rouse ye the lofty stag, and with my bell-horn  
Ring him a knell, that all the woods shall mourn  
him,

Till, in his funeral tears, he fall before me."

J. Fletcher, *Beggar's Bush*, iii. 4.

135.

" Oh, my heart

Is witness how I lov'd him ! Would he had not  
Led me unto his grave, but sacrific'd  
His sorrows upon mine ! He was my friend,  
My noble friend ; I will bewail his ashes :  
His fortunes and poor mine were born together,  
And I will weep 'em both : I will kneel by him,  
And on his hallow'd earth do my last duties ;  
I'll gather all the pride of spring to deck him ;  
Woodbines shall grow upon his honour'd grave,  
And, as they prosper, clasp to show our friendship,  
And, when they wither, I'll die too."

J. Fletcher, *The Lovers' Progress*, iv. 3.

137. Tickell, in his beautiful poem *On the Death*  
*of Addison*, says :

" Can I forget the dismal night that gave  
My soul's best part for ever to the grave ?  
How silent did his old companions tread,  
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,  
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,  
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of  
kings !

What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire,  
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir ;  
The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate paid ;  
And the last words that dust to dust convey'd !  
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,  
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend.  
O, gone for ever ! take this long adieu ;  
And sleep in peace next thy lov'd Montague.

" Farewell the hopes of Britain !

Thou royal graft, farewell for ever ! Time and  
Death,  
Ye have done your worst. Fortune, now see, now  
proudly

Pluck off thy veil, and view thy triumph ! Look,  
Look what thou hast brought this land to ! O,  
fair flower,

For ever, and for ever fare thee well !"

Nor further speaking, to the lofty walls

He marched, and moved his footstep to  
the camp. 140

And now came envoys from the Latin  
town,

With boughs of olive decked, and craving  
grace :—

That he the bodies, which along the plains

Lay scattered by the falchion, would restore,

And let them pass beneath a mound of earth:

That strife there could be none with con-  
quered men,

And those devoid of breath : that he would  
spare

Who once were titled hosts and sires of  
brides.

Whom, suing in no despicable prayers,

The good Æneas with the grace presents,

And these in words moreover he subjoins :

" Pray what unworthy chance hath you  
involved, 152

O ye Latini, in so sharp a war,

Who us decline as friends ? Crave ye of me

Peace for the dead, and slain by chance of  
Mars ?

I sooth would grant it to the living too ;

Nor had I come, save fates a place and  
home

Had deigned. Nor is it with your race  
that I

Am waging war : the king hath hospitage

With us forsook, and rather placed his trust

On arms of Turnus. Fairer had it been

For Turnus to expose him to this death.

If with his hand to terminate the war, 163

If to eject the Teucri, he prepares,

It had been meet that in these arms with me

He should engage : he would have lived,  
to whom

The god or his right hand had granted life.

How lovely yet thy ruins show, how sweetly  
Even Death embraces thee ! The peace of Heaven,  
The fellowship of all great souls, be with thee !"  
Beaumont and Fletcher, *Bonduca*, v. 5.

145.

" No, great king :

I come to thee for charitable license,

That we may wander o'er this bloody field,

To look our dead, and then to bury them ;

To sort our nobles from our common men ;

For many of our princes,—woe the while !

Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood :

So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs

In blood of princes, and their wounded steeds

Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage

Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters

Killing them twice. O ! give us leave, great king

To view the field in safety, and dispose

Of their dead bodies."

Shakespeare, *K. Henry V.*, iv. 7.

157. The perfect here, v. 112, would be intoler-

able.

Now go, and fire do ye apply beneath  
Your hapless countrymen." Æneas said.  
In wonder were they stricken dumb, and  
kept <sup>170</sup>

Their eyes and faces on each other turned.  
Then Drances aged, and aye with hate and  
charge

To youthful Turnus hostile, thus in turn  
[These] op'ning accents utters with his lips:  
"O great by rumor, greater by thine arms,  
Thou Trojan hero, by what lauds should I  
Thee level bring with heaven? Or at thee  
Should marvel rather for thy righteousness,  
Or toils of war? We sooth will these  
[replies]

T' our native city thankfully take home,  
And thee, if any fortune shall vouchsafe  
The path, to king Latinus will unite: 182  
Let Turnus look for treaties for himself!  
Yea too, thy walls' predestinated piles  
To raise, and on our shoulders to upbear  
The stones of Troja, will be our delight."  
These spake he, and they all with single  
voice

Shouted assent. [An armistice] they framed  
For twice six days, and in the mediate  
truce,

Thro'out the forests on the mountain brows,  
The Teucri and the Latins, mingled, ranged

172. "Man, hard of heart to man! Of horrid  
things

Most horrid! 'Mid stupendous, highly strange!  
Yet oft his courtesies are smother wrongs;  
Pride brandishes the favour he confers,  
And contemptuous his humanity:  
What then his vengeance? Hear it not, ye stars!  
And thou, pale moon! turn paler at the sound:  
Man is to man the sorest, surest ill.

A previous blast foretells the rising storm;  
O'erwhelming turrets threaten ere they fall;  
Volcanoes bellow ere they disembody;  
Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws devour;  
And smoke betrays the wide-consuming fire:  
Ruin from man is most conceal'd when near,  
And sends the dreadful tidings in the blow."

Young, *The Complaint*, N. iii.

"Or wouldst thou change the scene, and quit the  
den,

Behold the Heav'n-deserted fen,  
Where spleen, by vapours dense begot and bred,  
Hardness of heart and heaviness of head,  
Have raised their darksome walls, and placed  
their thorny bed;

There may'st thou all thy bitterness unload,  
There may'st thou croak in concert with the toad.  
With thee the hollow howling winds shall join,

Nor shall the bitter her base throat deny,  
The querulous frogs shall mix their dirge with  
thine,

Th' ear-piercing hern, the plovers screaming  
high,

Millions of humming gnats fit æstrum shall  
supply." Smart, *Ode vi. On Ill-Nature*.

188. "Assent." To translate *eadem*, v. 132,  
literally, would involve a great awkwardness.

Without disturbance. Rings with two-  
edged steel <sup>192</sup>

The stately ash; they overthrow the pines,  
Projected to the stars; nor hearts of oak,  
And cedar sweet, with wedges do they cease  
To split, and carry elms on groaning drays.

And Rumor flying now, of woe so great  
The harbinger, Evander and the courts  
And city of Evander fills, who late  
To Latium Pallas conqueror announced.

Th' Arcadians hurry to the gates, and seized,  
After the olden fashion, fun'ral brands.

The pathway gleams with lengthful train  
of fires, <sup>203</sup>

And far and near distinctly marks the fields.

In the reverse direction coming on,  
A band of Phrygians joins the wailing hosts.

Whom when the dames once saw approach  
their homes,

They fire the sorrowed city with their  
shrieks.

Yet power none is able to restrain  
Evander; but he rushes on the midst. 210

The bier deposited, he forward fell  
O'er Pallas, and he clings, both shedding  
tears,

And groaning, and a passage for his voice  
At last was scarcely loosened through his  
grief:

197, &c. Far finer is Dryden. Speaking of  
Charles II.'s death:

"Soon as the ill-omen'd rumour reach'd his ear,  
(Ill news is wing'd with fate, and flies apace:)  
Who can describe the amazement of his face?  
Horror in all his pomp was there,  
Mute and magnificent without a tear."

*Threnodia Augustalis*.

211. Henry VI. shrank from contact with his  
uncle Humphrey's corpse:

"Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips  
With twenty thousand kisses, and to rain  
Upon his face an ocean of salt-tears,  
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,  
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling;  
But all in vain are these mean obsequies,  
And to survey his dead and earthy image,  
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?"  
Shakespeare, 2 *K. Henry VI.*, iii. 2.

212. "These arms of mine shall be thy winding-  
sheet;

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,  
For from my heart thy image ne'er shall go;  
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell."  
Shakespeare, 3 *K. Henry VI.*, ii. 5.

"But chiefly

Him that you term'd the good old lord Gonzalo:  
The tears run down his beard, like winter's drops  
From eaves of reeds." *Tempest*, v. 1.

214. "Who, when he saw his sonne so ill bedight  
With bleeding wounds, brought home upon a  
beare

By a faire lady and a straunger knight,  
Was inly touched with compassion deare,



"Not these engagements, O my Pallas,  
 thou  
 Hadst given to thy parent. Would to  
 heaven  
 That thou more circumspectly hadst de-  
 sired  
 To trust thyself to unrelenting Mars!  
 Not unaware was I, how great a power  
 Had new renown in arms, and, passing  
 sweet, 220  
 The glory in a maiden combat. Sad  
 Youth's budding feats, and sore th' essays  
 Of war at hand, and vows and prayers of  
 mine,  
 Regarded by not one of gods! And thou,  
 O holiest consort, blessed in thy death,  
 Nor to this anguish kept! On th' other  
 hand,  
 By living I have overpassed my fates,—  
 That a surviving father I abide.  
 [Him,] who has followed Trojans' fed'rate  
 arms,  
 Would heav'n the Rutuli with darts had  
 whelmed! 230  
 I freely would have given up my life,  
 And back this pageant should have brought  
 home me,  
 Not Pallas. Trojans, I could blame nor  
 you,  
 Nor leagues, nor right hands, which in  
 hospitage  
 We've linked; that lot to our old age was  
 due.  
 But if a timeless death my son awaited,

And deare affection of so dolefull dreare,  
 And he these words burst forth: 'Ah! sory boy!  
 Is this the hope that to my hoary heare  
 Thou brings? aie me! is this the timely ioy  
 Which I expected long, now turned to sad annoy?'"  
 Spenser, *F. Q.*, vi. 3, 4.

217. As if he had thought:  
 "You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps  
 Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,  
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope  
 Danger will wink on Opportunity."

Milton, *Comus*.

219. Morton's address to the Earl of Northum-  
 berland on Percy's death would have been equally  
 applicable to Evander:

"It was your pre-surmise,  
 That, in the dole of blows your son might drop;  
 You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,  
 More likely to fall in than to get o'er;  
 You were advis'd his flesh was capable  
 Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit  
 Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd:  
 Yet did you say: Go forth; and none of this,  
 Though strongly apprehended, could restrain  
 The stiff-borne action. What hath then befallen,  
 Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,  
 More than that being which was like to be?"

Shakespeare, 2 *K. Henry IV.*, i. 1.

236. "Untimely issue for a timeless grave."  
 Drayton, *Moses*.

With thousands of the Volsci slaughtered  
 first,  
 'Twould be a happiness that he had fallen,  
 The Teucri leading into Latium. Yet  
 I could not thee, O Pallas, worthy deem  
 Of other fun'ral than the good Æneas  
 [deems], 241  
 And [deem] the mighty Phrygians, aye  
 and [deem]  
 The Tyrrhene chieftains, all the Tyrrenes'  
 host.  
 They bear grand trophies, which thy right  
 hand gave  
 To death. Thou also wouldst be standing  
 now  
 A giant trunk in arms, had equal been  
 My age, and from my years my strength the  
 same,  
 O Turnus. But ill-fortuned, why should I  
 The Teucri stay from arms? Go ye, and  
 these  
 My orders mindful to your king take back:  
 'That I a hated life am ling'ring out,—  
 My Pallas slain,—thy right hand is the  
 cause; 252  
 Which thou dost see it Turnus owes alike  
 To son and sire. This place alone is void  
 For thy deserts and fortune. Joys for life  
 I do not seek, nor is it lawful; but [this news]  
 To bring my son beneath the lowest shades."

"Him while fresh and fragrant Time  
 Cherish'd in his golden prime;  
 Ere Hebe's hand had overlaid  
 His smooth cheeks with a downy shade;  
 The rush of Death's unruly wave  
 Swept him off into his grave."  
 Crashaw, *Epitaph on Herrys*.

241. It is impossible to translate the thrice-  
 repeated *quam*, v. 170, without a weakness.

251. "To mourn thy fall, I'll fly the hated light,  
 And hide my head in shades of endless night:  
 For thou wert light, and life, and health, to me:  
 The sun but thankless shines, that shows not thee.  
 Wert thou not lovely, graceful, good, and young?  
 The joy of sight, the talk of every tongue?  
 Did ever branch so sweet a blossom bear?  
 Or ever early fruit appear so fair?  
 Did ever youth so far his years transcend?  
 Did ever life so prematurely end? . . .  
 There let me fall, there, there lamenting lie,  
 There grieving grow to earth, despair, and die."  
 Congreve, *Tears of Amaryllis*.

"Now my soul's palace is become a prison:  
 Ah! would she break from hence, that this my  
 body  
 Might in the ground be closed up in rest;  
 For never henceforth shall I joy again."  
 Shakespeare, 3 *K. Henry VI.*, ii. 1.

256. "For which I mourn, and will for ever mourn;  
 Nor will I change these black and dismal robes,  
 Or ever dry these swollen and watery eyes,  
 Or ever taste content, or peace of heart,  
 While I have life, and thought of my Alphonso."  
 Congreve, *Mourning Bride*, i. 1.

Meanwhile Aurore had bounteous light  
brought forth  
To wretched mortals, bringing back their  
tasks  
And toils. Now sire Æneas, Tarchon now,  
Upon the winding strand constructed pyres.  
They hither each the bodies of their  
[friends], 262  
In fashion of their ancestors, conveyed;  
And,—sooty fires beneath them laid,—  
high heaven  
Is shrouded into darkness with the murk.  
Three times around the kindled fun'ral  
piles,

The whole passage from v. 177—181, owing to its brevity, is somewhat obscure, but a little examination will make the meaning tolerably plain. This would seem to be its significance:

Go, and carefully report these my charges to your Prince. Tell him that life has become hateful to me, now that Pallas is no more; and that there is but one reason why I do not lay violent hands upon myself, and put an end to it at once. The sole cause of my delaying the suicidal act lies in myself alone; for to him alone can I look for that vengeance upon my enemy, which I must see exacted before I die. I live, because Turnus lives; and I must continue to live, until the right hand of Æneas shall accomplish the destruction of the man who has destroyed my child. That that right hand owes this debt both to my son and to me, must be evident, even to himself. Great as are his merits and his fortune; many as are the obligations under which he has already laid me; yet there is one act,—though *but one*,—which still remains for him to perform, in order to crown his own career, and to complete his services to me.—Turnus must fall. I desire no enjoyments for myself as a living man; nor, were I so inclined, would it be decorous in me, after the irreparable loss that I have sustained. It is of Pallas that I am thinking, and not of myself; of his happiness below, and not of my own above. In this life I seek for nothing now, but the power of carrying down to my son, in the infernal realms, the happy intelligence, that the man who slew him, has himself been slain.

258. "Hail to thy living light,  
Ambrosial morn! all hail thy roseate ray!  
That bids young Nature all her charms display.  
In varied beauty bright;  
That bids each dewy-spangled flowret rise,  
And dart around its vermeil dyes;  
Bids silver lustre grace yon sparkling tide,  
That winding warbles down the mountain's side.  
Away! ye goblins all,  
Wont the bewilder'd traveller to daunt,  
Whose vagrant feet have traced your secret haunt  
Beside some lonely wall,  
Or shatter'd ruin of some moss-grown tow'r,  
Where, at pale mid night's stillest hour,  
Through each rough chink the solemn orb of night  
Pours momentary gleams of trembling light.  
Away! ye elves, away!  
Shrink at ambrosial morning's living ray;  
That living ray, whose pow'r benign  
Unfolds the scene of glory to our eye,  
Where, thron'd in artless majesty,  
The cherub Beauty sits on Nature's rustic shrine."  
Mason, *Elfrida*, 1st Ode.

Arrayed in gleaming arms, they marched;  
three times  
The fun'ral's doleful fire they compassed  
round  
On steeds, and shriekings uttered from their  
lips.  
E'en earth is sprent with tears, and sprent  
are arms; 270  
Scales heav'n both cry of men and din of  
trumps.  
Then some—the spoils, from slaughtered  
Latins reft,  
Fling on the fire, their helmets, and their  
swords  
Of beauty, bridles too, and glowing  
wheels;—  
Some—well-known off'rings, bucklers of  
their own,  
And not successful darts. Of oxen round  
Are many bodies sacrificed to Death,  
And bristly boars, and, seized from all the  
fields,  
Sheep for the flame they butcher. Then  
throughout  
The strand they gaze upon their burning  
mates, 280  
And pyres half-burnt are watching; nor  
can they  
Be torn away, until the moistful night  
Inverts the heav'n, enchased with blazing  
stars.  
No less the miserable Latins too,

267. Thé tutor will of course point out the technical use of *decurro*, v. 189.

282, 3. "Now came still Evening on, and Twilight  
gray  
Had in her sober livery all things clad.  
Silence accompanied: for beast and bird,  
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,  
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale:  
She all night long her amorous descant sung.  
Silence was pleas'd. Now glow'd the firmament  
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led  
The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,  
Rising in clouded majesty, at length  
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,  
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."  
Milton, *P. L.*, b. iv.

"How, like a widow in her weeds, the Night,  
Amid her glittering tapers, silent sits!  
How sorrowful, how desolate, she weeps  
Perpetual dews, and saddens Nature's scene!  
..... O majestic Night!  
Nature's great ancestor, Day's elder-born!  
And fated to survive the transient Sun!  
By mortals and immortals seen with awe!  
A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,  
An azure zone thy waist; clouds, in Heaven's loom  
Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,  
In ample folds of drapery divine,  
Thy flowing mantle form; and Heaven through-  
out  
Voluminously pour thy pompous train."  
Young, *The Complaint*, N. 9.

Reared in a diff'rent quarter countless  
pyres,

And many a corse of heroes in the earth  
Partly inter, and partly raise them up,  
And cart them off upon the neighb'ring  
fields,

And send them to their city home. The rest,  
Of huddled slaughter e'en a mountain heap,  
With neither count nor compliment, they  
burn ; 291

In all directions then the spacious fields  
Shine out in rivalry with frequent fires.  
Third light [of day] the icy shade from  
heaven

Had chased aloof : a-mourning, th' ashes  
deep

And jumbled bones they ransacked on the  
hearths,

And laded with a milk-warm mound of  
earth.

But now within the dwellings, in the town  
Of passing rich Latinus, chief the din,  
And greatest portion of the lengthful woe.  
Here mothers, and their sons' unhappy  
wives, 301

Here grieving sisters' loving breasts, and  
boys,

Of parents orphaned, curse the awful war,  
And Turnus' nuptials. They insist that he,  
Himself, the quarrel should decide by arms,  
Aye by the sword himself, who claims t'  
himself

Italia's realm and dignities the first.

These [feelings] bitter Drances aggravates,  
And witnesses that he alone is called,  
Alone is Turnus challenged to the frays.  
At the same time, upon the other hand,  
Extensive suffrage with diverse debates

[Lies] on the side of Turnus, and the  
queen's 313

High name o'ershades him ; much of fame  
supports

The hero with his trophies, duly earned.

'Mid these excitements, 'mid the burning  
coil,

290. "A thousand glorious actions, that might  
claim

Triumphant laurels and immortal fame,  
Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,  
And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die."

Addison, *The Campaign*.

308. "The specious shield, which private malice  
bears,

Is ever blazon'd with some public good :  
Behind that artful fence skulk low, conceal'd,  
The bloody purpose and the poison'd shaft.  
Ambition there and envy nestle close,  
From whence they take their fatal aim unseen,  
And honest merit is their destin'd mark."

Jones, *The Earl of Essex*, i. 1.

316. Or: "Amid these stirs, amid the burning broil."

Behold, moreo'er, in woe, th' ambassadors  
From Diomed's great city bring replies :

"With all the cost of toil so great—naught  
done ;

Naught gifts, nor gold, nor earnest prayers,  
availed ; 320

Arms other by the Latins should be sought,  
Or peace entreated from the Trojan prince."  
In anguish deep sinks e'en the king himself  
Latinus. That Æneas, [child] of fate,

Was carried on by potent will divine,—  
Warns him the wrath of gods, and graves  
[still] fresh

Before his eyes. Accordingly

A grave assembly, and the leading men  
Of his own people, summoned to the throne,

Inside his lofty portals he convenes. 330  
They flocked together, and from brimming  
roads

Flow to the royal courts. Amidst them sits  
E'en most advanced in age, and first in  
sway,

Latinus, with no blithesome brow. And  
here,

The envoys, from th' Ætolian towns sent  
back,

He bids announce what [tidings] they  
report,

And in their order all replies demands.

Thereon was silence with their tongues  
observed,

And Venulus, his word obeying, thus  
Begins to speak : "We have, O citizens,

Seen Diomedes and the Argive camp ; 341  
And, meting out the journey, overpassed  
All hazards, and have touched the hand,

whereby  
Fell Ilium's region. He Argyripa,

His city, from his native city's name,  
A conqueror, was founding in the fields

Of Iapygian Garganus. When once  
Entered within, and means of speaking

deigned,

Before him we our gifts present, and tell  
Our name and country ; who have brought  
the war 350

On us ; what cause hath us to Arpi drawn.  
To these, when heard, he thus with gentle lip

These [words] returned : "O nations, happy  
starred,

Saturnian realms, Ausonian dating high,  
What fortune is it rouses you at rest,

And prompts you unknown battles to pro-  
voke ?

356. "And who would run, that's moderately wise,  
A certain danger for a doubtful prize? . . .

You draw, insensibly, destruction near,  
And love the danger, which you ought to fear."

Pomfret, *Love Triumphant over Reason*.



Whoe'er of us have outraged with the sword  
The fields of Ilium,—I those [woes of ours]  
Pass by, which to the very dregs were  
drained,

In battling underneath her stately walls ;  
What heroes that their Simois confines ;—  
We all, unutterable punishments 362  
Throughout the globe, and pains of crimes,  
have paid,

A band, that pity e'en at Priam's hands  
Deserves ; [this] knows Minerva's plagueful  
star,

And the Eubœan rocks, Caphareus too,  
Avenger. Since that warfare to a varied  
coast

Forth driven, Menelaus, Atreus' son,  
As far as Proteus' pillars homeless roams ;  
Th' Ætnean Cyclops hath Ulysses seen.

Should I the realms of Neoptolemus 371  
Relate, Idomeneus' Penates, too,  
O'erthrown ? Or Locri, dwelling on the  
shore

Of Libya ? E'en himself the Mycene chief  
Of mighty Greeks, by right hand of his  
spouse,

Accursed, within his foremost thresholds  
died ;

Crushed Asia the adulterer forelaid.

[Why tell] that gods begrudged me, that,  
restored

To altars of my country I should see  
My longed-for spouse, and Calydon the fair ?  
Now too, of frightful aspect, monster forms  
Pursue me, and my comrades, lost, have  
sought

The air with wings, and wander o'er the  
floods 383

As birds,—ah ! awful vengeance on my  
[friends]—

364. Even Shore pitied his erring wife :

And can she bear it ? Can that delicate frame  
Endure the beating of a storm so rude ?

Can she, for whom the various seasons chang'd,  
To court her appetite, and crown her board,  
For whom the foreign vintages were press'd,  
For whom the merchant spread his silken stores,  
Can she—

Intreat for bread, and want the needful raiment  
To wrap her shiv'ring bosom from the weather ?  
When she was mine, no care came ever nigh her.  
I thought the gentlest breeze that wakes the  
spring

Too rough to breathe upon her ; cheerfulness  
Danc'd all the day before her ; and at night  
Soft slumber waited on her downy pillow :—  
Now sad and shelterless, perhaps, she lies,  
Where piercing winds blow sharp, and the chill  
rain

Drops from some pent-house on her wretched  
head,

Drenches her locks, and kills her with the cold.  
It is too much ;—hence with her past offences ;  
They are aton'd at full."

Rowe, *Jane Shore*, act v.

And with their tearful voices fill the cliffs.  
These [ills], indeed, thenceforward were by  
me

Anticipated, when a madman I  
Desired the heav'nly bodies for my sword,  
And Venus' right hand with a wound pro-  
faned.

Sooth do not, do not drive me to such frays.  
Nor have I with the Trojans any war 391  
Since Pergamus was ruined ; nor do I  
Their ancient woes remember, nor [therein]  
Rejoice. The presents, which ye bring to  
me

From your paternal coasts, do ye transfer  
T' Æneas. We have stood against his arms  
Of fierceness, and have hand with hand  
engaged :

Trust one who has tried,—how grand he  
rises to his shield !

With what a whirlwind does he fling his  
lance !

If two such heroes the Idæan land 400  
Had borne besides, unchallenged would  
have come

The Dardan to the towns of Inachus,  
And Greece would mourn her destinies re-  
versed.

Whate'er delay was caused before the walls  
Of iron Troy, the conquest by the Greeks  
Halted through Hector's and Æneas' hand,  
And till the tenth year backward traced its  
steps :

Both marked for courage, both for peerless  
arms ;

This in his piety superior. Let right hands  
Unite for leagues, as far as 'tis vouch-  
safed : 410

But have a care lest arms with arms may  
clash.'

At once both what are th' answers of the  
king,

O king most worthy, thou hast heard, and  
what

Is his decision on the mighty war."

These scarce the envoys ; when a varied  
buzz

Throughout the Ausons' troubled lips there  
ran :

398. So Abdalla of Demetrius :

" Too well I know him, since on Thracia's plains  
I felt the force of his tempestuous arm,  
And saw my scattered squadrons fly before him."  
Johnson, *Irene*, iv. 4.

400. " Two more such women  
Would save their sex."

J. Fletcher, *Thierry and Theodoret*, iv. 1.

414. Surely *responsa* and *sententia*, vv. 294, 5,  
refer to the same person,—Diomed. Virgil fre-  
quently omits his prepositions ; and to make *bello* a  
person seems very forced.

As when the rocks delay the sweepy  
streams,  
A din arises from the prisoned gulf,  
And boom the neighb'ring banks with  
brawling waves.

As soon as minds were calmed, and troub-  
lous tongues 420

Were silent, having first addressed the gods,  
The king commences from his lofty throne :

“ Erenow, in sooth, that of our highest  
weal

We had determined, Latins, I could both  
Desire, and it had been the better [course],  
At such an hour not council to convene,  
What time the foe is leaguering our walls.  
O citizens, unfitting warfare with a race  
Of gods, and with unconquered heroes, we  
Are waging, whom no battles weary out,  
Nor can they, vanquished, from the sword  
refrain. 431

If any hope in the Ætolians' arms,  
Invited to us, ye have had, lay [this]  
Aside : a hope must each be to himself :  
But this, how spare, ye see. In what a  
wreck

The rest of your affairs lie overwhelmed,  
Is all before your eyes and in your hands :  
Nor do I any one upbraid. What could  
The fullest valor be, has been ; the strife  
With the whole kingdom's force has been  
maintained. 440

Now then, what be the notion of my  
wav'ring mind

Will I unfold, and—your attention give—  
In [words] a few will teach. To me belongs  
An ancient region, next the Tuscan tide,  
Extended westward, far as and beyond  
The bourns of the Sicanians ; the Aurunci  
And the Rutulians sow, and work with  
share

The churlish hills, and graze their wildest  
[spots].

434. “ No thought of flight,  
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed,  
That argued fear ; each on himself relied,  
As only on his arm the moment lay  
Of victory.” Milton, *P. L.*, b. vi.

“ We are circled round  
With danger ; o'er our heads, with sail-stretch'd  
wings,  
Destruction hovers, and a cloud of mischief  
Ready to break on us ; no hope left us  
That may divert it, but our sleeping virtue,  
Roused up by brave Timoleon.”

Massinger, *The Bondman*, i. 3.

“ I'll tell thee, my Tamira,  
Even at my falling fortune's deepest ebb,  
While all my outward state was most forlorn,  
Within I was a king.”

Macdonald, *Fair Apostate*, iii. end.

448. “ My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey  
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,

Let all this district, and the piny tract  
Of lofty mountain be surrendered up 450  
To friendship with the Trojans ; and let us  
Impartial terms of covenant pronounce,  
And woo them to our kingdom as allies.  
Let them, if such a strong desire there be,  
Take up a settlement, and cities build.  
But if it is their mind, of other bourns to  
take

Possession, and another nation[*'s* land],  
And from our ground they can depart : let  
us

Build twice ten vessels of Italian oak,  
Or more, if they can man them : by the  
wave 460

Lies all material ; let themselves prescribe  
Both number and the model for the barks ;  
Give we the bronze, the hands, the naval  
stores.

Moreo'er, to bear our message, and cement  
The leagues, it is our pleasure there should  
go

A hundred Latin envoys from our chiefest  
tribe,

And in their hand outstretch the boughs of  
peace ;

Our presents bearing, talents e'en of gold  
And iv'ry, and the badges of our realm,  
The chair and trabea. For the common-  
weal 470

Deliberate, and aid our weakly state.”

Then the same hostile Drances, whom  
the fame

Of Turnus spurred with crooked jealousy,

Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions  
tread,

And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.

No product here the barren hills afford

But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.

No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,

But Winter ling'ring chills the lap of May ;

No Zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,

But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.”

Goldsmith, *The Traveller*.

472, &c. Drances could not have said with Iden :

“ I seek not to wax great by others waning.”  
Shakespeare, 2 *K. Henry VI.*, iv. 10.

He was more like Belial, as Milton describes him :

“ On the other side uprose

Belial, in act more graceful and humane :

A fairer person lost not Heaven ; he seem'd

For dignity compos'd, and high exploit :

But all was false and hollow. Though his tongue

Dropp'd manna, and could make the worse appear

The better reason, to perplex and dash

Maturest counsels : for his thoughts were low ;

To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds

Timorous and slothful.” *P. L.*, b. ii.

473. “ Envy the next, Envy with squinted eyes ;  
Sick of a strange disease, his neighbour's  
health :

Best lives he then, when any better dies ;

Is never poor but in another's wealth.

And bitter stings, wealth-rife, and in his  
tongue  
Superior, but his right hand chill in war;  
In counsels deemed no weak authority;  
In faction strong; his mother's noble rank  
Proud birth bestowed him; from his father  
he  
A questionable one maintained;—gets up  
And loads him with these taunts, and swells  
their wrath: 480  
“Upon a matter, that is dark to none,  
Nor needing voice of ours, thou seek'st  
advice,  
O gracious sovereign. All allow they know  
What may the welfare of the nation claim;  
But hesitate to say. Let him vouchsafe  
Freedom of speech, and arrogance abate,  
Because of whose ill-omened management,  
And evil dealings,—truly I will speak,  
Though he may threaten me with arms and  
death,—  
So many lights of leaders see we set, 490  
And all the city sitting down in woe,  
The while he tempts the Trojan camp, on  
flight

On best men's harms and griefs he feeds his fill;  
Else his own maw doth eat with spiteful will:  
Ill must the temper be, where diet is so ill.

“Each eye through divers optics slyly leers,  
Which both his sight and objects self bely;  
So greatest virtue as a moat appears,  
And molehill faults to mountains multiply.  
When needs he must, yet faintly then he praises;  
Somewhat the deed, much more the means he  
raises:

So marreth what he makes, and, praising most,  
dispraises.”

P. Fletcher, *The Purple Island*, vii. 66, 7.

“Accursed jealousy!  
O merciless, wild and unforgiving fiend!  
Blindfold it runs to undistinguish'd mischief,  
And murders all it meets. Curs'd be its rage,  
For there is none so deadly; doubly curs'd  
Be all those easy fools who give it harbour;  
Who turn a monster on mankind,  
Fiercer than famine, war, or spotted pestilence;  
Baneful as death, and horrible as hell.”

Rowe, *Jane Shore*, act iv.

“Peace, slave; he is my noble friend, of noble  
blood,  
Whose fame's above the level of those tongues,  
That bark by custom at the brightest virtues,  
As dogs do at the moon.”

Tuke, *The Adventures of Five Hours*, act v.

474, 5. So Queen Katherine says of Wolsey:

“Your words,  
Domestics to you, serve your will, as 't please  
Yourself pronounce their office.”

Shakespeare, *K. Henry VIII.*, ii. 4.

480. “And yet there may  
Be malice in complaints. The flourishing oak,  
For his extent of branches, stature, growth,  
The darling, and the idol of the wood,  
Whose awful nod the under trees adore,

Depending, and the sky affrights with arms.  
One also to those gifts, which thou dost bid,  
Full many, to the Dardans to be sent  
And gaged, thou, best of monarchs, one  
shouldst add;

Nor let the violence of any man  
O'erpow'r thee, that, a sire, thou shouldst  
not give

Thy daughter to a peerless son-in-law,  
And worthy match, and by an endless  
league 500

This peace cement. But if so great a dread  
Our minds and breasts there holds, let us  
beseech

Himself, and crave the favor from himself:  
That he would yield;—their proper right  
resign

To king and country. Why so many times  
On open dangers dost thou send adrift  
Thy wretched citizens, O thou to Latium  
Of these calamities the head and source?

No safety [lies] in war; a peace of thee  
We all, O Turnus, beg,—along with [this]  
The one inviolable pledge of peace. 511  
I first, whom thou imaginest thy foe,—

And I at being so am naught concerned,—  
Lo! suitor, come. Compassionate thine  
own;

Lay wrath aside, and, routed, go thy way.  
We deaths enough, discomfited, have seen,  
And made a wilderness of spacious fields.  
Or if renown hath influence, if thou  
Enwombest such high courage in thy breast,  
And if a palace, as thy dower, be 520  
So in thine heart;—dare thou, and trust-  
fully

Thy bosom bear confronted on the foe.  
Aye that indeed to Turnus there may fall  
A royal bride, we, despicable souls,  
A rout unsepulchred and undeplord,  
Are prostrate to be tumbled on the plains!  
And now do thou, if any might be thine,

Shook by a tempest, and thrown down, must  
needs

Submit his curled head, and full-grown limbs  
To every common axe; be patient, while  
The torture's put to every joint, the saws  
And engines making, with their very noise,  
The forests groan and tremble; but not one,  
When it was in its strength and state, revild it,  
Whom poverty of soul, and envy, sends  
To gather sticks from the tree's wish'd-for ruin,  
The great man's emblem!”

Shirley, *The Royal Master*, v. 2.

505. “But, above all,  
Avoid the politic, the factious fool,  
The busy, buzzing, taking, hardened knave,  
The quaint smooth rogue, that sins against his  
reason,  
Calls sancy loud suspicion public zeal,  
And mutiny the dictates of his spirit.”

Otway, *The Orphan*, iii. 1.



If thou hast any of thy native Mars,  
Look him, who challenges thee, in the  
face."

Up kindled Turnus' passion at such  
words : 530

He gives a groan, and from his bosom's  
depth

These accents forces forth : " O Drances,  
sooth,

Thou ever hast a plenteous store of prate  
Then, when the battles call for deeds ; and  
thou

Art with the summoned fathers present first.  
But with thy words the court must not be  
palled,

Which safely fly magnific from thee, whilst  
The ramparts' mound is holding back the  
foe,

Nor are the trenches flowing o'er with blood.  
Then thunder on in eloquence, thy wont,  
And me with cowardice, thou Drances,  
charge,

Since thy right hand hath caused so many  
heaps 542

Of Trojans' slaughter, and eachwhere thou  
mark'st

539. " See, see ! King Richard doth himself appear,  
As doth the blushing discontented sun  
From out the fiery portal of the east,  
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent  
To dim his glory, and to stain the track  
Of his bright passage to the occident."  
Shakespeare, *K. Richard II.*, iii. 3.

531. A bystander might have exclaimed :  
" Look down, ye spirits above ; for if there be  
A sight on earth worthy of you to see,  
'Tis a brave man, pursu'd by unjust hate,  
Bravely contending with his adverse fate."  
Tuke, *The Adventures of Five Hours*, act v.

534. " There is no vice so simple, but assumes  
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.  
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false  
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins  
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,  
Who, inward search'd, have lives white as milk !"  
Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, iii. 2.

540. " Thence on maturer judgment's anvil wrought,  
The polish'd falsehood's into public brought :  
Quick circulating slanders mirth afford,  
And reputation bleeds in ev'ry word."  
Churchill, *The Apology*.

Goldsmith's village schoolmaster was likewise an  
egregious talker ; though the comparison does  
Drances too much honour :

" In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,  
For ev'n though vanquish'd he could argue still ;  
While words of learned length, and thund'ring  
sound,  
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around ;  
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head should carry all he knew."  
*Deserted Village*.

Yet Drances was not to be despised :

" Throw but a stone, the giant dies."  
Matthew Green, *The Spleen*.

The fields with trophies. What thy lively  
valor may

Avail, thou mayest put to proof : not far,  
In sooth, have foemen to be sought by us :  
On every side do they beset the walls.

March we against our enemies ? Why pause ?  
Shall aye thy Mars be in thy empty tongue,  
And in those feet [of thine] that run away ?  
' I routed ?' Or can fairly any man, 551

Thou scum, tax me with being routed, who  
Shall see swoln Tiber rise with Ilian blood,  
And, root and branch, Evander's family  
Fall'n prostrate, and the Arcads stript of  
arms ?

Not so have Bitias and huge Pandarus  
Found me on trial, and the thousand, whom  
I, conq'r'or, in a day 'neath Tart'rus sent,

549. " True courage scorns  
To vent her prowess in a storm of words ;  
And to the valiant actions speak alone :  
Then let my deeds approve me."  
Smollett, *The Regicide*, ii. 7.

Ulysses says the opposite of Troilus :  
" Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue."  
Shakespeare, *Troilus and Cressida*, iv. 5.

" You cannot blast me with your tongue, and that's  
The strongest part you have about you."  
Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Maid's Tragedy*,  
iv. 2.

550. " The grim logician puts them in a fright :  
'Tis easier far to flourish than to fight."  
Dryden, *Hind and Panther*, P. iii.

" Where was your soldiership ? Why went not you  
out ?  
Why met you not the Tartar, and defied him ?  
Drew your dead-doing sword, and buckled with  
him ?

Shot through his squadrons like a fiery meteor ?  
And, as we see a dreadful clap of thunder  
Rend the stiff-hearted oaks and toss their roots up,  
Why did not you so charge him ? You were sick  
then ;  
You, that dare taint my credit, slipp'd to bed then,  
Stewing and fainting with the fears you had."  
J. Fletcher, *The Loyal Subject*, iv. 5.

The first two lines are quoted *Æn.* ii. l. 533.

558. " I know no court but martial ;  
No oily language but the shock of arms ;  
No dalliance but with death ; no lofty measures,  
But weary and sad marches, cold and hunger,  
'Larums at midnight Valour's self would shake at :  
Yet I ne'er shrunk. Balls of consuming wildfire,  
That lick'd men up like lightning, have I laugh'd at,  
And toss'd 'em back again like children's trifles ;  
Upon the edges of my enemies' swords  
I have march'd like whirlwinds. Fury at this hand  
waiting,

Death at my right ; Fortune my forlorn hope,  
When I have grappled with Destruction,  
And tugg'd with pale-fac'd Ruin, Night, and Mis-  
chief,

Frighted to see a new day break in blood :  
And every where I conquer'd,—and for you, sir."  
J. Fletcher, *The Mad Lover*, i. 1.

Turnus might have exclaimed with the exiled  
Duke :

Cooped in their walls, and by a hostile trench  
Enclosed. 'No safety [lies] in war!' Chant  
thou 560  
The like, O madman, to the Dardan chief,  
And thine own int'rest. Then with whelm-  
ing fear  
Cease not to trouble all, and raise on high  
The powers of a nation conquered twice;  
On th' other hand to sink Latinus' arms.  
Now e'en the chiefs of Myrmidonians quail  
At Phrygian arms; now even Tydeus' son,  
Achilles, too, of Larissæan [birth];  
And backward from the Hadriatic waves  
The river Auidus retreats. Aye when 570

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude;  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.

"Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
That dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot:  
Though thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remember'd not."  
Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, ii. 7.

560. "Yes, peace has sweets  
That Hybla never knew; it sleeps on down,  
Cull'd gently from beneath the cherub's wing:—  
No bed for mortals; man is warfare; all  
A hurricane within.

Brooke, *Gustavus Vasa*, ii. 8.

562. "For public good to bellow all abroad  
Serves well the purposes of private fraud.  
Prudence by public good intends her own:  
If you mean otherwise, you stand alone."  
Churchill, *The Conference*.

570. The commentators tell us that Quintilian has praised some archaism in v. 406; but, as he has not informed us whereabouts it lies, why should we fasten it upon *vel quum*, when the words, in their ordinary use, supply an excellent sense? *Vel* is plainly a particle of transition; and though the whole construction of the sentence which it introduces is different from that which precedes, yet it is just what might have been expected from a speaker who was in a state of great excitement. The bravery of Turnus had been impugned, and so he is naturally angry, and therefore abrupt. The meaning of the passage seems to be this: Turnus being most anxious for the war to proceed, seeks to weaken all the arguments which Drances had urged against it, by showing that they proceeded from sheer cowardice on the part of his adversary. First addressing Drances, he says: "Go on throwing everything into confusion by exciting the alarms of the weak; magnify the powers of a race who have already been beaten twice,—once by Hercules, and the other day by the Greeks; detract from the prowess of your own nation, and the army of your prince; tell us that Grecian chiefs are now obliged to quake at Trojan arms; that Diomed is in dread, and Achilles panic-stricken; and that such a horror has been raised by the very name of Æneas, that even the rivers of Italy recoil in their courses, and fly backward from the sea. Do all this, and continue to do it,—because you are a coward.

The villain of a hypocrite pretends  
That he is frightened at his brawls with me,  
And aggravates his charge with his alarm,—  
Thou never such a soul by this right hand,—  
Cease to be discomposed,—shalt lose; with  
thee

It may abide, and in that bosom rest.

Now I to thee and to thy grand debates,  
O sire, return. If in our arms no hope  
Thou any further dost repose; if we  
Are so forlorn, and with the army once  
Discomfited are utterly undone, 581  
Nor backward step hath Fortune; peace let us  
Entreat, and slack right hands stretch forth.

Yet, oh!

If aught we had of our accustomed worth,  
Before all others in my view is he  
Both blest in travails, and of spirit rare,  
Who, lest he aught the like should see, hath  
fallen

In death, and with his mouth once champed  
the earth.

But if with us there e'en resources [rest],  
And youth as yet uninjured, and for aid  
Cities and clans of Italy abound;— 591  
But if, too, fame hath to the Trojans come  
With plenteous blood—their funerals have  
they,

And o'er us all alike the storm [hath  
swept];—

Why is it we disreputably faint  
In the first entrance? Why before the trump  
Does quaking seize our limbs? A length  
of time,  
And changeful travail of a chequered life

"Aye, even when" (turning to the audience)  
"this hypocritical knave affects to feel afraid of  
violence at my hands, and magnifies the miserable  
grounds, which he may plead for the apprehension,  
by his own assumed terror; though he speaks  
false, and knows it, yet he has counterfeited the  
fear,—only because he is a coward. But," (turn-  
ing to Drances,) "you need not be afraid; for do  
not flatter yourself that I ever could condescend to  
sully my sword with the blood of such a dastard as  
you. Keep that pitiful spirit of yours, for all you  
need fear from me; it may dwell with you for ever,  
for ever continue to animate that wretched breast,  
before I could stoop to disturb you in so con-  
temptible a possession."

574. "He, when the nipping blasts of envy rise,  
Its guilt can pity, and its rage despise."  
Young, *The Instalment*.

"Away, lewd railer! Not thy slanderous throat,  
So fruitful of invectives, shall provoke me  
To wreak unworthy vengeance on thee."  
Smollett, *The Regicide*, ii. 7.

Though an inferior spirit to Turnus might have  
counselled with Gloucester:

"Why should he live? to fill the world with  
words?" Shakespeare, 3 *K. Henry VI.*, v. 5.

583. See note on *Æn.* x. l. 670, &c.

Hath matters to a better [state] restored ;  
Her visits paying o'er again by turns, 600  
Hath Fortune many mocked, and on firm  
ground

Once more hath placed them. The Ætolian  
[prince]

And Arpi will not stand to us for aid :  
But [yet] Messapus will, Tolumnius, too,  
The blest, and leaders whom so many tribes  
Have sent ; and shall a scant renown attend  
The chos'n from Latium and Laurentine  
fields.

With us, too, is, from Volscians' noble race,  
Camilla, leading on her troop of horse,  
And her battalions, blossoming in bronze.  
But if the Teucri for the contests me 611  
Alone demand, and that your pleasure  
proves,

And I so much withstand the common good :  
Not so hath Conquest in aversion fled  
These hands, that I for such a glorious hope  
Should any thing to enterprise decline.  
With courage I against him will advance ;  
Though e'en the great Achilles he surpass,  
And don like armor, forged by Vulcan's  
hands.

To you and to my consort's sire, Latinus,  
This life I, Turnus, second not to one 621  
Of those of olden days in bravery,  
Have hallowed. Me Æneas challenges  
Alone : and may he challenge me ! I pray.  
Nor Drances let the rather,—whether this  
Be wrath of gods,—atone for it by death ;  
Or prowess be and fame,—bear off [the  
palm]."

They these [discussions] on their doubt-  
ful state

With one another in contention held :  
Æneas was advancing camp and line. 630  
A courier through the courts of royalty  
In mighty agitation, lo ! darts on,  
And with immense alarms the city fills :—

644. "Grant me license  
To answer this defiance. What intelligence  
Holds your proud master with the will of Heaven,  
That, ere the uncertain die of war be thrown,  
He dares assure himself the victory ?  
Are his unjust invading arms of fire ?  
Or those we put on, in defence of right,  
Like chaff, to be consumed in the encounter ?  
I look on your dimensions, and find not  
Mine own of lesser size ; the blood, that fills  
My veins, as hot as yours ; my sword as sharp ;  
My nerves of equal strength, my heart as good ;  
And, confident we have the better cause,  
Why should we fear the trial ?"

Massinger, *The Bashful Lover*, i. 2.

624. "Neither are we  
So unprovided as you think, my lord :  
He shall not need to seek us ; we will meet him,  
And prove the fortune of a day, perhaps  
Sooner than he expects."

*Ibid.*

That, in array embattled, from the flood  
Of Tiber Trojans and the Tyrrhene band  
Were swooping down throughout the plains.

Forthwith  
Their minds were troubled, and the com-  
mons' breasts

Unvulsed, and wrath by no soft stimulants  
Uproused. They, flurried, call for arms in  
hand ;

"Arms !" yell the youth. The mourning  
fathers weep 640

And mutter. Here on every side a cry,  
With changeful discord, rises loud to air :  
Not otherwise than in a lofty grove  
When flocks of birds by chance have lighted  
down,

Or in Padusa's fishful stream hoarse swans  
Give forth a noise throughout the babbling  
pools.

"Aye sooth !" cries Turnus, "O ye citizens,  
Seizing your opportunity, convene  
A council, and, ye sitters, praise a peace :  
Let them in arms upon the kingdom rush."  
Nor speaking more he tore himself away,  
And from the stately chamber quick with-  
drew.

"Do thou, Volusus, to the Volscians' bands  
Give orders to be armed ; and lead," saith he,  
"The Rutuli. The cavalry in arms, 655  
Messapus, Coras with thy brother, too,  
Spread o'er the spacious plains. Let some  
secure

640. "Peace is despair'd ;  
For who can think submission ? War, then, war,  
Open or understood, must be resolved."  
Milton, *P. L.*, b. i.

649. Of course Turnus meant :

"Shame on that friend,  
Who in the hour of danger can deliberate,  
And sit at ease, debating with Dame Counsel,  
While Action frowns and beckons him away."  
Macdonald, *The Fair Apostate*, i. 2.

653. This activity on the part of Turnus, in spite  
of all that Drances had said, no doubt proceeded  
upon the principle, which Wolsey justifies to the  
king :

"If I am  
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know  
My faculties, nor person, yet will be  
The chimeras of my doing, let me say,  
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake  
That virtue must go through. We must not stint  
Our necessary actions, in the fear  
To cope malicious censurers ; which ever,  
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow  
That is new trimm'd, but benefit no farther  
Than vainly longing, what we oft do best,  
By sick interpreters, (once weak ones,) is  
Not ours, or not allow'd ; what worst, as oft,  
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up  
For our best act. If we shall stand still,  
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,  
We should take root here, where we sit, or sit  
State statutes only."

Shakespeare, *K. Henry VIII.*, i. 2.



The city avenues, and man the towers ;  
Let the remainder of the force with me  
Bring arms to bear, where'er shall I com-  
mand." 660

They straight thro'out the city to the walls  
Run to and fro. The council and his grand  
designs

Does he himself, the sire Latinus, quit,  
And, troubled at the dismal crisis, he  
Adjourns them, and heaps many a reproach  
Upon himself, that he had not received  
Dardan Æneas of his own accord,  
And to the city as his daughter's spouse  
Admitted him. Some delve before the gates,  
Or carry stones and stakes. The trumpet  
hoarse 670

The bloody signal for the battle gives.  
Mothers and boys then crowned with motley  
ring

The walls ; their latest travail summons all.  
Moreover, to the fane and highest towers  
Of Pallas, with a bevy vast of dames,  
The queen is carried up, presenting gifts,  
And her companion by her side, the maid  
Lavinia, fountain of calamity  
So grievous, downcast in her lovely eyes.  
Pass in the matrons, and with incense fume  
The fane, and from the lofty gate outpour  
Sad words : " Arms-puissant, patroness of  
war, 682

Tritonian maiden, shatter with thy hand  
The Phrygian pirate's weapon, and himself  
Do thou lay prostrate headlong on the earth,  
And fling him forth beneath the lofty gates."  
In emulation storming, Turnus' self  
Is girded for the conflicts. And so now

679. So Davenant represents Gartha :

" Thro' all the camp she moves with fun'ral pace,  
And still bowes meekly down to all she saw ;  
Her grief gave speaking beauty to her face,  
Which lowly look'd, that it might pity draw."  
*Gondibert*, ii. 3, 51.

" When graceful Sorrow in her pomp appears,  
Sure she is dress'd in Melesinda's tears.  
Your head reclin'd, (as hiding grief from view,)  
Droops like a rose surcharg'd with morning dew."  
Dryden, *Aurungzebe*, iii. 1.

683. So Nennius, at the temple of the Druids :

" Thou great Tiraness, whom our sacred priests,  
Armed with dreadful thunder, place on high  
Above the rest of the immortal gods,  
Send thy consuming fires and deadly bolts,  
And shoot 'em home ; stick in each Roman heart  
A fear fit for confusion ; blast their spirits,  
Dwell in 'em to destruction ; thorough their  
phalanx  
Strike, as thou strik'st a proud tree ; shake their  
bodies,  
Make their strengths totter, and their topless  
fortunes  
Unroot, and reel to ruin."

Beaumont and Fletcher, *Bonduca*, iii. 1.

In his Rutulian habergeon bedight,  
In scales of bronze he bristled, and his legs  
Had cas'd in gold, still bare upon his brows,  
And to his side had buckled on his sword,  
And, from the lofty fortress posting down,  
[All] gold he sparkled, and in spirit bounds,  
And now in hope anticipates the foe : 695  
As when, his fetters burst, the racks hath fled  
The courser, free at last, and having gained  
The open field, he either bends [his way]  
To feeding grounds, and to the herds of  
mares,

Or, in the water's well-known rivulet 700  
Accustomed to be bathed, he sallies forth,  
And, wantoning with crest high lifted,  
neighs,  
And o'er his neck, o'er shoulders, plays his  
mane.

Whom coming in his path Camilla meets,  
A squadron of the Volsci in her train,  
And from her charger, 'neath the very gates,  
Down sprang the queen, whom copying,  
all the troop,  
With horses left, dropped down upon the  
ground :

Then such she speaks : " If, Turnus, any  
trust

Of self dwells justly in the brave, I dare,  
And I engage to meet the Æneads' band,  
And march alone against the Tuscan horse.  
Let me with hand essay war's op'ning risks ;  
Do thou on foot continue by the walls, 714  
And guard the city." Turnus [saith] to  
these,

On the dread maiden riveting his eyes : '  
" O maid, Italia's pride, what thanks to  
speak,

697. " Where, fearless of the hunt, the hart se-  
curely stood,  
And every where walk'd free, a Burgess of the  
wood."  
Drayton, *Polyolbion*, s. 18.

" The exile feels  
Returning warmth, like some neglected steed  
Of noblest temper, from his wonted haunts  
Who long hath languish'd in the lazy stall ;  
Call'd forth, he paws, he snuffs th' enliv'ning air ;  
His strength he proffers in a cheerful neigh  
To scour the vale, to mount the shelving hill,  
Or dash from thickets close the sprinkling dew."  
Glover, *Athenaid*, b. v.

" Nature imprints upon whate'er we see,  
That has a heart and life in it, Be free.  
The beasts are charter'd : neither age nor force  
Can quell the love of freedom in a horse :  
He breaks the cord, that held him at the rack ;  
And, conscious of an unincumber'd back,  
Snuffs up the morning air, forgets the rein ;  
Loose fly his forelock and his ample mane ;  
Responsive to the distant neigh he neighs ;  
Nor stops, till, overcoming all delays,  
He finds the pasture where his fellows graze."  
Cowper, *Charity*.

Or what to recompense, can I prepare?  
But now, since stands that soul above all  
[risks]

Do thou along with me partake the toil.  
Æneas, as report and scouts despatched  
Assurance bring, light weaponed cavalry  
Hath in advance unscrupulously sent, 723  
That they may scour the champaign; he  
himself

Along a mountain's unfrequented heights,  
Its brow o'erpassing, nigh the city draws.  
I in a winding pathway of the wood  
Plan crafts of war,—with soldiery in arms  
To block the entrance with its twain defiles.  
Do thou the Tyrrhene horsemen, standards  
joined, 730

Engage; with thee will be Messapus fierce,  
And Latium's brigads, and Tiburtus' bands:  
Do thou as well the gen'ral's charge assume."  
On this wise speaks he, and with like address  
Cheers on Messapus and the fed'rate chiefs  
To battle, and advances on the foe.

A glen there is with serpentinizing bend,  
Suited for ambush and the wiles of war;  
Which either side dark hems with clustered  
leaves;

Whither a scanty path conducts, and lead  
Confined defiles and jealous avenues. 741  
Above this [glen], upon the mountain-heights  
And topmost crest, there lies a flat unknown,  
And safe retreats; or if upon the right  
And on the left you list to meet the fray,  
Or from the brows attack, and roll huge  
stones.

Hither along the path's familiar line  
The youth is borne, and on the post he  
seized,  
And couched in ambush in unrighteous  
woods.

Meanwhile Latonia in the seats above  
Fleet Opis, one of her companion maids,  
And of her holy retinue, addressed, 752  
And these sad accents uttered from her lip:  
"Camilla marches to the murd'rous war,  
O maid, and in our arms is girt in vain,  
To me beyond [all] other [virgins] dear;  
For not to Dian fresh this love hath come,  
And stirred her spirit with a sudden charm.

737. "O'erbreath'd we come where, 'twixt impending hills,  
Ran the joint current of two gurgling rills;  
On either hand, adown each fearful steep,  
Hung forth the shaggy horrors, dark and deep:  
Here, thro' brown umbrage, glow'd the vivid green,  
And headlong slopes, and winding paths between;  
Growth above growth, tall trees arose,  
The tops of these scarce veil'd the roots of those;  
A winding court where wandering Fancy walk'd,  
And to herself responsive Echo talk'd."

Brooke, *The Fox-Chase*.

Forced from his realm through [popular]  
dislike, 759

And his haught violence, when Metabus  
Departed from Privernum[s] ancient town,  
He flying right amid the frays of war,  
The babe, the partner in his banishment,  
Bore off, and from its mother's name, 'Cas-  
milla,'

He called her,—by a portion of it changed,—  
'Camilla.' In his bosom he himself  
Before him carrying [the infant], sought  
The distant summit of the lonely woods.  
Fell weapons harassed him on every side,  
And, with their soldiery dispread around,  
[About him] did the Volsci hover. Lo!

Amid his flight, upon its highest banks 772  
The Amasenus overflowing foamed;  
So great a shower from the clouds had burst.  
He, as to swim it he prepares, is stayed  
By his affection for the babe, and fears  
For his beloved burden. In a trice,  
In him, revolving all within himself,  
Scarce settled this resolve:—a weapon huge,  
Which in his stalwart hand the warrior  
chanced 780

To carry, hard with knots and fire-dried  
oak:—  
To this his child, in bark and wild-wood  
cork  
Encased, he binds, and deftly fitted, round  
He ties her to the centre of the lance;  
Whom poisoning in his giant right hand, thus  
He speaks to heav'n: 'Boon patroness of  
woods,  
To thee this [babe], Latonian maid, do I,  
Her sire, myself thy servant dedicate;  
Thine arms, her first, she grasping, through  
the air  
Is in submission flying from her foe. 790

759. "Thus kings, by grasping more than they  
could hold,  
First made their subjects by oppression bold;  
And popular sway, by forcing kings to give  
More than was fit for subjects to receive,  
Ran to the same extremes; and one excess  
Made both, by striving to be greater, less."  
Sir John Denham, *Cooper's Hill*.

766. Chaucer has a touching instance of parental  
tenderness; in which the following occurs:

"Hire litel child lay weping in hire arm,  
And kneling pitously to him she said:  
Fees, litel sone, I wol do thee no harm.  
With that hire couverchief of hire hed she braid,  
And over his litel eyen she it laid,  
And in hire arme she lullet it ful fast,  
And into the heven hire eyen up she cast."

*The Man of Lawes Tale*.

769. "The sword behind him flash'd; before him  
roar'd,  
Deaf to his woes, the deep. Forlorn, around  
He roll'd his eye."

Thomson, *Liberty*, P. iv. 662-5.

Receive, O goddess, I entreat, thine own,  
Who now is trusted to uncertain winds.  
He said, and with his indrawn arm he flings  
The spear-shaft whirled around; the billows  
boomed;

Ill-starred Camilla o'er the sweepy tide  
On whizzing jav'lin flies. But Metabus,—  
Now nearer closing him a mighty troop,—  
Resigns him to the flood, and, in success,  
The jav'lin with the maid he tears away,  
A gift to Trivia from the grassy turf. 800  
Him not within their dwellings, nor their  
walls,

Admitted any cities: nor would he  
Have stooped to them himself through  
fierceness: e'en

In lonely mounts he passed a shepherd's life.  
His daughter here in brakes, and 'mid dread  
haunts,

Upon the dugs and wild milk of a mare,  
Belonging to the herd, he nourished up,  
Milking its nipples in her tender lips.  
And soon as ever with her footsoles first  
The babe her steps had planted [on the  
ground], 810

With pointed javelin did he arm her hands,  
And from the shoulder of the tiny [maid]  
Hung arrows and a bow. For hairy gold,  
For the investment of a trailing robe,  
Along her back down wimples from her neck  
A tiger's hide. E'en then her babish darts  
From dainty hand she flung, and round her  
head

A sling she flourished with a rounded thong,  
And Strymon's crane, or snowy swan, struck  
down.

Her many a mother through the Tuscan  
towns 820

Desired for their daughter-in-law in vain:

796. *Telum*, *hasta*, *hastile*, and *jaculum* (v. 545—563) are all used of the same weapon, unless *hastile* means the *shaft*; which is doubtful.

805. Camilla might have said with Comus:

"I know each lane, and every alley green,  
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,  
And every bosky bourn from side to side,  
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood."

Milton, *Comus*.

"What art thou, that into this dismal place,  
Which nothing could find out but misery,  
Thou boldly step'st? Comfort was never here;  
Here is no food, nor beds, nor any house  
Built by a better architect than beasts;  
And ere you get a dwelling from one of them,  
You must fight for it."

Beaumont and Fletcher, *Cupid's Revenge*, v. 4.

807. How *armentalis equæ* can be tortured into  
"brood-mare," is hard to comprehend. Is not the  
expression exactly equivalent to Homer's *βοῦς  
ἀγέηστα* (*Iliad*, 11, 728), which means, "still in  
the herd," i. e., "wild?"

821. Or: "In vain desired as partner for a son."

She, only with Diana satisfied,  
The deathless love of darts and maidenhood  
Unsolled cherishes. I [fain] could wish  
She had not been by such a warfare seized,  
The Teucer-race essaying to attack:  
How precious would she be to me, and one  
Of my attendant maids! But come, since she  
Is pressed by bitter destinies, glide down,  
O Nymph, from heav'n, and visit Latium's  
bourns, 830

Where is with luckless omen set abroad  
The rueful fray. Take these, and from its  
sheath

Draw forth a vengeful bolt: herewith,  
whoe'er

Her hallowed body shall have by a wound  
Profaned,—a Trojan or Italian,—he  
To me in equal sort shall by his blood  
Pay forfeit. I then in a hollow cloud  
The pitiable [virgin's] corse, and arms  
Unplundered, to the sepulchre will bear,

822. So Chaucer, of Zenobia:

"From hire childhode I finde that she fledde  
Office of woman, and to wode she went;  
And many a wilde harte's blood she shedde  
With arwes brode, that she to hem sent;  
She was so swift, that she anon hem hent.  
And whan that she was elder, she wold kille  
Leons, leopards, and beres al to-rent,  
And in hire armes weld hem at hire wille.

"She dorst the wilde bestes dennes seke  
And rennen in the mountaignes all the night,  
And sleep under the bush." *The Monkes Tale*.

823. Perhaps she might have been less resolute,  
had her shepherd-woosers learned the art of court-  
ship from Marlow's exquisite song:

"Come lue with me, and be my loue,  
And we will all the pleasures proue,  
That vallies, groues, hills, and fields,  
Woods, or steepie mountaine yeelds.

"And we will sit vpon the rockes,  
Seeing the shepheards feede their flockes  
By shallow riuers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigalls.

"And I will make thee beds of roses,  
And a thousand fragrant poesies,  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Imbrodered all with leaues of mirtle.

"A gowne made of the finest wooll,  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;  
Faile lined slippers for the cold,  
With buckles of the purest gold.

"A belt of straw, and iule buds,  
With coral claps and amber studs:  
And if these pleasures may thee moue,  
Then lue with me, and be my loue.

"The shepheard swaines shall dance and sing,  
For thy delight each May-morning:  
If these delights thy minde may moue,  
Then lue with me and be my loue."

*England's Helicon, The Passionate Shepheard  
to his Loue.*



And reinstate them in her native land."  
She said ; but through the buoyant gales  
of heaven 841

The other swooping down gave forth a sound,  
In murky whirlwind vested round her form.

But meanwhile to the walls the Trojan  
band

Draws near, and Tuscan chiefs, and all the  
host

Of horsemen ranged by number into troops.  
Through the whole champaign neighs the  
prancing steed,

And fights against the tightened reins,  
whirled round

To this side and to that. Then far and wide  
A field of iron bristles with their spears,  
And glow the plains with arms on high.

Messapus, too, 851  
Upon the other side, and Latins fleet,

And, with his brother, Coras, and the maid  
Camilla's wing, confronted on the field,  
Appear, and, with their right hands drawn  
aback,

Their lances to a distance they outstretch,  
And whirl their missiles ; and th' approach  
of men,

And snort of horses waxes louder still.  
And now, within a javelin-cast advanced,  
Each [host] had halted : with a sudden shout

They burst away, and cheer their fuming  
steeds. 861

They pour at once on every side their darts,  
Thick in the guise of snow, and heav'n is  
veiled

In shade. Straight, forcing with confronted  
spears,

Hurtle Tyrrhenus and Aconteus keen,  
And are the first to cause a crash, with din  
Prodigious, and their horses' battered chests  
To chests they dash. Aconteus, pitched  
abroad,

In fashion of a thunderbolt, or charge,  
Shot from an engine, headlong flings [him-  
self] 870

Afar, and life he scatters to the gales.  
The lines are straight discomfited, and back

840. If the reader should wish to be introduced  
into the kind of scene, which the poet briefly de-  
scribes in the foregoing passage, let him read the  
6th canto of the 3rd book of the *Faerie Queene* ;  
and he will be charmed.

841. " I see His ministers ; I see, diffus'd  
In radiant orders, essences sublime,  
Of various offices, of various plume,  
In heavenly liveries, distinctly clad,  
Azure, green, purple, pearl, or downy gold,  
Or all commix'd. They stand, with wings outspread,  
Listening to catch the Master's least command,  
And fly through Nature, ere the moment ends ;  
Numbers innumerable."

Young, *The Complaint*, N. ix.

The routed Latins throw away their shields,  
And towards the city wheel around their  
steeds.

The Trojans hunt them : at their head the  
troops

Leads on Asilas. And they now approached  
The portals, and the Latins raise again

A shout, and pliant necks turn round : these  
fly,

And with full granted reins are carried back :  
As when, advancing with alternate flood,  
The ocean now swoops onward to the lands,  
And with its surge the rocks o'erlays, in  
foam, 882

And drenches with its curve the farthest  
sand ;

Now backwards swift, and sucking in again  
The shingle by the tide rolled back, it flies,  
And with retreating shallow quits the shore.

Twice did the Tuscans to their walls pursue  
The routed Rutuli : they, twice rebuffed,  
Face towards them as they screen their  
backs with arms.

But when they for the third encounters met,  
They mutually entangled their whole lines,  
And singled man his man. Then sooth  
[ensues] 892

E'en groan of those in death, and in deep  
blood

Both arms, and corse, and half-living steeds,  
With heroes' carnage blent, are rolled along.

A battle fierce springs up. Orsilochus  
On Remulus's charger, since himself

He dreaded to assail, hurled forth a lance,  
And left the steel behind, beneath its ear ;

With which its stroke the charger fumes aloft,  
And, of the wound impatient, tosses high

Its legs, with chest uplifted. He, unhorsed,  
Is rolled along the ground. Catillus [fells]

Iollas, and, a giant in his soul,  
A giant in his body and in arms,

Herminius overthrows : on whose bare head  
[Wave] yellow locks ; his shoulders, too,

are bare ;

Nor him do wounds alarm : so much he lies  
Exposed to weapons. Through his shoulders  
broad

The driven spear stands quiv'ring, and, shot  
through, 910

It doubles up the warrior with the pang.  
In every quarter sable gore is shed ;

They, vying, deal destruction with the sword,  
And seek by wounds an honorable death.

But 'mid the centre of the slaughtered  
heaps,

Forth prances an Amazon, on one breast

916. In the face of *exsultat Amazon*, v. 648, is  
one to write : " An Amazon forth prances," &c. ?

Stript for the fight, Camilla, quiver-armed,  
And, scatt'ring with her hand, now showers  
thick

The limber jav'lines; now with her right  
hand

A sturdy battle-axe with double edge 920  
Unwearied seizes. From her shoulder rings  
A golden bow, and Dian's armory.

She, too, if ever, driven rearward, she  
Retired, aims arrows flying from a bow  
Reversed. But round [her stood] choice  
virgin-mates,

Alike the maid Larine, and Tulla [too],  
Tarpeia, also, swaying axe of bronze,  
Italian ladies; whom t' herself a grace,  
Herself divine Camilla singled out,  
Her worthy handmaids both in peace and  
war. 930

Such as when Thracian Amazonians strike  
Thermodon's floods, and fight in painted  
arms;

Or round Hippolyte, or when returns  
Mars-sired Penthesilea in her car,  
And with loud yelling uproar women-troops  
Bound forth with moony shields. Whom  
first with dart,

Whom last, fierce damsel, dost thou over-  
throw?

Or what the count of dying bodies thou  
Upon the ground dost prostrate lay? The  
first,

Eunæus, of his father Clytius [sired], 940  
Whose opened bosom, as he stands in front,  
She with a lengthful fir[shaft] pierces thro'.  
He, rivulets of blood disgorging, falls,  
And bites the gory ground, and as he dies  
He writhes himself about upon his wound.  
Then Liris [she destroys], and Pagasus be-  
sides:

Of whom the one, rolled backward from his  
horse,

Beneath him wounded, while he gathers up  
The reins; the other, while he comes in aid,  
And towards him, as he sinks, a weak right  
hand 950

Outstretches;—headlong and at once they  
fall.

To these Amaster, son of Hippotas,  
She adds, and, plying with her spear afar,  
Pursues both Tereus, and Harpalycus,  
Alike Demophoon and Chromis; and as  
many darts

As, from her hand discharged, the maiden  
launched,

So many Phrygian heroes fell. Far off,  
The hunter Ornytus, in armor strange,  
And on an Iapygian steed, is borne,  
Whose shoulders broad, a warrior, palls a  
hide 960

Reft from a steer; a wolf's huge grinning  
mouth,

And jaws with snowy grinders, screened  
his head;

And arms his hands a clownish truncheon; he  
Is in continued motion 'mid the troops,

And by a head entire above them stands.  
Him, intercepted,—for it was no toil,

His troop discomfited,—she pierces through.  
And these, moreover, speaks with hostile  
breast:

“Didst thou imagine, Tuscan, thou didst  
chase

Wild animals in woods? The day hath come,  
Which by a woman's arms will have dis-  
proved 971

Your words. Still this, no light distinc-  
tion, thou

Shalt carry to the Manes of thy sires,—  
That thou hast fallen by Camilla's dart.”

She next Orsiloehus and Butes [slays],  
Of Teucer's sons the twain most bulky frames:

But Butes, turned away, with point of spear  
Between the corselet and the casque she

pierced,  
Where, as he sits, conspicuous is his neck,

And from his left arm down his buckler  
hangs: 980

Fleeing, and hunted thro' a spacious ring,  
In circle narrower, Orsiloehus

She mocks, and her pursuer she pursues.  
Then her stout axe both thro' the hero's arms,

And thro' his bones, uprising higher, whilst  
He's suing, and outpouring many a prayer,

She drives and drives again: with his hot  
brains

The wound bedews his face. Across her  
came,

And halted, at the sudden sight appalled,  
Hunter of Apennine, the warrior-son 990

Of Aunus, of Ligurians not the last,  
While destinies permitted him to cheat.

He too, when now he sees that by no flight  
He can escape the fray, nor turn aside

The pressing queen:—essayng to contrive  
His stratagems with policy and craft,

Begins these [words]: “What so surpassing  
[feat], if thou,

A woman, trustest to a gallant steed?  
Forego thy [means of] flight, and hand to

hand  
With me commit thee to the righteous  
ground, 1000

And gird thee for a fight on foot; thou soon  
Shalt know to whom vain bragging brings

the praise.”

998. That is, though a woman; for it weakens  
the passage to make *femina*, v. 705, the vocative  
case.

He said ; but she in fury, and afire  
With keen vexation, to a comrade hands  
her horse,

And stands opposed to him in even arms,  
Afoot with naked falchion, and unawed  
With spotless buckler. But the youth  
himself,

Supposing he had triumphed by his trick,  
Flies off,—there's no delay,—and with the  
reins

Shifted around, a runagate, is borne away,  
And tires his nimble steed with ironed heel.

“ False Ligur, and in vain with haughty soul  
Uplifted, idly thou, a slipp'ry [knave],  
Thy country's crafts hast tried, nor shall thy  
guile 1014

To lying Aunus thee in safety bear.”

These speaks the maiden, and with nimble  
soles,

Flame-like, outstrips him with the pace of  
steeds ;

And, bridle seized, she meets him to his  
face,

And takes her vengeance on his hostile  
blood :

As readily a falcon, hallowed bird, 1020  
Pursues with pinions from a lofty rock,

A dove high poised in cloud, and gripes her  
clutched,

And disembowels her with hooky claws ;

Then blood and rifled feathers drop from  
heaven.

But, watching these with not unheedful  
eyes,

The sire of men and gods sits on the crest  
Of heav'n aloft. The father rouses up

Tyrrhenian Tarcho to the felon fights,

And with no mild incentives wrath instils.

So Tarcho 'mid the slaughter, and the  
yielding troops, 1030

Is borne upon his steed, and goads the wings

In sundry accents, calling each by name,

And rallies to the frays his routed men.

1032. So Talbot was equally horrified by his  
countryman's behaviour, on the attack by Joan of  
Arc :

“ My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel ;

I know not where I am, or what I do.

A witch by fear, not force, like Hannibal,

Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists :

So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome  
stench,

Are from their hives and houses driven away.

They call'd us for our fierceness English dogs ;

Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

Hark, countrymen ! either renew the fight,

Or tear the lions out of England's coat ;

Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead :

Sheep run not half so timorous from the wolf,

Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,

As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.”

Shakespeare, 1 *K. Henry VI.*, i. 5.

“ What fear, O ye who ne'er will feel  
aggrieved,

O ever mopish Tuscans, what such gross  
Poltroonery within your souls hath come ?

You rovers doth a woman hound, and turns

These your battalions ? Wherefore sword,  
or why

These unavailing weapons, do we bear

In our right hands ? But not for Venus slow  
And nightly brawls, or, when the bending

pipe 1041

Of Bacchus hath proclaimed the choirs, to  
wait

The cates and goblets of the plenteous  
board,—

This is your passion, this your aim,—the  
while

Auspicious seer his holy tidings tells,

And fatted victim calls to lofty groves.”

These having uttered, on the midmost he,  
That e'en would die himself, his charger

spurs,

And, chafing, bears him against Venulus,

And, torn from off his horse, he grasps the foe  
With his right hand, and with prodigious

force 1051

Before his bosom quickly bears him off.

A shouting to the welkin is upraised,

And all the Latins turned about their eyes.

The fiery Tarcho flies along the plain,

His arms and hero bearing ; then from off

His own lance-tip he snaps away the steel,

And ransacks the uncovered parts, where he  
May deal the deathful wound ; on th' other

hand,

Against him th' other fighting, from his throat

His right hand stays, and parries force by  
force.

And as what time the golden eagless, high

Upon the wing, bears off a serpent clutched,

And into him hath doubled in her claws,

And fastened with her pounces ; but the  
snake, 1065

Wound-stricken, writhes about his coiling  
folds,

And bristles with his elevated scales,

And hisses with his mouth, uprising tall ;

Him, as he struggles, none the less she plies

With hooky beak ; she at the same time flaps

The welkin with her wings : not otherwise,

His booty from the men of Tibur's troop,

Off Tarcho bears in triumph. Following

The pattern and the fortune of their chief,

Mæonia's sons rush on. Then Arruns, due

1074.

“ But those fears,

Feeling but once the fires of nobler thoughts,

Fly, like the shapes of clouds we form, to nothing.”

Beaumont and Fletcher, *Thierry and*

*Theodoret*, iv. 1.



To fates, with jav'lin, and with ample skill,  
 Careers round fleet Camilla in advance, 1077  
 And what may be his readiest chance essays.  
 Where'er herself the chafing maiden threw  
 In centre of the host, there Arruns comes  
 Hard by, and silently surveys her steps :  
 Where conq'ress she returns, and from the  
 foe 1082

Withdraws her foot, here stealthily the youth  
 Turns off the hasty reins. Approaches these,  
 And now approaches those, he traverses,  
 And every circling range on every side ;  
 And shakes the caitiff his unerring spear.  
 By chance Chlo'reus, to Cybele devote,  
 And erst her priest, distinguished shone afar  
 In Phrygian arms, and urged his foaming  
 steed, 1090

Which a gold-buckled skin with scales of  
 bronze,  
 In feather-fashion palled. Himself, all-  
 bright

In foreign steely-blue and purple dye,  
 Shot Cretan arrows from a Lycian bow ;  
 Forth from his shoulders rings the bow of  
 gold,

And golden was the prophet's helm ; he next  
 Both saffron cloak, and rustling folds of  
 lawn,

With tawny gold had gathered into knot ;  
 His tunic, and his legs' outlandish greaves,  
 With needle broidered. Him the huntress-  
 maid,— 1100

Whether that she might on the temples' front  
 His Trojan weapons fasten, or that she  
 Might figure in his captured gold,—alone  
 From all the battle's contest blind pursued,  
 And heedlessly through all the army burned  
 With woman's love of booty and of spoils :  
 When Arruns,—his occasion seized at last,—  
 A weapon from his ambush shoots, and thus  
 The heav'nly pow'rs beseeches with his  
 voice :

"Most high of gods, divine Soracte's guard,  
 Apollo, whom we foremost venerate, 1111  
 Whose blaze of fir is fuelled by a pile,  
 And we, thy vot'ries, on our holiness  
 Relying, through the centre of the fire  
 Our footsteps plant on plenteous living coal ;  
 Vouchsafe, almighty sire, that this disgrace  
 Be from our arms expunged ! Not stript-off  
 gear

Or trophy of a vanquished maid, or aught  
 Of plunder do I seek. My other feats  
 Shall bring me credit. So that this dread  
 plague, 1120

Struck by a wound from me, may fall, un-  
 famed

I to my native city shall return."

Apollo heard, and granted in his soul

That of the prayer a part should reach its  
 end ;

A part he scattered to the wingy gales.

That he should fell by sudden death the  
 mazed

Camilla, to the suitor he vouchsafes ;

That him, returned, his glorious native land  
 Should see,—he granted not ; and [this]  
 request

The tempests turned away upon the winds.  
 Accordingly, when, from his hand dis-  
 charged, 1131

The lance along the breezes gave a sound,  
 The Volsci all their keen attention bent,  
 And carried towards the queen their eyes.

She naught

Regardful, neither of the breeze, nor sound,  
 Nor of the weapon swooping from the sky ;  
 Till, plunged beneath her bosom bared, the  
 lance

It stuck, and, driven home, deep drank her  
 maiden blood.

Her wildered retinue together haste,

And raise their fallen mistress. Arruns flies,  
 Stunned above all with joy and mingled  
 fright ; 1141

Nor dares he venture any more to trust  
 His spear, nor meet the weapons of the maid.  
 And as, before the hostile darts pursue,  
 Some famous wolf hath straight to lofty  
 mounts,

From path aloof, retired,—a shepherd slain  
 Or stately steer,—aware of his bold deed,  
 And, drawing in his tail, that shakes with  
 fear,

Hath laid it 'neath his paunch, and sought  
 the woods :

Not otherwise, wild Arruns from their view  
 Removed himself, and satisfied with flight,  
 He mixed him up among the central arms.  
 She, dying, with her hand the bolt with-  
 draws ; 1153

But in her ribs, among the bones, stands  
 [fixed]

The steely spear-point in the deepsome  
 wound.

She bloodless sinks ; sink cold in death her  
 eyes ;

---

1125. Milton alludes to the same idea :

"To Heaven their prayers  
 Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds  
 Blown vagabond or frustrate."  
*P. L.*, b. xi. 14-16.

1129. Or: "his voice."

1140. "But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,  
 Make gallant show and promise of their mettle ;  
 But when they should endure the bloody spur,  
 They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,  
 Sink in the trial."

Shakespeare, *Julius Cæsar*, iv. 2.

The hue, once rosy, hath her features left.  
Then, as she dies, she Acca thus accosts,  
One of her fellows, who before the rest  
Alone was to Camilla true, with whom  
She used to share her cares ; and these thus  
speaks : 1161

“ Thus far I, sister Acca, have availed ;  
A bitter wound now brings me to my end,  
And all in murk is waxing dark around.  
Fly off, and carry these my last behests  
To Turnus : to the fight t’ advance, and drive  
The Trojans from the town. And now fare-  
well !”

At the same instant with these words she  
loosed

The reins, as she is sinking to the earth  
Not of her own free will. Then, cold, by  
slow degrees 1170

From her whole body she herself released,  
And her lithe neck and death-caught head  
laid down,

Her arms abandoning ; and with a groan  
The life disdainful flies beneath the shades.  
Then of a truth past measure, does a cry  
Arising, strike the golden stars ; the fray  
More bloody grows, Camilla overthrown ;  
At once close hurtle all the Teucris host,  
And Tuscan chieftains, and Evander’s  
Arcad wings.

But long since Opis, Trivia’s sentinel,  
Aloft is sitting on the mountain-tops, 1181  
And gazing on their tourneys unalarmed.  
And when afar, amid the yell of youths  
In frenzy, she Camilla spied, amerced  
In rueful death, she both gave forth a groan,  
And heaved these accents from her lowest  
breast :

“ Ah ! too, too barbarous a penalty,  
O maiden, thou hast paid, for having tried  
The Teucris to provoke in war ! Nor thee,  
All lonely in the brakes, hath it bestead  
Diana to have worshipped, or have worn  
Our quivers on thy shoulder. Still, thy queen  
Hath not forsaken thee, dishonored, now  
In death’s extremity ; nor this thy end  
Shall thro’ the nations be without renown,  
Or shalt thou bear the scandal of a maid,  
Unwreaked ; for whosoe’er by wound pro-  
faned 1197

Thy body, shall atone by death condign.”  
Beneath a lofty mountain lay immense,  
The sepulchre of th’ old Laurentine king,  
Dercennus, [fashioned] of a mound of earth,

1157. “ Such ruby lips, and such a lovely bloom,  
Disdaining all adult’rate aids of art,  
Kept a perpetual spring upon her face,  
As Death himself lamented, being forced  
To blast it with his paleness.”

Massinger, *The Unnatural Combat*, i. 3.

And bowered by a shady holm. Here first  
The passing lovely goddess plants herself  
With effort quick, and from the stately tomb  
Observes she Arruns. When she him  
beheld 1205

Joying in soul, and venting idle vaunts :  
“ Why,” cries she, “ goest thou off a dif-  
f’rent way ?

Direct thy footstep hither ; hither come,  
O [thou who ’rt] doomed to die, that  
guerçons thou

Deserving of Camilla may’st receive. 1210  
Shalt thou, too, perish by Diana’s shafts ?”  
She said, and from her quiver, trimmed  
with gold,

The Thracian [nymph] drew forth a wingy  
bolt,

And, angered, strained the bow, and drew  
it far,

Until the ends imbowed together met ;  
And now with [both] her hands alike she  
touched,—

The sharpened point of th’ iron with her  
left,—

Her bosom with her right and with the  
string.

Forthwith the weapon’s whirr and whizzing  
air

Together Arruns heard, and in his frame  
The iron stuck. Him, breathing out [his  
soul], 1221

And heaving forth his latest groans, his  
mates,

Regardless, on the champaign’sunknown dust  
Abandon : Opis on her wings away  
Is wafted to the empyrean heaven.

First flies, their mistress lost, Camilla’s  
wing

Light[-armed] ; the Rutulans disordered fly ;  
Flies fierce Atinas ; and the routed chiefs  
And companies forlorn seek safe [retreats].  
And, turned aloof, upon their chargers they  
Speed to the city. Nor hath one the power  
With darts to bear the Teucris pressing on,  
And dealing death, or ’gainst them make a  
stand ; 1233

But on their feeble shoulders bear they off  
Their bows unstraitened ; and in their career  
The hoof of horses shakes the mould’ring  
plain.

The agitated dust in pitchy gloom  
Is volumed to the walls, and from the heights  
The bosom-stricken dames their woman’s  
shout

Raise to the stars of heaven. Who in flight  
Dashed forward first to open gates,—on  
these 1241

A hostile multitude in jumbled host  
Is closing : nor escape they dismal death :

But in the very threshold, by their native walls,  
 And 'mid the shelter of their homes, they,  
 pierced,  
 Breathe forth their spirits. Some begin to shut the gates;  
 Nor for their comrades dare to ope a way,  
 Nor take them, craving it, inside the walls;  
 And slaughter most deplorable begins  
 Of those that guard the passes with their arms, 1250  
 And those upon [these] arms who rush. [The men,]  
 Barred out before their weeping parents' eyes  
 And faces, some,—destruction driving on,—  
 Into the steepy dykes are rolled; some,  
 blind and quick,  
 With slackened bridles batter on the gates  
 And gate-posts, sturdy through a barricade.  
 In utmost rivalry the very dames,  
 From off the walls, (true love of country guides,)  
 Like as they saw Camilla, from their hand  
 Throw weapons, flurried, and with stubborn oak, 1260  
 With stakes, and bludgeons, hardened in the fire,

1259. It is by no means easy to see what is the exact force of *ut videre Camillam*, v. 892. Of all the views which have been put forward, that is adopted which seems to be the least unsatisfactory; though *ut*, in the sense of "like as," would appear to require *viderant*. Yet Virgil at times employs an unexpected tense. The passage, taken by itself, would at once suggest that *Camillam* meant the body of Camilla; but, unfortunately for this view, Diana had already declared to Opis, that she would convey it away on her death. Trapp's answer to this objection is not tenable for a moment. It cannot be imagined that the goddess would have allowed the corpse to be carried to the town, before she removed it from public gaze. She declares that after the death of Arruns—*post*—she would bear it to the sepulchre.

In headlong hurry do they mimic steel,  
 And foremost for their city burn to die.  
 Meanwhile the cruellest intelligence  
 Fills Turnus in the woods, and to the youth  
 Acca announces the prodigious coil:—  
 "Annihilated were the Volscians' lines,  
 Camilla fall'n, the furious foe rush on,  
 And with Mars fav'ring, every [spot] had  
 seized;  
 That terror now was carried to the town."  
 He, frantic,—even thus Jove's fell decrees  
 Require,—abandons the beleaguered hills,  
 Quits the rough woods. He'd scarce gone  
 out of sight, 1273  
 And gained the plain, when sire Æneas,  
 On open passes entered, both surmounts  
 The ridge, and issues from the gloomy grove.  
 Thus both, impetuous, and with all their  
 host,  
 Are hurried to the walls, nor stand apart  
 By paces long between them. And as soon  
 As from afar Æneas spied the plains, 1280  
 Smoking with dust, and saw Laurentum's  
 bands,  
 And Turnus fell Æneas knew in arms,  
 And heard th' approach of foot and snorts  
 of steeds:—  
 They even instantly upon the fights  
 Would enter, and essay encounters, did  
 not now  
 His jaded coursers rosy Phœbus dip  
 Within Iberia's gulf, and night restore,  
 The day declining. In their camp they rest  
 Before the city, and the walls invest.

1287. "The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day  
 Is crept into the bosom of the sea,  
 And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades,  
 That drag the tragic melancholy night;  
 Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings  
 Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws  
 Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air."  
 Shakespeare, 2 *K. Henry VI.*, iv. 1, 1-7.

## BOOK XII.

As soon as Turnus sees that, broken down  
 By hostile Mars, the Latins heart had lost;  
 That his own pledges were exacted now;  
 That he himself was marked by every  
 eye;—

Of his own motion, not to be appeased,  
 He blazes, and his courage raises high.  
 Such-like, as in the Carthaginians' fields

Line 4. Or, more literally: "marked out by their eyes."

Some famous lion, by a heavy wound 8  
 From hunters in the bosom stricken, then  
 At length prepares for battle, and delights,  
 Shaking the manèd thews upon his neck,  
 And fearless breaks the robber's bolt infixed,  
 And roars with gory mouth: not otherwise

8, 9. The genitive case is not always possessive in the ordinary sense. Compare *venantium vulnere*, v. 5, with *dona Minervæ*. Æn. ii. 189.

10. *Movet arma*, v. 6, is too technical an expression to bear a literal version.



In Turnus, set afire, does fury swell.  
Then thus he speaks the king, and so begins  
In agitation : " There is no delay  
In Turnus ; naught [of pretext] is there why  
The dastard Æneads should revoke their  
words,

Nor what they've covenanted should decline.  
To combat do I march. O father bring 20  
The holy offerings, and do thou draw up  
The league. I either will with this right hand  
The Dardan renegade of Asia send  
'Neath Tart'rus,—let the Latins sit and  
see !—

And singly with the sword will I rebut  
The universal charge : or let him hold  
Us conquered ; let Lavinia yield, his bride."

To him Latinus with a heart composed  
Replied : " O youth of spirit rare, as much  
As in fierce gallantry thou dost excel, 30  
So much the more devotedly 'tis right  
That I take thought for thee, and that in fear  
I weigh all risks. Thy father Daunus' realms  
Are thine ; towns many, taken by thy hand,  
Are [thine] ; yea, too, both gold and [kindly]  
mind

Latinus owneth : other spouseless maids  
In Latium be, and in Laurentine fields,  
Nor they un noble in their pedigree.  
Allow me, reservations laid aside,  
To open these, not balmy to be told ; 40  
This at the same time in thy mind imbibe.  
To none of former suitors was it right  
That I my daughter should espouse, and this  
Did all, both gods and men, pronounce.  
O'erwhelmed by love of thee, by kindred  
blood

O'erwhelmed, and by my mourning consort's  
tears,  
All ties I burst ; reft from my daughter's  
spouse

His fianced [bride] ; ungodly arms took up.  
What misadventures from that [hour], what  
wars,

Pursue me, thou, O Turnus, dost behold ;  
What grievous travails thou in chief dost  
bear. 51

Twice conquered in the mighty fray, we  
scarce

Italia's hopes within the city guard ;  
With blood of ours still warm are Tiber's  
streams,  
And spacious plains are bleaching with our  
bones.

Whither am I so often driven back ?  
What frenzy shifts my mind ? If, Turnus  
dead,

I'm ready to invite them as allies,  
Why do I not the rather, while he's safe,  
Remove disputes ? What will the Rutulans,

My kinsfolk, what the rest of Italy say, 61  
Should I,—may Fortune give my words the  
lie !—

Have thee betrayed to death, while thou  
dost woo

My daughter and the nuptial link with us ?  
Reflect upon the diverse haps in war ;  
Have pity on thy aged sire, whom now,  
In woe, his native Ardea severs far  
[From us]." In no wise is the vehemence  
Of Turnus by his language swayed : he  
swells

The more, and in the curing waxes sick. 70  
As soon as he could speak, he thus began  
From out his lip : " What care on my account  
Thou entertainest, this, most worthy [prince]  
For my sake, I beseech thee, lay aside,  
And suffer me to barter death for praise.  
We, too, O father, darts and no weak steel  
Scatter from our right hand, and from the  
wound

Of our [in]fiction) follows blood. From him  
His goddess-mother will be far, who screens  
A runagate within a woman-cloud, 80  
And shrouds him over with her empty  
shades."

But, at the novel posture of the fray  
The queen affrighted wept, and, death-pre-  
pared,  
Her daughter's fiery spouse she held : " O  
Turnus, I

Of thee, by these my tears, by reverence

75. " Behold in awful march, and dread array,  
The long-extended squadrons shape their way !  
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts  
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts ;  
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,  
And thirst of glory quells the love of life."

Addison, *The Campaign*.

79. Wagner considers that the clause *que . . . umbris*, refers to the thoughts of Æneas ; which is, no doubt, true in the main : but it is evident that some of the terms express the feelings of the speaker himself. If the view taken in the version is right, the passage may be thus paraphrased :

We too, my father, can wield weapons, and launch no puny darts ; our swords can draw blood as well as theirs. As to this goddess-mother, (of whom Æneas prates,) we need be under no apprehension from her,—she will be far enough away from him (—for his mother is no goddess at all : the whole story is a mere fable). We need not be alarmed (whether he fancies or affects) that she will protect him (—runaway that he is !) by a cloud, (—shame upon the soldier that looks to a female for aid in war !—) and muffle him up in shades (which, we know full well, are all fictitious).

85. " Oh, I can't bear this cold contempt of death ! This rigid virtue, that prefers your glory To liberty or life. O cruel man ! By these sad sighs, by these poor streaming eyes, By that dear love that makes us now unhappy, By the near danger of that precious life, Heaven knows I value much above my own :—

For thy Amata, if doth any touch  
 Thy spirit,—thou art now the single hope,  
 Thou art the peace, of my unhappy eld;  
 Latinus' dignity and sovereign sway  
 Are in thy hands; our falling house on thee  
 All leans:—this single [favor] do I crave:  
 Forbear with Trojans to engage thy hand.  
 Whatever chances in that strife wait thee,  
 Wait me, too, Turnus. I with thee will leave  
 These hated lights, nor consort of my child  
 Will I, a captived [dame], Æneas see." 96  
 Lavinia listened to her mother's voice,  
 With tears besprinkled o'er her glowing  
 cheeks;  
 In whom a plenteous blushing raised a fire,  
 And through her heated lineaments careered.  
 As if with ruddy purple should some [hand]

What! Not yet mov'd! Are you resolv'd on death?  
 Then, ere 'tis night, I swear by all the powers,  
 This steel shall end my fears and life together."

Smith, *Phædra and Hippolytus*, act ii.

92. "Forbear, Demetrius, 'tis Aspasia calls thee;  
 Thy love, Aspasia, calls; restrain thy sword;  
 Nor rush on useless wounds with idle courage."

Johnson, *Irene*, v. 4.

98. "With that adowne out of her christall eyne  
 New trickling teares she softly forth let fall,  
 That like two orient perles did purely shyne  
 Upon her snowy cheeke."

Spenser, of *Florimell*, *F. Q.*, iii. 7, 9.

"The godlike maid, awhile all silent stood,  
 And down to th' earth let fall her humble eyes;  
 While modest thoughts shot up the flaming blood,  
 Which fir'd her scarlet cheek with rosy dyes;  
 But soon to quench the heat, that lordly reigns,  
 From her fair eye a show'r of crystal rains,  
 Which with his silver streams o'erruns the beau-  
 teous plains." P. Fletcher, *Purple Island*, xi. 10.

The following extract but partly applies to the  
 case of the unhappy Lavinia; but it is altogether a  
 most beautiful passage:

"Her eye did seem to labour with a tear,  
 Which suddenly took birth, but, overweigh'd  
 With its own swelling, dropp'd upon her bosom,  
 Which, by reflection of her light, appear'd  
 As nature meant her sorrow for an ornament.  
 After, her looks grew cheerful, and I saw  
 A smile shoot graceful upward from her eyes,  
 As they had gain'd a victory o'er grief,  
 And with it many beams twisted themselves,  
 Upon whose golden threads the angels walk  
 To and again from heaven."

Shirley, *The Brothers*, i. 1.

"In tears your beauteous daughter drowns her  
 sight,  
 Silent as dews that fall in dead of night."

Dryden, *The Indian Emperor*, iii. 3.

99. "The bashfull blood her snowy cheekes did  
 dye,  
 That her became, as polishd yvory,  
 Which cunning craftesman hand hath overlayd  
 With fayre vermilion or pure castory."

Spenser, *F. Q.*, ii. 9, 41.

"'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white  
 Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on."  
 Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, i. 5.

Have stained the ivory of Ind; or when  
 Blush snowy lilies, blent with many a rose:  
 Such hues the damsel on her visage raised.  
 Him love confounds, and fastens he his looks  
 Upon the maid; he burns for arms the more,  
 And speaks in few Amata: "Do not, pray,  
 Do not with tears, nor such a grave presage,  
 Attend me, O my mother, as I go  
 To the encounters of relentless Mars; 110

103. "The lilly in the field,  
 That glories in his white,  
 For purenesse now must yeeld,  
 And render up his right.  
 Heauen, pictur'd in her face,  
 Doth promise ioy and grace.

"Faire Cynthiaes silver light,  
 That beates on running streames,  
 Compares not with her white,  
 Whose haire is all sun-beames.  
 So bright my Nimph doth shine,  
 As day unto my eyne.

"With this there is a red  
 Exceedes the damaske-rose,  
 Which in her cheekes is spred,  
 Whence euery fauor grows.  
 In skie there is no starre,  
 But she surmounts it farre.

"When Phœbus from the bed  
 Of Thetis doth arise,  
 The morning blushing red,  
 In faire carnation wise,  
 He shewes in my Nimphs face  
 As queene of euery grace.

"This pleasant lilly white,  
 This taint of roseate red,  
 This Cynthiaes silver light,  
 This sweet faire Dea spred,  
 These sun-beames in mine eye,—  
 These beauties make me die."

Earle of Oxenforde, in *England's Helicon*.

"O ruddier than the cherry!  
 O sweeter than the berry!  
 O Nymph more bright  
 Than moonshine night,  
 Like kidlings blithe and merry!  
 Ripe as the melting cluster,  
 No lily has such lustre."

Gay, *Acis and Galatea*.

105. "O do not wanton with those eyes,  
 Lest I be sick of seeing;  
 Nor cast them down, but let them rise,  
 Lest shame destroy their being.

"O be not angry with those fires,  
 For then their threats will kill me:  
 Nor look too kind on my desires,  
 For then my hopes will spill me.

"O do not steep them in thy tears,  
 For so will sorrow slay me:  
 Nor spread them as distract with fears:  
 Mine own enough betray me."  
 Ben Jonson, *Underwoods*, *Miscellaneous Poems*, ii.

"Who can but doat on this humility,  
 That sweetens, — Lovely in her tears! — The  
 fetters,  
 That seem'd to lessen in their weight but now,  
 By this grow heavier on me."  
 Massinger, *The Unnatural Combat*, iv. 1.

For death's delay is not to Turnus free.  
Do thou, O herald Idmon, carry forth  
Unto the Phrygian despot these my words,  
That are not doomed to please : 'When first,  
In heaven of to-morrow wafted on  
Upon her purplish wheels, Aurore shall  
blush,  
'Gainst Rutulans let him not Teucri lead ;  
Let Trojans' arms, and Rutuli repose ;  
By our own blood the war let us decide ;  
The bride Lavinia on that plain be sought."

These words when uttered he, and quick  
withdrew 121  
Within the palace, he demands his steeds,  
And joys in gazing on them as they neigh  
Before his eyes ; which Orithyia's self  
Presented as an honorable gift  
To [sire] Piliunus, such as might surpass  
The snows in whiteness, in career the gales.  
Round stand officious grooms, and stimulate  
Their bosoms, patted with their hollow  
hands,  
And comb their manèd necks. Then he  
himself 130

Around his shoulders dons his coat of mail,  
With gold and sheeny orichalcum crisp ;  
At the same time for service does he fit  
His falchion e'en, and buckler, and the  
cones  
Of his encrimsoned plume ; the falchion,  
which  
The deity, [who reigns] the lord of fire,  
Himself had for his father Daunus forged,  
And plunged it, glowing, in the Stygian  
wave.

Next seizes he with force his sturdy spear,  
Which, resting on a giant pillar, stood 140  
Amid the dome, Auruncan Actor's spoil,  
And shakes it quiv'ring, lifting up his voice :

122. Glover, of Xerxes' chariot and horses :

"The monarch will'd ; and suddenly he heard  
His trampling horses. High on silver wheels  
The iv'ry car with azure sapphires shone,  
Cerulean beryls, and the jasper green,  
The emerald, the ruby's glowing blush,  
The flaming topaz with its golden beam,  
The pearl, th' empurpled amethyst, and all  
The various gems, which India's mines afford  
To deck the pomp of kings. In burnish'd gold  
A sculptur'd eagle from behind display'd  
His stately neck, and o'er the royal head  
Outstretch'd his dazzling wings. Eight gen'rous  
steeds,  
Which on the fam'd Nisæan plain were nurs'd  
In wintry Media, drew the radiant car."

*Leonidas*, b. iv.

134. 5.  
Led on the slaughter. From his nodding crest  
The sable plumes shook terror. Asia's host  
Shrunk back, as blasted by the piercing beams  
Of that unconquerable sword, which fell  
With lightning's swiftness on disserver'd helms."

*Ibid.*, b. v.

"Now, O thou spear, that never balked my  
calls,  
The time is now at hand ; thee [wielded]  
once  
Thrice gallant Actor ; wieldst thee the right  
hand  
Of Turnus now : vouchsafe me low to lay  
The body of this Phrygian, half a man,  
And rend with stalwart hand his wrenchèd  
mail,  
And in the dust his tresses to defile,  
With heated iron curled, and soaked in  
myrrh." 150

By these his frenzies he is hounded on ;  
And from the burning [warrior's] face  
throughout

Sparks fly ; fire flashes from his furious eyes.  
As when tremendous bellowings the bull  
Wakes for the first encounters, and essays  
His anger to concentrate in his horns,  
Against some tree-hole butting, and the  
winds

Provokes with thrusts, and with the scat-  
tered sand

Beforehand practises against the fray.

Nor less, meanwhile in his maternal arms  
Ferocious does Æneas sharpen Mars, 161  
And rouse himself with wrath, rejoicing o'er  
The war's adjustment through the proffered  
league.

His comrades then, and sad Iulus' fear,  
He comforts, teaching them the fates ; and  
bids

To king Latinus envoys to return  
His sure replies, and name the terms of  
peace.

Next Dawn arisen scarce besprent with  
light  
The mountain-tops, when first upraise their  
forms

153. "Dauntless on his native sands  
The dragon-son of Mona stands ;  
In glittering arms and glory drest,  
High he rears his ruby crest.  
There the thundering strokes begin,  
There the press, and there the din ;  
Talymafra's rocky shore  
Echoing to the battle's roar ;  
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,  
Thousand banners round him burn."

*Gray, The Triumphs of Owen.*

168. 9. "And now the taller sons (whom Titan  
warns)  
Of unshorn mountains, blown with easy winds,  
Dandled the morning's childhood in their arms."  
Giles Fletcher, *Christ's Triumph after  
Death*, st. 3.

"The Summer Sunne hath guilded faire  
With morning rayes the mountaines ;  
The birds doe caroll in the ayre,  
And naked Nymphs in fountains."

*Theorello*, by E. Bolton, in *England's Helicon*.



From the deep gulf the horses of the Sun,  
And forth from lifted nostrils breathe  
the light :— 171

A field for their encounter, underneath  
The stately city's walls, both Rutulan  
And Trojan warriors having meted out,  
Arranged it ; and, within the centre, hearths  
And turf altars to their common gods.  
Others alike spring-water brought and fire,  
In apron mantled, and upon their brows  
With vervain garlanded. There marches  
forth

A legion of Ausonia's denizens, 180  
And javelined brigads pour from crowded  
gates.

Here all the Trojan and Tyrrhenian host  
Swoops on in motley arms, equipped in steel,  
Not otherwise than if the cruel fight  
Of Mars should call. Moreover, in the midst  
Of thousands do the generals themselves  
Flit to and fro, in gold and purple graced ;—  
E'en Mnestheus, offspring of Assaracus,  
And brave Asylas, and Messapus [too],  
Of steeds the tamer, Neptune's son. And  
when, 190

" From the red wave rising bright,  
Lift on high thy golden head ;  
O'er the misty mountains spread  
Thy smiling rays of orient light !"  
Langhorne, *Hymn to the Rising Sun*.

170, &c. " Hark ! hark ! the watchful chanticleer  
Tells us the day's bright harbinger  
Peeps o'er the eastern hills, to awe,  
And warn night's sovereign to withdraw.

" The morning curtains now are drawn,  
And now appears the blushing dawn ;  
Aurora has her roses shed,  
To strew the way Sol's steeds must tread.

" Xanthus and Æthon harness'd are,  
To roll away the burning car,  
And, snorting flame, impatient bear  
The dressing of the charioteer."

Charles Cotton, *The Morning Quatrains*, 4-6.

" Till, as a giant strong, a bridegroom gay,  
The Sun springs dancing thro' the gates of day ;  
He shakes his dewy locks, and hurls his beams  
O'er the proud hills, and down the glowing  
streams.

His fiery coursers bound above the main,  
And whirl the car along th' ethereal plain :  
The fiery coursers and the car display  
A stream of glory, and a flood of day."

Broome, *Paraphrase on Job*.

" For see, fair Thetis hath undone the bars  
To Phœbus' team ; and his unrivall'd light  
Hath chas'd the morning's modest blush away."  
J. Fletcher, *The Woman-Hater*, i. 1.

187. " All furnish'd, all in arms,  
All plum'd like estridges that wing the wind,  
Bated like eagles having lately bath'd ;  
Glittering in golden coats like images ;  
As full of spirit as the month of May,  
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer."  
Shakespeare, *1 K. Henry IV.*, iv. 1.

The signal given, to their posts hath each  
Withdrawn, down plunge they in the earth  
their spears,

And rest their shields. Then, pouring forth  
in zeal,

Dames, and th' unweaponed rout, and weak  
old men,

Of tow'rs and houses' roofs possession seized :  
The others by the stately portals take their  
stand.

But Juno from the eminence, which now  
Is Alban called,—then neither name at-  
tached,

Nor dignity, or glory, to the mount ;—  
Gazing abroad, was poring on the field, 200

And both Laurentines' and the Trojans' lines,  
And city of Latinus. In a trice

On this wise Turnus' sister she addressed,—  
The deity—a goddess, who presides

O'er standing waters and the booming  
floods :—

This dignity on her the lofty king  
Of th' Æmpeyan, Jove, for maidhood reft  
Bestowed :—" Nymph, pride of rivers, of  
my soul

Chief favorite, thou know'st that thee alone  
To all [the maids], whoe'er of Latian [birth]  
Have mounted high-souled Jove's offensive  
bed, 211

I have preferred, and in a share of heaven  
Have freely placed thee : O Juturna, learn,—  
That thou mayst not upbraid me,—thy own  
woe.

Where Fortune seemed to suffer it, and  
Fates

Allowed affairs with Latium to advance,  
I Turnus and thy city have bescreened.

The youth now see I with unequal fates  
Engaging, and the day and hostile power  
Of Fates approaches. Not this fight, not  
leagues, 220

View can I with mine eyes. Do thou, if thou  
Dost aught more ready for thy brother's sake  
Adventure, go ; it thee becoms : perchance  
Th' unfortunate will better [fates] attend."  
She scarcely these, when eye-drops from her  
eyes

Outpoured Juturna, and three times and four  
She smote her dainty bosom with her hand.

" This," cries Saturnian Juno, " is no time  
For tears : haste, and, if any means there be,  
Thy brother snatch from death ; or wars do  
thou 230

Awake, and shatter their concerted league :  
The instigator of thy daring I."

Thus having urged, she left her in suspense,  
And troubled by a woeful wound of soul.

Meanwhile the kings,—Latinus, of a frame  
Gigantic, in a four-horse car is borne,

Whose sheeny brows around twice six guilt  
beams,  
The token of his ancestor the Sun,  
Encircle ;—Turnus in a chariot goes,  
With twain white coursers, swaying in his  
hand 240  
Two javelins with broad steel. From th'  
other side  
The sire Æneas, source of Roma's race,  
Blazing in starry shield and heav'nly arms,  
And by his side Ascanius, second hope  
Of mighty Rome, march forward from the  
camp ;  
And in a spotless garment did the priest  
Bring up the youngling of a bristly swine,  
A ewe-lamb too unshorn, of two years old,  
And to the flaring altars led the beasts.  
They, with their eyes turned towards the  
rising sun, 250  
Present the salted meal within their hands,  
And with the steel the victims' temple-tips  
They mark, and drench the altars from the  
bowls.  
Then good Æneas, with his falchion drawn,  
Thus prays : " Be witness now, O Sun, for  
me,  
Who call upon thee, and this Land, for  
whom  
Such grievous toils have I availed to bear ;  
And, O almighty father, and O thou  
Saturnian consort, now more placable,  
Now, goddess, I entreat ; and thou, famed  
Mars, 260  
Who every war, O sire, 'neath thy decree  
Dost bend ; on Springs, too, and on Floods I  
call ;  
And what the Sanctity in Air aloft,  
And what the Pow'rs be in the azure  
Deep :—  
If conquest shall to Auson Turnus chance  
To fall, it is agreed the conquered [side]  
Shall to Evander's city draw away ;  
Iulus from [these] regions shall retire ;  
Nor shall thereafter the Ænean sons,  
Renewing warfare, any arms repeat, 270  
Or vex these realms with steel. But if  
to us  
Shall Conquest signify that Mars is ours,—  
As I the rather deem, and may the gods  
The rather establish it by their decree !—  
I will not either on Italians call  
The Trojans to obey, nor do I seek  
Their kingdoms for myself. On equal terms  
Let both unconquered nations meet for  
leagues,

253. It is very doubtful that the poet contemplated any difference between *aris*, v. 171, and *altaria*, v. 174, though he unquestionably contrasts the terms in *Ecl.* v. 56.

Unending. Holy rites and gods I'll give ;  
Arms let my consort's sire Latinus hold ;  
My consort's sire his customary rule. 281  
For me the Teucris shall my walls construct,  
And to my town Lavinia deign her name."  
Æneas thus the foremost [spake] ; thus next  
Latinus follows, looking up to heaven,  
And stretches forth his right hand to the  
stars :  
" Æneas, by these same, Land, Ocean,  
Stars,  
I swear, and by Latona's twin descent,  
And Janus double-faced, and hellish power  
Of deities, and by the hallowed courts 290  
Of ruthless Dis ; may these the father hear,  
Who with his levin ratifieth leagues !  
I touch the altars ; I the central fires  
And deities to witness take ; no day,  
Upon th' Italians' part, this peace, or league  
Shall rupture, howsoever events shall fall ;  
Nor shall there any force with my consent  
Warp me ;—no, if it should outpour the land  
Upon the waves, in deluge blending it,  
And crumble into Tartarus the heaven. 300  
As this my sceptre," (for in his right hand  
His sceptre wielded he by chance,) " shall  
ne'er  
Shoot forth with filmy leafage sprays nor  
shades,  
Since once within the forests, lopped away  
From lowest stem, its parent [tree] it lacks,  
And down hath laid through steel its leaves  
and sprigs ;  
Erstwhile a sapling ; now the craftsman's  
hand  
Hath prisoned it in ornamental bronze,  
And giv'n it to the Latin sires to bear."  
In suchlike words between them they the  
leagues 310  
Established 'mid the nobles' presence. Then,  
Duly devote, beasts stab they for the lease,

279. The poet intends his hero to be distinguished for religion : how far the man, who treated the unfortunate Dido as he did, was suited for an apostle, or a model, is another consideration.

292. This mention of Jove's thunder may refer to the vengeance he would take on perjury : so the Queen in Fletcher's *Queen of Corinth* :

" May the gods,  
That look into king's actions, smile upon  
The league we have concluded ; and their justice  
Find me out to revenge it, if I break  
One article." Act i. 3.

299. " Hence, in old dusky time, a deluge came :  
When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arch'd  
The central waters round, impetuous rush'd,  
With universal burst, into the gulph,  
And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth  
Wide dash'd the waves, in undulation vast ;  
Till, from the centre to the streaming clouds,  
A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe."

Thomson, *Spring*.

And draw the bowels from them while alive,  
And pile the altars with the chargers heaped.

But to the Rutuli, sooth, long erewhile  
Unfair appeared that combat, and their  
breasts

With changeable emotion are turmoiled ;  
The more so then, when closer they contend  
With pow'rs unequal. Helps [this state of  
soul]

Turnus advancing with a silent gait, 320  
And th' altar worshipping with downcast  
eye

In prayerful posture ; and his sunken cheeks,  
The wanness, too, throughout his youthful  
frame.

Which disputation soon as e'er Juturn,  
His sister, saw gain ground, and wavering  
The populace's fluctuating hearts :  
Upon the centre of the troops, in shape  
To Camers likened ;—[one,] to whom be-  
longed

A noble lineage from his ancestors,  
And, from the valor of a father [gained],  
A brilliant name, and he himself in arms 331  
Thrice-gallant ;—on the centre of the troops  
She flings her, of their state not unaware,  
And sundry rumors sows, and speaks the  
like :

“ Doth it not shame you, O ye Rutuli,  
For all, his like, a single life t' expose !  
In count or powers are we not their peers ?  
Lo ! these are all,—as well the men of Troy,  
As the Arcadians, and the fateful band,  
Etruria,—in hostility to Turnus. If 340  
We should, each second man of us, engage,  
Scarce an antagonist have we. He, sooth,  
To heav'nly powers, for whose altars he  
Devotes himself, shall in renown advance,  
And deathless through the mouths [of men]  
be noised :

We,—country lost,—shall haughty lords be  
forced

T' obey, [we,] who are idly seated now  
Upon the fields.” The feeling of the youths  
By suchlike words is fired now more and  
more,

And through the troops a murmur creeps :  
e'en changed 350  
Are the Laurentines, e'en the Latins too.  
Those, who erewhile were hoping for them-  
selves

Repose from fight, and safety for the state,  
Now wish for arms, and pray the league  
unmade,

And feel compassion at th' unrighteous lot  
Of Turnus. To these [thoughts] Juturna adds  
Another greater [stimulant], and gives  
A signal from the height of heav'n, than  
which

None troubled more effectively the minds  
Of th' Itali, and by its ill portent 360  
Deceived. For, flying in the ruddy sky,  
Jove's tawny bird was chasing fowls of shore,  
And noisy bevy of the winged host ;  
When, swooping in a trice upon the waves,  
The felon trusses with his hooky claws  
A peerless swan. Th' Italians roused their  
souls,

And all the birds with screaming wheel their  
flight,—

A marvel to be seen !—and with their wings  
Bedim the sky, and, forming in a cloud,  
The foe they harass thro' the air, until 370  
O'erwhelmed by force and by his very load,  
The bird gave way, and from his talons  
dashed

His quarry in the stream, and flew afar  
Into the clouds. Then sooth Rutulians greet  
The omen with a cheer, and hands prepare ;  
And first Tolumnius the augur cries :

“ 'Twas this, this, what with prayers I often  
sought :

I welcome it, and recognise the gods.

With me, with me, your leader, seize the  
sword,

O wretched, whom a felon foreigner 380  
Thro' battle strikes with fear, as weakly birds,  
And ravages with violence your coasts.  
To flight shall he resort, and set his sails  
Afar upon the deep. With one consent  
Do ye compact your squadrons, and your  
king,

365. “ A cast of haggard falcons, by me mann'd,  
Eying the prey at first, appear as if  
They did turn tail ; but with their labouring wings  
Getting above her, with a thought their pinions  
Cleaving the purer element, make in,  
And by turns bind with her ;\* the frightened fowl,  
Lying at her defence upon her back,  
With her dreadful beak, awhile defers her death.”  
Massinger, *The Guardian*.

370. “ Have you not seen, when, whistled from the  
fist,  
Some falcon stoops at what her eye design'd,  
And with her eagerness the quarry miss'd,  
Straight flies at check, and clips it down the  
wind ?

“ The dastard crow, that to the wood made wing,  
And sees the groves no shelter can afford,  
With her loud kaws her craven kind does bring,  
Who safe in numbers cuff the noble bird.”  
Dryden, *Annus Mirabilis*, 86, 7.

Spenser somewhat differently :

“ Like as a goshaue, that in foote doth beare  
A trembling culver, having spide on high  
An eagle that with plumy wings doth sheare  
The subtle ayre stouping with all his might,  
The quarrey throwes to ground with fell despyght.”  
F. Q., iii. 7, 39.

\* “ Bind with her,” a term in falconry, mean-  
ing to *seize*. See Gifford's note.



Reft from you, in the battle guard." He said,  
 And on the foes confronted to him hurled  
 A javelin, as he forward runs. A twang  
 Emits the whirring cornel, and the air 389  
 Unerring cuts. At once this [feat is done],  
 At once a mighty shout,—and all the rows  
 Are troubled, and with turmoil heated be  
 Their hearts. The flying spear, as by a chance  
 Nine brothers' fairest forms against it stood,—  
 Whom had, so many, one true Tyrrhene wife  
 Borne to Gylippus [of] Arcadian [line];—  
 Of these, one at the midriff, where the belt,  
 With stitches joined, is by his stomach  
 chafed,  
 And gripes a brooch the meetings of its  
 ends,—  
 A youth preeminent in comeliness, 400  
 And beaming arms;—transpierces in the  
 ribs,  
 And flings him forward on the golden sand.  
 Yet do the brotherhood,—a mettled troop,  
 And fired by grief,—with hands some draw  
 their swords,  
 Some clutch the missive steel, and blindly  
 rush :  
 'Gainst whom the bands of the Laurentines  
 dash  
 Amain. Next Trojans overflow in crowds  
 Once more, and Agyllini, Arcads too,  
 With their repainted arms. Thus one desire  
 Holds all,—the strife to settle with the steel.  
 They've sacked the altars; all through  
 heav'n there shoots 411  
 A rageful hurricane of darts, and down  
 An iron shower sluices; bowls alike  
 And hearths they carry off. Latinus' self  
 Decamps, conveying back his outraged gods,  
 The league dissolved. Their chariots others  
 yoke,  
 Or mount them with a vault upon their  
 steeds,  
 And with their falchions drawn do they ap-  
 pear.  
 Messapus, eager to upset the league,  
 With his confronted charger scares away  
 A king, and wearing th' emblem of a king,  
 Tyrrhene Aulestes : he retreating falls,  
 And on the altars, planted in his way 423  
 Behind him, he, the pitiable [man]  
 Is on his head and shoulders tossed abroad.  
 But hot flies up Messapus with a lance,  
 And with his beamy weapon from above,  
 Aloft upon his horse, as many a prayer  
 He offers, sorely smites him, and thus  
 speaks :  
 "He has it! to the mighty gods is given  
 This richer sacrifice." Together run 431  
 The Itali, and strip his tepid limbs.  
 To meet [the foeman] Corynæus grasps

A brand from off the altar partly burnt,  
 And with the flames the face of Ebusus  
 Assails he, as he comes and aims a blow.  
 Gleamed his huge beard, and, singed, gave  
 forth a scent.  
 The other, following on, with his left hand  
 The tresses of the wildered foeman grasps,  
 And, leaning on him with imbedded knee,  
 He rivets him to earth : in such a plight  
 He smites his side with his unbending blade.  
 On Alsus, shepherd, and in foremost line  
 While dashing through the darts, with  
 naked sword 444  
 Does Podalirius, dogging him, o'erhang :  
 With axe drawn back the middle brow and  
 chin  
 Of his antagonist he rives apart,  
 And wide his armor dewes with spattered  
 gore.  
 Stern rest and steely slumber press his eyes ;  
 Their orbs are sealed for everlasting night.  
 But good Æneas stretched out his right  
 hand, 451  
 Unweaponed, with uncovered head, and  
 called  
 His [comrades] with the outcry : "Whither  
 rush ?  
 Or what that sudden strife that rises up ?  
 O curb your anger ! Now the league is  
 struck,  
 And all its terms arranged. The right 't  
 engage  
 Is mine alone : let me ; and banish fears.  
 The leagues will I make stable with my  
 hand ;  
 These holy rites now Turnus owe to me."  
 Amid these accents, right amid such words,  
 Lo ! to the hero whizzing on its wings 461  
 There flew an arrow;—doubtful by what  
 hand  
 'Twas driven, by what whirling power shot ;  
 What,—whether accident or god,—renown  
 So high may to the Rutulans have brought

449. Gray uses the same metaphor :

"Hie thee hence, and boast at home,  
 That never shall inquirer come  
 To break my iron sleep again  
 Till Lok has burst his tenfold chain."  
*The Descent of Odin*, end.

450. "The sun sets on my fortune, red and bloody,  
 And everlasting night begins to close me :  
 'Tis time to die."

J. Fletcher, *The Double Marriage*, iv. 3.

452. "Anone one sent out of the thicket neare  
 A cruell shaft headed with deadly ill,  
 And fethered with an unlucky quill :  
 The wicked steale stayd not till it did light  
 In his left thigh, and deeply did it thrill.  
 Exceeding griefe that wound in him empight,  
 But more that with his foes he could not come to  
 fight." Spenser, *F. Q.*, iii. 5, 20.

The credit of the noted deed is sunk ;  
Nor vaunted any in Æneas' wound.  
Turnus, as soon as he Æneas saw  
Withdrawing from the army, and the chiefs  
Confounded, glowing burns with sudden  
hope. 470

He calls at once for horses and for arms,  
And with a bound proud springs upon his  
car,

And manages the reins in his own hands.  
Hov'ring around, he many a gallant frame  
Of heroes gives to death ; rolls many o'er  
Half-dead, or 'neath his chariot grinds the  
troops,

Or lances, seized, pours on them as they flee.  
As when, aroused by icy Hebrus' streams,  
The bloody Mavors clatters with his shield,  
And, kindling wars, lets loose his fuming  
steeds : 480

They on the open champaign Southern gales  
And Western breeze outfly : the farthest  
Thrace

Groans with the tramping of their feet ;  
and round

The features of grim Fear, and Wrath, and  
Stratagem,

469. Turnus was unfortunately too sanguine.  
Glover beautifully illustrates Artemisia's retreat :

" With her last effort whelming, as she steer'd,  
One Grecian more beneath devouring waves,  
Retreats illustrious. So in trails of light  
To Night's embrace departs the golden Sun,  
Still in remembrance shining ; none believe  
His rays impair'd, none doubt his rise again  
In wonted splendour to emblaze the sky,"

*Athenaid*, b. vi.

479. " Devouring War, imprison'd in the North,  
Shall at our call in horrid pomp break forth,  
And when, his chariot wheels with thunder hung,  
Fell Discord braying with her brazen tongue,  
Death in the van, with Anger, Hate, and Fear,  
And Desolation stalking in the rear,  
Revenge, by Justice guided, in his train,  
He drives impetuous o'er the trembling plain," &c.  
Collins, *The Prophecy of Famine*.

484. " Thou, to whom the world unknown  
With all its shadowy shapes is shown ;  
Who seest appall'd th' unreal scene,  
While Fancy lifts the veil between :  
Ah, Fear ! ah, frantic Knife !  
I see, I see thee near.

I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye !  
Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly ;  
For, lo ! what monsters in thy train appear !  
Danger, whose limbs of giant mould  
What mortal eye can fix behold ?  
Who stalks his round, a hideous form,  
Howling amidst the midnight storm,  
Or throws him on the ridgy steep  
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep ;  
And with him thousand phantoms join'd,  
Who prompt to deeds accur'd the mind :  
And those, the fiends, who, near allied,  
O'er Nature's wounds and wrecks preside :  
While Vengeance, in the lurid air,  
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare :

The escort of the god, are hurried on.  
Like eager, Turnus 'mid the central fights  
His coursers urges, reeking in their sweat,  
Trampling upon his sadly slaughtered foes ;  
The nimble hoof bescatters dews of blood,  
And gore is trodden down with blended  
sand, 490

And now to death he gave both Sthenelus,  
And Thamyris, and Pholus, this and that  
Engaging close,—the other, from afar ;  
[E'en] from afar both sons of Imbrasmus,  
Glaucus and Lades, whom had Imbrasmus  
Himself brought up in Lycia, and arrayed  
In arms alike, or hand to hand to fight,  
Or on the charger to outstrip the winds.  
In other quarter on the midmost frays  
Is borne Eumedes, ancient Dolon's son, 500  
Illustrious in battle, by his name  
His grandsire representing, by his soul  
And deeds his sire, who whilom, when a spy  
He sallied to th' encampment of the Greeks,  
Pelides' car his guerdon dared to claim.  
Him with another guerdon did the son  
Of Tydeus treat for such his bold attempts ;  
Nor does he to Achilles' steeds aspire.  
When Turnus at a distance him espied  
On th' open champaign, first with javelin light  
Pursuing him throughout the stretching void,  
He brings his twain-yoked coursers to a  
stand, 512

On whom that ravening brood of Fate,  
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait ;  
Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,  
And look not madly wild like thee ?"

Collins, *Ode to Fear*.

" And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath,  
Upon a lion, loth for to be led ;  
And in his hand a burning brand he hath,  
The which he brandisheth about his hed :  
His eies did hurle forth sparkles fiery red,  
And stared sterne on all that him beheld ;  
As ashes pale of hew, and seeming ded ;  
And on his dagger still his hand he held,  
Trembling through hasty rage, when choler in him  
sweld.

" Full many mischiefes follow cruell Wrath ;  
Abhorred Bloodshed, and tumultuous Strife,  
Unmanly Murder, and unthrifty Scath,  
Bitter Despight with Rancours rusty Knife ;  
And fretting Griefe, the enemy of life :  
All these, and many moe haunt Ire  
The swelling Splene, and Frenzy raging fire,  
The shaking Palsey, and Saint Frances fire :  
Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly tire."  
Spenser, *F. Q.*, l. 4. 33, 35.

Fletcher calls " Anger the twin of Sorrow."  
*The Bloody Brother*, iv. 3.

Ben Jonson has a magnificent description of  
bloodshed in war ; *Catiline*, i. 1 :

" Slaughter bestrid the streets, and stretch'd himself  
To seem more huge ; whilst to his stained thighs  
The gore he drew flow'd up, and carried down  
Whole heaps of limbs and bodies through his  
arch."

And from his chariot down he springs, and comes

Upon him half-alive and fall'n along,  
And, with his foot imbedded in his neck,  
The falchion wrenches out of his right hand,  
And bathes it glitt'ring in his deep of throat,  
And these withal subjoins: "Behold the fields,

And, [that] which in the war, O Trojan, thou  
Hast sought, Hesperia measure as thou liest:  
These guerdons they, who with the sword  
have dared 521

T' assail me, reap; they thus construct their walls."

As his companion, with a hurtled lance  
He sends Asbutes, Chlorestoo, and Sybaris,  
And Dares, and Thersilochus; Thymoetes too,

Fall'n from his rider-flinging horse's neck.  
And as, what time Edonian Boreas' blast  
Roars on th' Ægean deep, and hunts to shore  
The billows; where the winds have plied  
[their force],

Clouds speed their flight from heav'n: to  
Turnus thus, 530

Where'er he cuts his way, the squadrons  
yield,

And, wheeled about, off dash the lines;  
himself

His ardor hurries onward, and the gale,—  
The car confronted,—shakes his flutt'ring  
plume.

Him, bearing on, and gnashing in his rage,  
Phegeus did not endure; himself he flung  
Before the chariot, and with his right hand  
Twisted aside the speeding coursers' mouths,  
While frothing on their bits. Whilst he is  
dragged,

And hangs upon their collars, a broad spear  
Him, undefended, reaches, and, infixed,  
The mail twain-tissued brasts, and with a  
wound 542

The surface of his body grazes. Yet  
He, turned upon the foe, with shield op-  
posed

Advanced, and succor sought from his  
drawn blade:

When wheel and axle, urged in their career,  
Him headlong drove, and pitches him on  
earth;

And Turnus following, 'tween his helmet's  
base

And edges of his corselet-top, with sword  
cut off

His head, and left the trunk upon the sand.  
Now, whilst deals conq'ring Turnus on  
the plains 551

These deaths, meanwhile have Mnesteus,  
and the stanch

Achates, and Ascanius their companion,  
Within the camp Æneas placed, blood-  
stained,

Supporting with a long spear-end his steps  
Alternately. He rages, and,—the shaft  
snapped off,—

Strains to out-wrest the weapon, and the path  
To succor, which the nearest [lies], de-  
mands:—

That with the broad sword they would cut  
the wound,

And deep within lay ope the missile's shroud,  
And send him to the battles back. And now  
Stood by, of Phœbus loved before all else,  
Iapis, son of Iasus; to whom 563

By violent affection erst enslaved,  
Apollo's self glad proffered his own crafts,  
His favors,—augury, and lyre, and nimble  
bolts.

He, that his laid out father's destinies  
He might protract, to know the pow'rs of  
herbs,

554. "Support your master, legges, a little further;  
Faint not, bolde heart, with anguish of my wound;  
Try further yet: can bloud weigh down my soul?"  
Marston, *The Insatiate Countesse*, iii.

556. "Whom so dismayd when Cambell had espide,  
Again he drove at him with double might,  
That nought mote stay the steele, till in his side  
The mortale point most cruelly empight;  
Where fast infixed, whilst he sought by slight  
It forth to wrest, the staffe asunder brake,  
And left the head behinde: with which desight  
He all enrag'd his shivering speare did shake."  
Spenser, *F. Q.*, iv. 3, 10.

562. Spenser adds the charm of music to the  
physician's care:

"Home is brought, and layd in sumptuous bed;  
Where many skilfull leaches him abide  
To salve his hurts, that yet still freshly bled,  
In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide,  
And softly gan embalne on everie side.  
And all the while most heavenly melody  
About the bed sweet musick did divide,  
Him to beguile of grief and agony."  
*F. Q.*, i. 5, 17.

568. "From creeping moss to soaring cedar thou  
Dost all the powers and several portions know,  
Which father—Sun, and mother—Earth below,  
On their green infants here bestow:  
Canst all those magic virtues from them draw,  
That keep Disease and Death in awe."  
Cowley, *To Dr. Scarborough*.

"Care and utmost shifts,  
How to secure the Lady from surprisal,  
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,  
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd  
In every virtuous plant, and healing herb,  
That spreads her verdant leaf to the morning ray.  
He loved me well, and oft would beg me sing;  
Which when I did, he on the tender grass  
Would sit and hearken even to ecstacy,  
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,  
And show me simples of a thousand names,  
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties."  
Milton, *Comus*.



The practice too of healing, rather chose,  
And fameless exercise the silent arts. 570  
Bitterly chafing did Æneas stand,  
While leaning on a mighty spear, with  
flocking vast

Of youths and of Iulus sad [at heart],—  
By tears immovable. The famed old man,  
In garb drawn back, tucked up in Pæon mode,  
With healing palm, and Phœbus' sovereign  
plants,  
Makes many an anxious effort all in vain;  
In vain the barbs with his right hand he  
shakes,

And with his gripping pincers grasps the steel.  
No Fortune indicates the course, naught aids  
His guide Apollo; spreads, too, more and  
more 581

Fierce terror on the field, and nigher lies  
The evil. Heav'n now see they stand in  
dust;

And cavalry advance, and thick the darts  
Amid th' encampment drop. A dismal cry  
Ascends to ether of the battling youths,  
And those that fall beneath remorseless  
Mars.

Here, by th' unrightful suffering of her son,  
His mother Venus, shocked, culls dittany  
From Cretan Ida, stalk with downy leaves,  
And tufting with a purple flow'r: those  
herbs 591

To the wild goats are not unknown, what  
time

Have wingy arrows fastened in their back.  
This Venus, compassed with a darkling cloud  
About her face, brought down; with this  
the stream,

Poured out in sheeny basins, she impregns,  
In secret healing it; and sprinkles o'er

573. Iulus felt with Aminta:

"Oh! but your wounds  
How fearfully they gape! and every one  
To me is a sepulchre: if I lov'd truly,  
(Wise men affirm that true love can do wonders,)  
These bath'd in my warm tears would soon be cur'd,  
And leave no orifice behind. Pray, give me leave  
To play the surgeon, and bind 'em up;  
The raw air rankles 'em."

J. Fletcher, *The Sea-Voyage*, ii. 1.

577. "What has been left untried that art can do?  
The hoary wrinkled leech has watch'd and toil'd,  
Tried every health-restoring herb and gum,  
And wearied out his painful skill in vain."

Rowe, *Lady Jane Gray*, act i.

594. "Here lights Hygeia, ardent to fulfill  
Mercy's behest. Light she sprung  
Along th' empyreal road: her locks distill'd  
Salubrious spirit on the stars. Full soon  
She pass'd the gate of pearl, and down the sky,  
Precipitant, upon the ev'ning-wing  
Cleaves the live ether, and with healthy balm  
Impregnates, and fecundity of sweets."

W. Thompson, *Sickness*, b. iv.

The juices of Ambrosia fraught with health,  
And perfumed panacee. With lotion this  
lapis aged, unknown, stuped the wound,  
And in a trice sooth vanished from his frame  
All smart; at the wound's root stanch'd  
all the blood. 602

And now the arrow, as it tracks the hand,  
None forcing it, drops out, and fresh re-  
turned

His powers to their former state. "His arms  
Quick hasten for the hero! Wherefore  
stand?"

Iapis shouts, and first their souls he fires  
Against the foe: "Not these by mortal  
might,

Nor by the mastership of skill, accrue;  
Nor thee doth my right hand, Æneas, save:  
A god more puissant acts, and sends thee back  
To grander feats." He, eager for the fight,  
His legs had cased in gold this side and that,  
And loathes delays, and brandishes his lance.

When once his shield is fitted to his side,  
And corselet to his back, with arms out-  
spread 616

He clasps Ascanius round, and, through his  
casque

The surface of his lips bekissing, speaks:  
"Learn valor and true hardness, child,  
from me,

604. This whole scene may remind Spenser's  
readers of Belphebe's curing Prince Arthur:

"Unto the woods thenceforth in haste shee went,  
To seeke for hearbes that mote him remedy;  
For shee of herbes had great intendment,  
Taught of the nymphe, which from her infancy  
Her nourced had in trew nobility:  
There, whether yt divine tobacco were,  
Or panachæa, or polygony,  
She fownd, and brought it to her patient deare,  
Who al this while lay bleding out his hart-blood  
neare.

"The sovaine weede betwixt two marbles plaine  
Shee pownded small, and did in peeces bruze;  
And then atweene her lilly handes twaine  
Into his wound the juice thereof did scruze;  
And round about, as she could well it uze,  
The flesh therewith she suppled and did steepe,  
T' abate all spasme and soke the swelling bruze;  
And, after having searcht the intuse deepe,  
She with her scarf did bind the wound, from cold  
to keepe." F. Q., iii. 5, 32, 33.

616. Glover has a fine passage, describing the  
parting scene between Leonidas and his family; at  
the end of which the following occurs:

"On ev'ry side his children press,  
Hang on his knees, and kiss his honour'd hand,  
His soul no longer struggles to confine  
Her agitation. Down the hero's cheek,  
Down flows the manly sorrow. Great in woe  
Amid his children, who enclose him round,  
He stands, indulging tenderness and love  
In graceful tears." Leonidas, b. i.

619. "Ev'n present, in the very lap of love  
Inglorious laid: while music flows around,

Success from others. Now shall my right  
hand, 620

By means of battle, render thee secure,  
And lead thee through my noble guerdons.

See  
That thou [thereof] be mindful, when ere-  
long

Thy age shall have advanced [to] ripe  
[estate],

And thee, as thou recallest in thy mind  
Thy [fathers'] patterns, let alike thy sire  
Æneas and thy uncle Hector rouse."

These words when he delivered, from the  
gates

Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours ;  
Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears  
Her snaky crest : a quick returning pang  
Shoots through the conscious heart, where honour  
still,

And great design, against the oppressive load  
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave."

Thomson, *Spring*.

"But happen what there can, I will be just ;  
My fortune may forsake me, but not my virtue."  
Ben Jonson, *Catiline*, iv. 6, end.

"Have a full man within you : . . .  
Perfumes, the more they are chafed, the more they  
render

Their pleasing scents ; and so affliction  
Expresseth virtue fully, whether true,  
Or else adulterate."

Webster, *Vittoria Corombona*, act i.

"Who trained thee up in arms but I ? Who taught  
thee,

Men were men only when they durst look down  
With scorn on death and danger, and contemned  
All opposition, till plumed Victory  
Had made her constant stand upon their helmets ?  
Under my shield thou hast fought as securely  
As the young eaglet, covered with the wings  
Of her fierce dam, learns how and where to prey."  
Massinger, *The Unnatural Combat*, ii. 1.

620. "Without misfortune Virtue hath no glory."  
Marston, *Sophonisba*, ii. 1.

621. "Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself  
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night ;  
Went all a-foot in summer's scalding heat,  
That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace ;  
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain."  
Shakespeare, 3 *K. Henry VI.*, v. 7.

626. "Hang all your rooms with one large pedi-  
gree ;

"His virtue alone is true nobility :  
Which virtue from your father, ripe, will fall ;  
Study illustrious him, and you have all."  
Ben Jonson, *Underwoods*, cix. 8.

Arcite laments to Palamon :

"No issue know us,

No figure of ourselves shall we e'er see,  
To glad our age, and like young eagles teach 'em  
Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say,  
'Remember what your fathers were, and conquer !'  
Shakespeare and Fletcher, *The Two Noble  
Kinsmen*, ii. 1.

He sallied forth, a giant, swaying in his hand  
A javelin huge : at once in serried troop 630  
Antheus alike, and Mnestheus, dash amain,  
And from the quitted camp tides all the  
throng.

The field is then with dingy dust turmoiled,  
And quakes with tramp of feet the startled  
earth.

Turnus beheld them, coming from themound  
In front ; Ausons beheld them ; and a thrill,  
Ice-cold, careered throughout their inmost  
bones.

Juturna first 'fore all the Latins heard,  
And knew the noise, and frightened fled  
away.

He flies, and hurries through the open plain  
His dusky brigad : as when towards the  
lands, 641

From constellation burst, a storm-cloud  
swoops

Along 'mid ocean ; ah ! in wretched swains  
Their far foresightful hearts begin to dread :  
'Twill downfall deal to trees, and overthrow  
To standing corn ; all far and wide 'twill  
wreck :

Winds fly ahead, and waft a din to shore.  
Such the Rhotean chieftain leads his troop  
Against the fronting foes ; they mass them  
close

All in compacted wedges. With the sword  
Thymbræus ponderous Osiris smites, 651

Mnestheus Archetius, slays Achatas Epulo,  
And Gyas Ufens ; falls the augur's self,

Tolumnius, who first a dart had hurled  
Against the fronting foes. A shout is raised  
To heav'n, and, routed in their turn, the  
Rutuli

Show dusty backs in flight thro'out the fields.  
Himself nor deigns to overthrow for death  
Those turned away ; nor those with even foot  
Closely engaged, nor those, who hurtle darts,

629. "In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,  
As modest stillness and humility ;  
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
Then imitate the action of the tiger :  
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,  
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage ;  
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;  
Let it pry through the portage of the head,  
Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it,  
As fearfully as doth a galled rock  
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,  
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.  
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide ;  
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit  
To his full height !"

Shakespeare, *K. Henry V.*, iii. 1.

658.

"Merciful heaven !

Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt  
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,  
Than the soft myrtle."

Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure*, ii. 2.

Pursues : he, searching, Turnus tracks alone  
In the thick cloud ; claims him alone for fight.  
Shocked by this apprehension in her soul,  
Juturna, manly maid, amid the reins 664  
Metiscus, Turnus' charioteer, unseats,  
And leaves him fallen from the pole afar.  
She takes his place herself, and with her hands

The waving reins she guides, assuming all,  
Alike Metiscus' voice, and form, and arms.  
As when the dusky swallow wings her way  
Through noble mansions of a wealthy lord,  
And on her pinions round the lofty courts,  
Her scanty diet culling, and the food 673  
For babbling nests ; and now in void arcades,  
Now round the moistful pools, she twitters :—like

[To her] Juturna on the midmost foes  
Is carried by the steeds, and, flying on,  
Through all she passes in the speeding car ;  
And here now, and now there, her brother shows

Exulting ; neither does she him allow 680  
T' engage his hand ; far flies she from the paths.

No less, to meet him, does Æneas thread  
The writhing circuits, and the hero tracks,  
And calls through scattered troops with thund'ring voice.

As oft as on the foe he cast his eyes,  
And the wing-footed coursers' flight essayed  
In his career,—the chariot, veered away,  
So oft Juturna wheeled aside. Alas !  
What could he do ? Upon a shifting tide  
He vainly wavers, and discordant cares  
Invite his spirit to opposing [plans]. 691  
At him Messapus, as in his left hand  
By chance he wielded, fleet in his career,  
Two lithe spear-handles, tipped with steel ;  
of these

One launching, aims it with unerring blow.  
Æneas halted, and within his arms  
His form he gathered sinking on his knee :  
Yet swift the lance his helm-top bore away,  
And from his head struck off the topmost plumes.

Then, sooth, upstarts his wrath and, over-  
matched 700  
By stratagem, when feels he that the steeds,  
Turned from him, and the car were driven back,

In many a word to witness calling Jove,  
And altars of the violated league,

674. " Her young meanwhile,  
Callow and cold, from their moss-woven nest  
Peep forth ; they stretch their little eager throats  
Broad to the wind, and plead to the lone spray  
Their famish'd plaint importunately shrill."

Mason, *English Garden*, b. iii.

He now at length upon the midmost swoops,  
And, dreadful through a favorable Mars,  
Without distinction hideous slaughter wakes,  
And all the reins of anger flings adrift.

What god can now to me so many scenes  
Of bitterness, what [god] can in the song  
The varied havoc, and the death of chiefs,  
Whom all thro'out the plain, and in his turn,  
Now Turnus, now the Trojan hero, hunts,—  
Develop ? Was it thy decree, O Jove, 714  
That in such fierce excitement should engage  
The nations, doomed to live in endless peace ?  
Æneas Sucro of Rutulia[n birth],  
This combat first the hurtling Teucri fixed  
In [one] position,—causing him no great delay,

Receives upon his side, and where the fates  
Are speediest, drives home the ruthless blade  
Right thro' his ribs and fences of his breast.  
Turnus, on foot encount'ring Amycus, 723  
Down from his charger flung, Dioreas too,  
His brother, smites the one with lengthful spear,  
As up he comes, the other with the sword ;  
And in his car the severed heads of both  
Hangs up, and bears them stilling with their blood.

The other Talos to his death, and Tanais,  
And brave Cethegus, three in one assault,  
And sad Onytes sends, Echion's name,  
And of his mother Peridia son ; 732  
This [slays] the brotherhood, from Lycia sent

And from Apollo's fields ; Menœtes too,  
An Arcad youth, detesting wars in vain,  
Whose handicraft and indigent abode  
Had been about the fishful Lerna's streams :  
Nor were th' employments of the pow'rful known ;

And in a rented land his father sowed.  
And like as fires, from diff'rent quarters loosed 740  
Upon the parching wood, and coppices,  
That crack with bay ; or when in swift descent

707. " Stand out, and witness this, unhappy Spain !  
Lift up to view the mountains of thy slain ;  
Tell how thy heroes yielded to their fear,  
When Stanhope rous'd the thunder of the war ;  
With what fierce tumults of severe delight  
Th' impetuous hero plung'd into the fight.  
How he the dreadful front of Death defac'd,  
Pour'd on the foe, and laid the battle waste.  
Did not his arm the ranks of war deform,  
And point the hovering tumult where to storm ?  
Did not his sword through legions cleave his way,  
Break their dark squadrons, and let in the day ?  
Did not he lead the terrible attack,  
Push Conquest on, and bring her bleeding back ?  
Throw wide the scenes of horror and despair,  
The tide of conflict, and the stream of war ?"

Pitt, *On the Death of Earl Stanhope*.



Adown from lofty mounts the foamy floods  
Give forth a din, and hurry to the seas,  
Each turning his own passage into waste :—  
No slower Turnus and Æneas, both,  
Dash through th' [em]battle[d line]s ; now,  
now their wrath

Surges within ; their breasts are being burst,  
Unknowing to be overpowered ; now  
On wounds they rush with all their might  
and main. 750

The one—Murranus, vaunting ancestry,  
And ancient titles of his father's sires,  
And pedigree, all traced through Latin  
kings,

Headforemost with a rack, and whirling-cast  
Of monstrous stone, o'erthrows, and flings  
him out

Upon the ground. Him 'neath the reins  
and yokes

The car rolled forward ; with repeated blow  
Down tramples him, above, the hurried hoof  
Of horses, not regardless of their lord.

The other—Hyllus, as he hurtles on,  
And rages hideously with passion, meets,  
And whirls a javelin at his gilded brows ;  
Stood in his brain, through helmet pierced,  
the spear. 763

Nor did thy right hand thee, most brave of  
Greeks,

O Cretheus, save from Turnus ; nor his gods  
Bescreen Cupencus, when Æneas comes :  
His bosom proffered he to meet the steel ;  
Nor did reprieve of bronzen shield bestead  
The wretched man. Thee, Æolus, as well,  
Laurentine fields saw perish, and the earth  
Wide cov'ring over with thy back. Thou  
diest, 771

Whom could not Argive phalanxes lay low,  
Nor the demolisher of Priam's realms,  
Achilles : here for thee were goals of death ;  
A stately mansion under Ida [stands],  
A stately mansion at Lyrnese [for thee],  
In the Laurentine ground thy grave. So  
much

744. " Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood  
Rolls fair, and placid ; where, collected all  
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep  
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.  
At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad ;  
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,  
And from the loud resounding rocks below  
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft  
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.  
Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose :  
But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,  
Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now  
Aslant the hollow channel rapid darts ;  
And, falling fast from gradual slope to slope,  
With wild infracted course, and less'n'd roar,  
It gains a safer bed, and steals at last  
Along the mazes of the quiet vale."

Thomson, *Summer*.

The hosts are wholly on each other turned,  
E'en all the Latins, all the Dardan sons :  
Mnestheus, and keen Serestus, and Mes-  
sapus, 780

Steeds-tamer, and Asilas brave, and band  
Of Tuscans, and Evander's Arcad wings.

According to their strength the warriors each  
Strive with the utmost effort of their powers :  
Nor stay, nor rest ; in struggle vast they  
strain.

Here did his fairest mother send the  
thought

T' Æneas, to the walls to march, and turn  
His army to the city with despatch,  
And with a sudden slaughter to confound  
The Latins. He, when through the different  
ranks 790

In tracking Turnus, he this side and that  
His eyes turned round, the city sees exempt  
From war so sore, and unchastised at ease.  
Forthwith the notion of a grander fray  
Inflames him. Mnestheus and Sergestus he  
Calls up, and brave Serestus, chiefs, and takes  
Possession of a knoll ; to which [resort]  
Flocks the remaining host of Teucer's sons ;  
Neither their bucklers or their darts do they,  
Close[ - filed], lay down. Upon the lofty  
mound 800

He, standing central, speaks : " Be no demur  
To my injunctions ; Jove on this side stands :  
Nor may there any, from the suddenness  
Of my emprise, for me the slower move.  
To-day the city, of the war the cause,  
Latinus' very realm, unless they pledge  
themselves

To take the bit, and conquered to succumb,  
Will I uproot, and even with the earth  
Their smoking roof-tops lay. Am I, for-  
sooth,

To wait till please it Turnus to endure 810  
Our fight, and he again may choose t' en-  
gage,

[Though] conquered? This the head, O  
citizens,

This is the front of the accurs'd war.

Bring torches quick, and redemand the  
league

With blazes." He had said, and they at  
once

With emulating souls all form a wedge,  
And in a mass compacted, to the walls  
Are hurried forward. Unexpectedly  
Have ladders and a sudden fire appeared.  
Some run from different quarters to the gates  
And massacre the first ; some whirl the steel,  
And overshade the welkin with their darts.  
Himself Æneas, 'mid the foremost ranks,  
His right hand stretches forth below the  
walls, 824

And chides Latinus with a thund'ring voice ;  
And calls the gods to witness, that again  
To battles is he driven ; that now twice  
Th' Italians were become his foes ; that this  
Was now the second league which had been  
broke.

Up springs among the quaking citizens 830  
A strife. Some bid the city to unbar,  
And ope the portals to the Dardan sons,  
And to the ramparts drag their very king ;  
Arms others bear, and march to guard the  
walls.

As when, within a shroudy pumice-rock  
Ensnored, a shepherd hath [a swarm of]  
bees

Traced out, and filled it up with pungent  
smoke ;

They in the inside, trembling for the state,  
Throughout their camp of wax run to and fro,  
And with their lusty buzzings whet their  
wrath ; 840

A sooty stench is volumed to the roofs :  
Then with mysterious humming ring the  
rocks

Within ; smoke rises to the empty air.

This hap the harassed Latins too befell,  
Which the whole city from its base convulsed

835. " Through subterranean cells,  
Where searching sunbeams scarce can find a way,  
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf  
Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure  
Within its winding citadel, the stone  
Holds multitudes." Thomson, *Summer*.

837. Or, more clearly :

" And filled [their home] with pungent smoke."

" Ah ! see, where robb'd and murder'd, in that pit  
Lies the still heaving hive ! At evening snatch'd  
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,  
And fix'd o'er sulphur : while, not dreaming ill,  
The happy people, in their waxen cells,  
Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes  
Of temperance, for Winter poor ; rejoice'd  
To mark, full flowing round, their copious stores.  
Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends ;  
And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,  
By thousands, tumble from their honey'd domes,  
Convolv'd, and agonising in the dust.  
And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,  
Intent from flower to flower ? for this you toil'd  
Ceaseless the burning Summer-heats away ?  
For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste,  
Nor lost one sunny gleam ? for this sad fate ?  
O, man ! tyrannic lord ! how long, how long,  
Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,  
Awaiting renovation ? When oblig'd,  
Must you destroy ? Of their ambrosial food  
Can you not borrow ; and, in just return,  
Afford them shelter from the wintry winds ?  
Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own  
Again regale them on some smiling day ?  
See where the stony bottom of their town  
Looks desolate and wild ; with here and there  
A helpless number, who the ruin'd state,  
Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death."

Thomson, *Autumn*.

With woe. The queen, when she the foe-  
man spies

Advancing on the town, the walls assailed,  
Fires flying to the roofs ; on th' other side  
Nowhere Rutulian bands, not any troops  
Of Turnus ;—evil-starred, believes the youth  
In strife of battle quenched, and in her mind  
Bewildered with the sudden pang, cries out  
That she is source, and guilty cause, and  
head 853

Of their mishaps ; and, venting many a  
word,

Distraught, in rueful frenzy, with her hand  
Her purple garments she, about to die,  
Asunder rends, and from a beam aloft  
Inweaves the noose of an unsightly death.  
The which calamity when once, in woe,  
The Latin ladies learnt, her daughter first,  
Lavinia, lacerated by her hand 861

In amber tresses, and in rosy cheeks,  
Then the remaining throng around her,  
raves :

Wide rings again the palace with their walls.  
The wretched rumor hence is noised abroad  
Through the whole city. They their souls  
depress ;

Latinus paces with his raiment rent,  
Stunned by his consort's fates and city's  
wreck,

His hoary hairs, besprent with dust unclean,  
Defiling ; and himself he much upbraids,  
For that he had not heretofore received  
Æneas [of] Dardanian [line], and him 872  
Admitted freely as his daughter's spouse.

Meanwhile upon the plain['s] remotest  
[part]

The warrior Turnus hunts a straggling few,  
Now more inactive, and now less and less  
Delighting in his coursers' blest career.  
The breeze this outcry wafted to him, blent

866. Shakespeare gives the following graphic  
picture of a disheartened host :

" Why do you stay so long, my lords of France ?  
Yond' island carrions, desperate of their bones,  
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field :  
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,  
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.  
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,  
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.  
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,  
With torch-staves in their hand ; and their poor  
jades  
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and  
hips,  
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,  
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel bit  
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless ;  
And their executors, the knavish crows,  
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.  
Description cannot suit itself in words,  
To demonstrate the life of such a battle,  
In life so lifeless as it shows itself."

K. Henry V., iv. 2.

With dark alarms, and struck his ears up-  
roused

The wildered city's noise and joyless din.

"Ah me! why be the bulwarks with a wail  
So sore turmoiled? Or what such grievous cry  
Bursts from the city on a diff'rent side?"

So speaks he, and distraught, with reins  
indrawn, 884

Stood still. And him his sister, as, trans-  
shaped

Into his charioteer Metiscus' guise,  
Alike the car, and steeds, and reins she ruled,  
Meets with such accents: "Turnus, by this  
[path]

Let us pursue the sons of Troy, where first  
A passage conquest opes; there others be,  
Who by their valor can protect their homes.  
Æneas swoops upon the Itali, 892  
And blends the frays; let us, too, with the  
hand

Upon the Teucri send remorseless deaths.

Inferior neither in the tale [of slain],

Nor glory of the fight, shalt thou retire."

Turnus to these: "O sister, e'en long since  
I knew thee, when at first thou didst by craft  
Unhinge the leagues, and gav'st thee for  
these wars;

And now, [though] goddess, thou deceiv'st  
in vain. 900

But who hath willed that thou, sent down  
from heaven,

Shouldst bear such grievous suff'rings?  
Is't that thou

Thy wretched brother's ruthless death  
shouldst see?

For what am I to do? Or Fortune what

Now pledges safety? I myself beheld

Before my eyes, calling me with his voice,

Murranus, [one,] than whom more dear to me

Survives no other, die, a mighty man,

And by a mighty wound subdued. Hath  
fallen

The luckless Ufens, lest he our disgrace 910  
Should view; the Teucri hold his corpse  
and arms.

Our houses to be razed (this single [woe]

Was lacking to our state;) shall I endure?

Neither shall I with [this] right hand rebut

The taunts of Drances? Shall I turn my  
back?

And Turnus flying shall this land behold?

Is it so very sad a thing to die?

Ye, O ye gods below, to me be kind,

883. "What means this capering eccho? Or from  
whence

Did this so lively counterfeit of thunder

Breake out to liberty?"

'Tis from the city."

Rawlins, *The Rebellion*, act ii.

Since hostile is the will of gods above.

To you, a holy soul, and of that fault 920

Unknowing, shall I downward go, not e'er

Unworthy of my mighty ancestors."

Scarce these he'd said,—lo! through the  
midst of foes

Flies Saces, carried on a foaming steed,

By hostile arrow wounded in the face,

And rushes forward, Turnus by his name

Beseeching: "Turnus, [resting is] on thee

Our last relief; have pity on thine own!

Thunders Æneas in his arms, and threats

That he will overthrow the topmost towers

Of Itali, and [these] consign to wreck; 931

E'en now the brands are flying to the roofs.

On thee their faces do the Latins turn,

On thee their eyes: the king Latinus' self

Is musing, whom his sons-in-law to call,

Or to which covenants himself to bend.

More'er the queen, all-faithful [she] to thee,

Herself hath fallen by her own right hand,

And, frightened, fled the light. Before the  
gates

Alone Messapus and Atinas brave 940

Support the fight. Round these on either side

The phalanxes stand close, and with drawn  
blades

A crop of iron bristles; thou thy car

Art wheeling round upon a waste of grass."

Mazed by the chequered picture of their  
state,

Was Turnus stunned, and stood in silent  
gaze.

Seethes mighty in a single heart a shame,

And madness with a mingled grief, and love,

By Furies racked, and conscious worth.

When first

Were shades dispersed, and light was to his  
mind 950

Restored, his flaming eyeballs to the walls

He wildly rolled around, and from the  
car

Towards the great city cast a look behind.

But lo! with blazes volumed through the  
floors,

To heav'n there waved a crest, and seized a  
tower,—

The tow'r, which he himself with jointed  
beams

Had reared, and underneath applied the  
wheels,

And overlaid with bridges high. "Now,  
now,

O sister, do the Destinies prevail;

920. "Then free from fear or guilt, I'll wait my  
doom:

Whate'er 's my fault, no stain shall blot my glory.

I'll guard my honour, you dispose my life."

Smith, *Phadra and Hippolytus*, act ii.



Forbear to stay me ; whither calls a god,  
And whither rigid Fortune, follow we. 961  
'Tis fixed that with Æneas I engage  
My hand ; 'tis fixed, whate'er of bitterness  
There is in death, to bear it ; nor shalt  
thou,

O sister, me unhonored longer see.  
Pray, let me rave this raving first." He said,  
And from the chariot quickly made a spring  
Upon the fields ; and through the foes,  
through darts,

He rushes, and his sorrowed sister quits,  
And bursts in fleet career the central ranks.  
And as when from a mountain's crest a rock  
In hurry rushes, by a tempest wrenched,—  
Whether a rageful show'r hath washed it  
off, 973

Or stealing age hath loosened it by years,—  
Adown the steep the felon mount is borne  
With mighty swoop, and on the ground  
it vaults,

Sweeping away with it woods, herds, and  
men :

Among the scattered squadrons Turnus thus  
Swoops to the city walls, where reeks full  
much

Of earth with gush of blood, and screech  
the gales 980

With javelins ; and he beckons with his  
hand,

And with a lusty voice at once begins :  
" Forbear now, Rutulans ; and, Latins, ye  
Your darts withhold : whatever Fortune is,  
Is mine ; it fairer is that I alone  
On your behalf should expiate the league,  
And [this our quarrel] by the sword  
decide."

All in the midst withdrew, and gave him  
room.

But sire Æneas, when was heard the  
name

Of Turnus, quits alike the walls, and quits  
The tower-heights, and hurries all delays,  
Breaks off all labors, bounding with delight,  
And terribly entunders in his arms : 993  
As huge as Athos, or as Eryx huge,  
Or huge as father Apennine himself,

977. Beaumont and Fletcher employ a similar  
illustration with a wholly different design :

" Like a wild overflow, that swoops before him  
A golden stack, and with it shakes down bridges,  
Cracks the strong hearts of pines, whose cable-  
roots  
Held out a thousand storms, a thousand thunders,  
And, so made mightier, takes whole villages  
Upon his back, and in that heat of pride  
Charges strong towns, towers, castles, palaces,  
And lays them desolate : so shall thy head,  
Thy noble head, bury the lives of thousands,  
That must bleed with thee like a sacrifice,  
In thy red ruins." *Philaster*, v. 3.

When with his waving holms he roars, and  
joys,

With snowy crest uplifting him to heaven.  
Now sooth in eagerness e'en Rutulans,  
And Trojans, and Italians, all, their eyes  
Turned towards them ; likewise those who  
occupied 1000

The walls aloft, and those who battered with  
the ram

The walls below ; and from their shoulders  
they

Laid down their arms. Latinus is himself  
Astounded at the giant heroes, born  
In distant quarters of the universe,  
In mutual fight engaging, and [the strife]  
Deciding by the sword. Now they, what  
time

The plains lay open with a vacant sward,  
In swift advance, with lances hurled from far,  
Commence the fray with shields and clank-  
ing bronze. 1010

The earth gives forth a groaning ; then  
with swords

Repeated blows do they redouble : chance  
And bravery are blent in one. And as,  
In vasty Sila, or Taburnus' crest,  
What time two bulls with brows confronted  
rush

Upon the hostile frays ; in flight have fled

999. " Methinks I see Death and the Furies waiting  
What we will do, and all the heaven at leisure  
For the great spectacle."

Ben Jonson, *Catiline*, v. 5.

1012. " Each at the head  
Levell'd his deadly aim ; their fatal hands  
No second stroke intend ; and such a frown  
Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,  
With Heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on  
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front,  
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow  
To join their dark encounter in mid air :  
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that Hell  
Grew darker at their frown, so match'd they stood ;  
For never but once more was either like  
To meet so great a foe." Milton, *P. L.*, b. ii.

" Now waved their fiery swords, and in the air  
Made horrid circles ; two broad suns their shields  
Blazed opposite, while Expectation stood  
In horror. From each hand with speed retired,  
Where erst was thickest fight, the angelic throng,  
And left large field, unsafe within the wind  
Of such commotion ; such as, to set forth  
Great things by small, if Nature's concord broke,  
Among the constellations war were sprung,  
Two planets, rushing from aspect malign  
Of fiercest opposition, in mid sky  
Should combat, and their jarring spheres con-  
found." *Ibid.*, b. vi.

1016, 17. So Shakespeare makes the Severn flee  
at the sight of the encounter between Mortimer and  
Glendower :

" Three times they breath'd, and three times did  
they drink,  
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood ;

The herdsmen ! all the flock stands dumb  
with fear,

And muse the heifers who shall rule the  
lawn,

Whom all the droves should follow : 'tween  
them they

With lusty violence commingle wounds,  
And, as they butt, their horns infix, and  
bathe

Their necks and shoulders with abundant  
blood ;

The pasture all rebellows with their roar.  
Not otherwise Æneas, sprung from Troy,  
And th' Daunian hero with their bucklers tilt  
Together ; crash prodigious fills the sky.

Jove's self twain scales with balanced tongue  
upholds,

And puts therein the diff'rent fates of  
both :—

Whom may his travail doom, and whither  
Death

May with his weight incline. Here forward  
springs

Imagining [he might] unharmed, and high  
With his whole body rises Turnus up

Upon his sword uplifted, and he strikes.  
The Trojans and the quaking Latins shriek,

And hosts of both are lifted [in suspense].  
But broken is the traitor sword, and quits

[The warrior] as he glows amid the stroke :  
[The prey of death,] save flight advance for  
aid.

He flees more swift than Eurus, when he  
viewed

A hilt unknown, a right hand, too, unarmed.  
There is a legend, that, in headlong haste,

What time he mounted for the op'ning frays  
His collared steeds, his father's falchion left,

While he is in confusion,—he had seized  
His charioteer Metiscus' sword, and long

This fully served him, while their flying  
backs

The Trojans offered : after that it came  
To the Vulcanian armor of a god

The mortal falchion, like the brittle ice,  
In all directions shivered with the stroke ;

Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,  
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,  
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank,  
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants."

1 Henry IV., i. 3.

1027. Milton imitates this at the end of the 4th  
book of the *Paradise Lost*.

Murphy introduces a new and pleasing idea :

"Heav'n holds its golden balance forth, and weighs  
Zaphimri's and the Tartar's destiny,  
While hov'ring angels tremble round the beam."

*The Orphan of China*, act iii.

1038. The tutor must fill up the ellipsis in v. 733  
as best he may.

The splinters glisten on the tawny sand.  
Therefore does Turnus wildly seek in flight  
The [field's] wide distant plains, and hither  
now,

Then thither, mazy circuits he inweaves :  
For in all quarters with compacted ring

The Teucri hemmed him in ; and on *this* side  
A swamp immense, on *that* high walls, en-

close.

Nor less Æneas, though from hamp'ring  
shaft

At times his knees obstruct him, and decline  
The race, pursues, and hotly with his foot

Presses the foot of his affrighted [foe]. 1061  
As if at times when lighting on a hart,

Imprisoned by a stream, or by the cord  
Of crimson feather hedged, a hunter-dog

With speed and bayings plies him hard  
but he,

Scared by the ambush and the steepy bank,  
Flies and flies back [again] a thousand ways ;

But th' active Umbrian, as wide he gapes,  
Is closing on him, and now now he gripes,

And, like to one [who's in the] griping [act],  
Hath chided with his jaws, and is bemocked

With bootless bite. Then sooth up springs  
a shout,

And banks and lakes return the echo round,  
And all the welkin thunders with the coil.

At once the other, flying, chides at once  
All the Rutulians, calling each by name,

And earnestly entreats his well-known  
sword.

Æneas, on the other hand, threatens death,  
And ruin prompt, should any one approach,

And frights the tremblers, threat'ning he  
would raze

Their city ; and [though] wounded presses on.  
Five circuits they complete in their career,

And trace as many back this side and that :  
For neither light or gamesome meeds are

sought ;  
But they for Turnus' life and blood contend.

By chance, devote to Faunus, here had stood  
A wilding-olive with its bitter leaves,

To seamen erst a wood to be revered,  
Where, rescued from the billows, they were

used

To fix their off'rings to Laurentum's god,  
And hang aloft their consecrated gear ;

1080. "We will assail you like rebounding rocks,  
Banded against the battlements of heaven ;  
We'll turn thy city into desert plains ;

And thy proud spires, that seem to kiss the clouds,  
Shall with their gilt tops pave the miry streets."

Heywood, *The Four Prentices of London*.

Æneas may not have been absolutely unjust, for  
refusing to allow Turnus to get his own sword ; but  
he lost a good opportunity of earning a character  
for magnanimity.

But its religious stem had Teucer's sons  
With no distinction cleared away, that they  
Might hurtle on a naked field. Here stood  
The javelin of Æneas; to this spot  
His whelming impulse had transported it,  
And kept it firmed within th' unyielding  
root.

Leaned Dardanus' descendant [to the toil],  
And with his hand was minded to out-wrest  
The steel, and with the weapon to pursue  
Him, whom he could not capture in the race.  
Then sooth, distraught with terror, Turnus  
cries :

1102

"O Faunus, pray have pity, and do thou,  
O earth thrice-excellent, hold fast the steel,  
If I have ever revered your dignities,  
Which, on the other hand, the Æneadæ  
Have treated as unholy by the war."  
He said, and called the succor of the god  
To no effectless prayers. For, struggling  
long

And dallying upon th' unyielding stem,  
By no exertions had Æneas power  
The clutches of the timber to unclinch.  
While keen he strains, and presses on, once  
more

1113

Into the charioteer Metiscus' guise  
Transshaped, the Daunian goddess forward  
runs,

And to her brother renders back his sword.  
At which [her act], that it should be allowed  
To the bold Nymph, in wrath drew Venus  
near,

And tore the lance from out the deepsome  
root.

They, lifted high, in armor and in soul  
Refreshed,—the one relying on his sword,  
The other, stern and stately with his spear,—  
Stand face to face in panting Battle's fray.

Meanwhile the monarch of almighty  
heaven

1124

Addresses Juno, from a golden cloud  
Gazing upon the fights: "Where now shall be  
An end, O consort? What in fine remains?  
Thou knowest of thyself, and dost confess  
Thou know'st, Æneas as a hero-god  
Is due to heav'n, and by the Destinies 1130  
Is wafted to the stars. What plannest thou?  
Or with what hope among the icy clouds  
Dost linger? Was it seemly that a god  
Should be dishonored by a mortal wound?  
Or that the sword,—for without thee what  
could

Juturna?—should when reft to Turnus be  
Restored, and to the conquered strength  
accrue?

Cease now at last, and by our prayers be  
swayed.

Nor let such grievous anguish prey on thee

In silence, and to me thy gloomy cares 1140  
Oft from thy honeyed mouth return. The end  
We now have reached. By land or waves  
to vex

The Trojans thou hast had the pow'r; curst  
war

To kindle up; to mar the house; and blend  
With woe the nuptials. Further to attempt  
Do I forbid thee." Jupiter thus spake;  
Thus, on the other hand, with crestfall'n look  
[Spake] the Saturnian goddess: "Sooth  
because

That will of thine was known to me, great  
Jove,

Both Turnus and the lands, unwilling I  
Have quitted; nor should'st thou behold  
me now 1151

Alone in [this our] skyey seat endure  
Things worthy, things unworthy; but with  
flames

Begirt, I in the very line would stand,  
And draw the Teucris to the hostile frays.  
Juturna, I acknowledge, I induced  
To help her wretched brother, and approved  
Her making greater ventures for his life;  
Yet not that she should javelins [hurl], nor  
bend

A bow: I swear by fountain-head of Styx,  
That cannot be appeased, which is assigned  
The single object of religious awe 1162  
To gods above. And now in sooth I yield,  
And loathing quit the fights. Of thee this  
[boon],—

Which by no law of destiny is held,—  
I crave for Latium, for the dignity  
Of thine: when now by their auspicious  
match

Peace,—be it so!—shall they adjust; when  
now

Laws and alliances they shall unite:  
Command not that the soil-born Latins  
change 1170

Their ancient name, nor Trojans should  
become,

And Teucrians be called, or that the men  
Their speech should alter, or should change  
their garb.

Let it be Latium; Alban be their kings  
For ever; puissant be the Roman race  
By prowess of Italia; Troy hath fall'n,  
And suffer it t' have fallen with its name."  
Smiling on her, [thus speaks] of men and  
things

The author: "Thou the sister art of Jove,

1163. "But prayer against His absolute decree  
No more avails than breath against the wind,  
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth:  
Therefore to His great bidding I submit."

Milton, *P. L.*, b. xi.



And Saturn's other offspring : thou dost roll  
Such mountain waves of anger in thy breast !  
But come, and quell a rage conceived in  
vain. 1182

I grant what thou dost wish ; and, e'en  
subdued

And willing, I myself resign. Their native  
speech

And customs the Ausonians shall retain :  
And as it [now] is, [so] the name shall be :  
Only, incorporated in the state,  
The Teucrians shall sink. The form and  
rites

Of their religious [worship] I will add,  
And make them Latins, of one language all.  
The strain, which, blended with Ausonian  
blood, 1191

Shall hence arise, above mankind, above  
The gods, in piety thou'lt see advance ;  
Nor any race thy services alike  
Shall solemnise." To these doth Juno bow,  
And in delight veered round her mind.  
Meanwhile

She issues from the sky, and quits the  
cloud.

These done, the Sire himself within him-  
self

Revolves another [purpose], and prepares  
To part Juturna from her brother's arms.  
Twin Fiends are called by name "The  
Furies," whom, 1201

And Tartaran Megera, dismal Night  
At one and at the selfsame birth produced,  
And girt about with equal coils of snakes,  
And added stormy wings. These at the  
throne

Of Jove, and in their rageful monarch's  
court,

Appear, and sharpen ailing mortals' dread,  
If ever fearful death and sicknesses

The king of gods designs, or frights with war  
The cities that deserve it. One of these  
Jove quick sent down from th' empyrean's  
height, 1211

And ordered her Juturna to oppose,  
For a portent. She flies, and to the earth  
With sweepy whirl is borne : not otherwise  
Than, from the string projected through a  
cloud,

The shaft, which, armed with gall of felon  
bane,

Hath Parthian, Parthian or Cydonian,  
shot,—

A cureless bolt,—flies whizzing and un-  
kenned

Athwart the posting shadows. In such sort  
Night's daughter sped her way, and sought  
the lands. 122C

When once she spies the Ilian lines, and  
troops

Of Turnus, dwindled to the sudden form  
Of [that] small bird, which sometimes on  
the tombs,

Or lonely gables, sitting in the night,  
Late chants, of evil omen, through the  
shades ;—

Into this guise transshaped, 'fore Turnus'  
face

The fiend now swoopeth on, now swoopeth  
off,

Screaming, and with her pinions flops his  
shield.

His limbs strange numbness with affright  
relaxed,

And [stood] his hair on end with dread,  
and voice 1230

Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,  
Long palls, drawn hearses, cover'd steeds,  
And plumes of black, that, as they tread,  
Nod o'er the scutcheons of the dead ?"

*A Night-Piece on Death.*

1208. Parnell shows that properly "death" is not  
fearful :

"Now from yon black and funeral yew,  
That bathes the charnel-house with dew  
Methinks I hear a voice begin :  
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,  
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound  
O'er the long lake and midnight ground !)  
It sends a peal of hollow groans,  
Thus speaking from among the bones :  
'When men my scythe and darts supply,  
How great a king of fears am I !  
They view me like the last of things ;  
They make, and then they dread, my stings.  
Fools ! if you less provok'd your fears,  
No more my spectre-form appears.  
Death's but a path that must be trod,  
If man would ever pass to God :  
A port of calms, a state to ease  
From the rough rage of swelling seas.'"  
Why then thy flowing black stoles,  
Deep pendent cypress, mourning poles,

1228. "The ominous raven often doth he hear,  
Whose croaking him of following horror tells,  
Begetting scarce imaginary fear,  
With heavy echoes, like to passing bells :  
The howling dog a doleful part doth bear,  
As though they chim'd his last sad burying knells :  
Under his eave the buzzing screech-owl sings,  
Beating the windows with her fatal wings."

Drayton, *Barons' Wars*, v. 43.

1230. "I am thane of Cawdor :

If good, why do I yield to that suggestion,  
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,  
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,  
Against the use of nature ?"

Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, i. 3.

"I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word  
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young  
blood,  
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their  
spheres,  
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,  
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."  
*Hamlet*, i. 5.

Clave to his jaws. But when afar she knew  
The whirring of the Fury and her wings,  
Juturna, his unhappy sister, tears  
Her streaming tresses, marring with her  
nails

Her features, and her breast with clenched  
hands.

"What can thy sister aid thee, Turnus, now?  
Or what for heartless me doth now remain?  
By what device may I now stay the light  
For thee? Can I to such a prodigy  
Myself oppose? Now, now, I leave the  
lines. 1240

Affright me not, afraid, ill-omened birds:  
Your pinions' strokes I know and deathly  
din;

Nor 'scape me haught behests of high-  
souled Jove.

These for my maidenhood doth he requite?  
For what vouchsafed me everlasting life?

Why are death's circumstances reft away?  
Such grievous woes now surely I could end,  
And comrade to my wretched brother pass  
Among the shades. Immortal I? Or what  
Of my [enjoyments] will to me be sweet  
Without thee, O my brother? Oh! what  
earth 1251

Can yawn sufficiently profound for me,

1232. "Those baleful unclean birds,  
Those lazy owls, who, perch'd near fortune's top,  
Sit only watchful with their heavy wings  
To cuff down new-fledg'd virtues, that would rise  
To nobler heights, and make the grove harmo-  
nious." Otway, *Venice Preserved*, ii. 2.

1244. Had Juturna been more virtuous, she had  
been more powerful. Even Clorin says:

"Sure I am mortal,  
The daughter of a shepherd; he was mortal,  
And she that bore me mortal: prick my hand,  
And it will bleed: a fever shakes me, and  
The selfsame wind that makes the young lambs  
shrink

Makes me a-cold: my fear says I am mortal.  
Yet I have heard, (my mother told it me,  
And now I do believe it,) if I keep  
My virgin flower uncropt, pure, chaste, and fair,  
No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elf, or fiend,  
Satyr, or other power that haunts the groves,  
Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion  
Draw me to wander after idle fires;  
Or voices calling me in dead of night,  
To make me follow, and so tole me on,  
Through mire and standing pools to find my ruin."  
J. Fletcher, *The Faithful Shepherdess*, i. 1.

1251. "Then all is lost!  
Why pauses ruin, and suspends the stroke?  
Is it to lengthen out affliction's term,  
And feed productive woe? Where shall the groans  
Of innocence deserted find redress?  
Shall I exclaim to Heav'n? Already Heav'n  
It's pity and protection has withdrawn.  
Earth, yield me refuge then; give me to lie  
Within thy cheerless bosom; there put off  
Th' uneasy robe of being; there lay down  
The load of my distress."

Smollett, *The Récidive*, iii. 1.

And sink a goddess to the lowest ghosts?"  
She thus much having uttered, veiled her  
head

With sea-green mantle, heaving many a  
groan,  
And plunged herself within the deepsome  
flood.

Æneas presses on the other side,  
And waves a weapon, vasty, like a tree,  
And from a furious bosom thus he speaks:  
"What after all is now th' impediment?  
Or wherefore, Turnus, now dost thou recoil?  
'Tis not in running that we have to fight,  
'Tis hand to hand with ruthless weapons.

Turn thyself 1263  
Into all guises; muster, too, whate'er  
Thou'rt able or by courage or by skill;  
Desire on wings the lofty stars to track,  
And, jailed, to hide thee in the womby  
earth."

He, waving to and fro his head, [replies]:  
"Thy fiery words, O savage, fright me not;  
Fright me the gods and Jupiter my foe."  
Nor utt'ring more, he spies a monster stone,  
An ancient stone, a monster, which by  
chance 1272

Was lying on the plain, a land-mark placed,  
To settle disputation for the fields.

This scarce would twice six chosen [men]  
support

Upon their neck,—such frames of men as  
now

The earth brings forth. [This], seized with  
hurried hand,

The famous hero launched against the foe,  
Uprising higher, and hasting with a run.  
But, neither as he runs, himself he knows,  
Nor as he walks, nor lifting with his hand,  
And wielding the huge stone. His knees  
give way; 1282

His icy blood has curdled with a chill.  
Then e'en the hero's rock, through th'  
empty void

Whirled on, nor all the distance overpassed,

1270. "Tell it, ye conscious walls;  
Bear it, ye winds, upon your pitying wings;  
Resound it, Fame, with all your hundred tongues.  
Oh! hapless youth! all heaven combines against  
you!"  
Smith, *Phædra and Hippolytus*, act iv. end.

1272. Spenser had probably this passage in view,  
when describing the last attack of Maleger on  
Prince Arthur:

"Thereby there lay  
An huge great stone, which stood upon one end,  
And had not bene removed many a day;  
Some land-marke seemd to bee, or signe of sundry  
way:

\* \* \* \* \*  
The same he snatcht, and with exceeding sway  
Threw at his foe." *F. Q.*, ii. 11, 35-6.

Nor carried home its blow. And as in  
dreams,  
When fainty rest hath sealed the eyes at night,  
In vain to stretch the eager race we seem  
To wish, and in the midst of our attempts  
Sink feeble down : availeth not the tongue ;  
Suffice not in the frame familiar powers ;  
Nor voice [n]or words ensue : to Turnus  
thus, 1292  
By whatsoever might a path he sought,  
Success the demon dread denies him. Then  
Within his bosom sundry thoughts are  
whirled.  
Upon the Rutulans he casts an eye,  
And on the city, and demurs through fear,  
And shudders at the swooping of the lance ;  
Nor [sees he] whither he may 'scape away,  
Nor with what power he may make ad-  
vance 1300  
Against the foe, nor anywhere descries  
His chariot, and his sister-charioteer.  
Against the waverer his doomful lance  
Æneas vibrates, having with his eyes  
Marked out the destined spot, and it from far  
With all his body [s effort] on him hurls.  
From mural engine shot, ne'er stones thus  
roar,  
Nor from the flash burst forth such mighty  
peals.  
In likeness of a sooty whirlwind flies,  
Destruction awful bringing on, the spear,  
And open lays the borders of his mail,  
And farthest circles of his sev'n-fold shield ;  
Through his mid thigh it hissing grides.  
Down falls 1313  
The giant Turnus, smitten to the earth  
With doubled knee. Uprise at once with  
groan  
The Rutuli, and all the mount rebellows  
round,  
And wide the deepsome groves return the  
cry.  
He, lowly and in prayerful form, his eyes  
And right hand stretching forward, saith :  
" [This] sooth have I deserved, nor de-  
precate ; 1320  
Enjoy thy fortune. If can thee affect  
Any concern for an unhappy sire ;  
I pray thee,—thou hadst such a father, too,

---

1290. " I strive to call, my tongue has lost its sound :  
Like rooted oaks, my feet benumb'd are bound."  
Gay, *Dione*, iv. 1.  
" But as in slumbers, when we fain would run  
From our imagin'd fears, our idle feet  
Grow to the ground, our struggling voice dies in-  
ward :  
So now, when I would force myself to cheer you,  
My falt'ring tongue can give no glad presage."  
Dryden, *Troilus and Cressida*, v. 1.

Anchises,—pity Daunus' eld, and me !  
Or, if thou wouldest rather, robbed of light,  
My body to my [friends], restore. 'Tis  
thou  
Hast conquered, and the conquered stretch  
his hands  
Have Ausons seen. Lavinia is thy bride ;  
Persist no further in thy hate." Grim stood  
In arms Æneas, rolling [round] his eyes,  
And right hand checked, and still and still  
the more 1331  
The way'rer had the speech begun to bend ;  
When on his tow'ring shoulder there ap-  
peared  
The luckless sash, and with familiar studs  
The bawdrick of the youthful Pallas gleamed,  
Whom, conquered by a wound, had Turnus  
felled,  
And on his shoulders wore the foeman's  
badge.  
He,—after the memorials of fell woe,  
And spoils, he with his eyes drank in, in-  
flamed  
By frenzies, and terrific in his wrath :—  
" Shalt thou, tricked out in plunder of my  
[friends], 1341

1328. " Soft beauty is the gallant soldier's due ;  
For you they conquer, and they bleed for thee."  
Tickell, *On the Prospect of Peace*.

1329. " *Isabella*. Yet show some pity.  
*Angelo*. I show it most of all, when I show jus-  
tice ;

For then I pity those I do not know,  
Which a dismiss'd offence would often gall,  
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,  
Lives not to act another.

*Isabella*. Oh ! it is excellent  
To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous  
To use it like a giant."

Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure*, ii. 2.

Had the unfortunate Turnus fully known the man  
with whom he had to deal, he might, perhaps, have  
addressed him thus :

" When I have number'd  
A few sad minutes, thou shalt be reveng'd,  
And I shall never trouble thee. If this  
Be not enough, extend thy malice further,  
And, if thou find'st one man that lov'd me living,  
Will honour this cold body with a grave,  
Be cruel, and corrupt his charity."

Shirley, *The Constant Maid*, v. 3.

1340. " Forbear ! the ashy paleness of my cheek  
Is scarletted in ruddy flakes of wrath ;  
And like some bearded meteor shall suck up,  
With swiftest terror, all those dusky mists,  
That overcloud compassion in our breast.  
You have roused a sleeping lion, whom no art,  
No fawning smoothness shall reclaim, but blood."

Ford, *Love's Sacrifice*, iv. 1.

1341. " Was't not enough that thou hadst mur-  
der'd him ;  
But thou must triumph in thy guilt, and wear  
His bleeding spoils ? Oh ! let me tear them from  
thee !" Whithead, *The Roman Father*, v. 1.



Be hence delivered from me? By this wound  
'Tis Pallas, Pallas, victimiseth thee,

Gustavus Vasa differently :

“ Thro’ my ranks,  
My circling troops, the fell Gustavus rush’d :  
‘ Vengeance !’ he cried ; and with one eager hand  
Criped fast my diadem ; his other arm  
High rear’d the deathful steel,—suspended yet :  
For in his eye, and thro’ his varying face,  
Conflicting passions fought. He look’d,—he stood  
In wrath reluctant ;—then, with gentler voice,  
‘ Christina, thou hast conquered ! Go,’ he cried,  
‘ I yield thee to her virtues.’ ”

Brooke, *Gustavus Vasa*, v. 4.

What numbers might have said to Æneas :

“ Thy narrow soul  
Knows not the godlike glory of forgiving :  
Nor can thy cold, thy ruthless heart conceive  
How large the power, how fix’d the empire is,  
Which benefits confer on generous minds.

And taketh vengeance on thy cursèd blood.”  
This saying, he within his hostile breast  
The falchion hotly buries : but his limbs  
Are with death-chill relaxed, and with a  
groan  
The life disdainful flies beneath the shades.

Goodness prevails upon the stubborn foes,  
And conquers more than ever Cæsar’s sword did.”  
Rowe, *Lady Jane Gray*, act v.

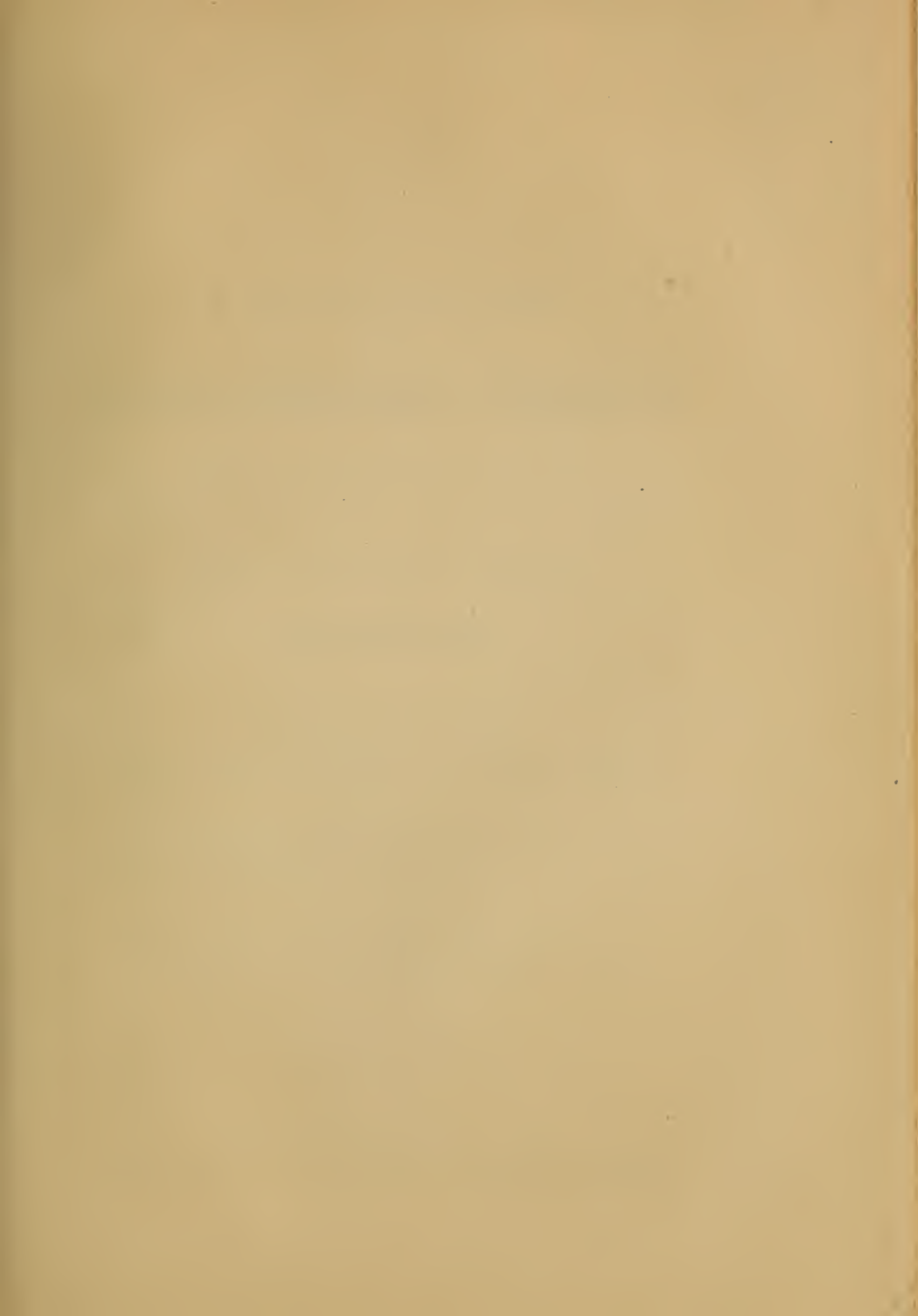
And Æneas himself might have considered—

“ That his virtues  
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off ;  
And Pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
Striding the blast, or heaven’s cherubin, hors’d  
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind.”

Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, i. 7.

## ERRATA.

- Page 2. Note, line 43, for “*tendenti*” read “*tondenti*.”  
 „ 9. „ „ 150, „ “*Leneothoe*” „ “*Leucothoe*.”  
 „ 50. „ „ 531, „ “*Antony*” „ “*Antonio*.”  
 „ 54. Line 714, „ “*in*” „ “*with*.”  
 „ 60. „ 349, „ “*airs*” „ “*airs*?”  
 „ 80. Note, line 714, *dele* last line.  
 „ 84. *Dele* Note, line 106.  
 „ 95. Note, line 792, for “792” read “790,” and insert “792” before “Ben Jonson.”  
 „ 96. Note, line 820, for “792” read “790.”  
 „ 168. Before quotation from Milton insert “967.”  
 „ 173. In second column, last line but one, read “meed” for “mead.”  
 „ 174. Line 18, for the second “as” read “while.”  
 „ 177. Line 172, insert “do” before “I.”  
 „ 202. Note, line 1225, for “fort” read “port.”  
 „ 221. Line 1022, for “they” read “thou.”  
 „ 264. „ 88, *dele* “s.”



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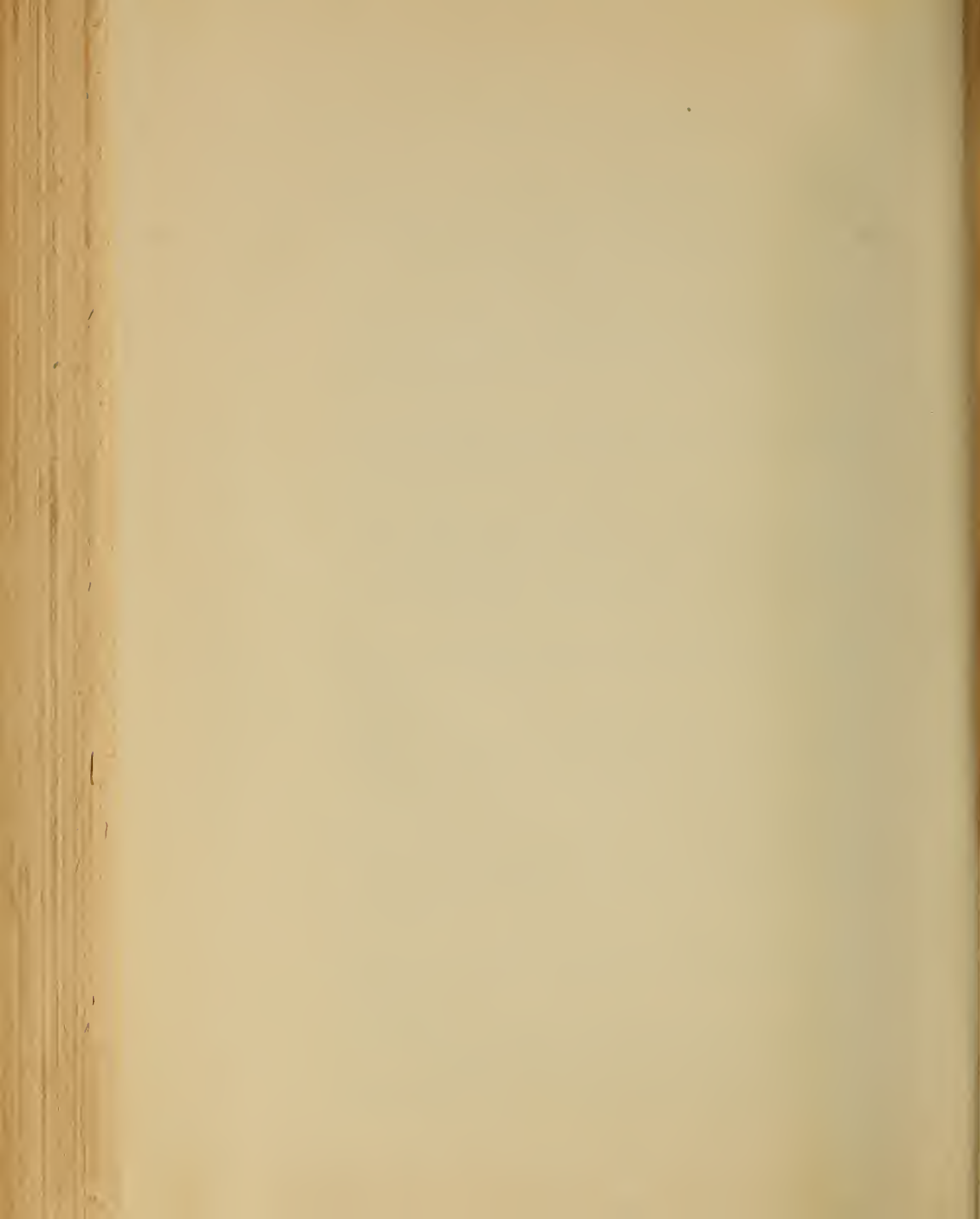
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